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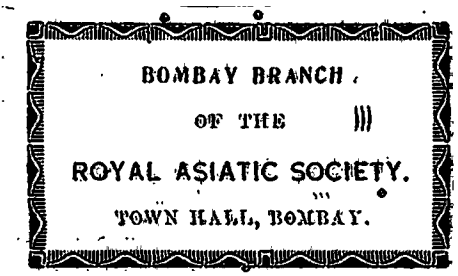

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THE

WORKS

OF

The HONOURABLE

Sir *Philip Sidney*, Kt.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

The THIRD, FOURTH, and FIFTH BOOKS of the COUNTESS of *Pembroke's* ARCADIA.

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THE

COUNTESS of *Pembroke's*

ARCADIA.

BOOK III.

THIS laſt Day's danger, having made *Pamela's* love diſcern what a loſs it ſhould have ſuffered, if *Dorus* had been deſtroyed, bred ſuch tenderneſs of kindneſs in her toward him, that ſhe could no longer keep love from looking out through her eyes, and going forth in her words, whom before as a cloſe priſoner ſhe had to her heart only committed; ſo as finding not only by his ſpeeches and letters, but by the pitiful oration of a languiſhing behaviour, and the eaſily deciphered character of a ſorrowful face, that deſpair began now to threaten him deſtruction, ſhe grew content both to pity him, and let him ſee ſhe pitied him, as well by making her own beautiful beams to thaw away the former icyneſs of her behavi-

our, as by entertaining his diſcourſes (whenſoever he did uſe them) in the third perſon of *Muſidorus*, to ſo far a degree, that in the end ſhe ſaid, that if ſhe had been the princeſs whom that diſguiſed prince had virtuouſly loved, ſhe would have requited his faith with faithful affection; finding in her heart, that nothing could ſo heartily love as virtue: with many more words to the ſame ſenſe of noble favor, and chaſt plainneſs. Which when at the firſt it made that unexpected bliſs ſhine upon *Dorus*, he was like one frozen with extremity of cold, over-haſtily brought to a great fire, rather oppreſſed than relieved with ſuch a lightning of felicity. But after the ſtrength of nature had made him able to feel the ſweetneſs of joyfulneſs, that again being a child of paſſion, and never acquainted with mediocrity, could not ſet bounds upon his happineſs, nor be content to give deſire a kingdom, but it muſt be an unlimited monarchy. So that the ground he ſtood upon being over-high in happineſs, and ſlippery through affection, he could not hold himſelf from falling into ſuch an error, which with ſighs blew all comfort out of his breaſt, and waſhed away all cheerfulneſs of his deſire; and deſire conſidering nothing but opportunity; one time (*Mopſa* being called away by her mother, and he left alone with *Pamela*) the ſudden occaſion called love, and that never ſtayed to ask reaſons leave, but made the too much loving *Dorus* take her in his arms, offering to kiſs her, and as it were to eſtabliſh a trophy of his victory. But ſhe, as if ſhe had been ready to drink a wine of excellent taſte and colour, which ſuddenly ſhe perceived had poiſon in it, ſo did ſhe put him away from her: looking firſt up to heaven, as mazed to find her ſelf ſo beguiled in him: then laying cruel puniſhment upon him of angry love, and lowring beauty, ſhewing diſdain, and a deſpiſing diſdain. Away (ſaid ſhe) unworthy man to love or to be loved. Aſſure thy ſelf, I hate my ſelf being ſo deceived; judge then what I do to thee for deceiving me. Let me

ſee

ſee thee no more, the only fall of my judgment, and ſtain of my conſcience. With that ſhe called *Mopſa*, not ſtaying for any anſwer (which was no other but a flood of tears) which ſhe ſeemed not to mark (much leſs to pity) and chid her for having ſo left her alone.

It was not a ſorrow, but it was even a death, which then laid hold of *Dorus*: which certainly at that inſtant would have killed him, but that the fear to tarry longer in her preſence (contrary to her commandment) gave him life to carry himſelf away from her ſight; and to run into the woods, where throwing himſelf down at the foot of a tree he did not fall to lamentation (for that proceeded of pitying) or grieving for himſelf (which he did no way) but to curſes of his life, as one that deteſted himſelf. For finding himſelf not only unhappy, but unhappy after being fallen from all happineſs: and to be fallen from all happineſs, not by any miſconceiving, but by his own fault, and his fault to be done to no other but *Pamela*; he did not tender his own eſtate, but deſpiſing it, greedily drawing into his mind, all conceits which might more and more torment him. And ſo remained he two days in the woods, diſdaining to give his body food, or his mind comfort, loving in himſelf nothing, but the love of her. And indeed that love only ſtrove with the fury of his anguiſh, telling it, that if it deſtroyed *Dorus*, it ſhould alſo deſtroy the image of her that lived in *Dorus*: and when the thought of that was crept in unto him, it began to win of him ſome compaſſion to the ſhrine of that image, and to bewail not for himſelf (whom he hated) but that ſo notable a love ſhould periſh. Then began he only ſo far to wiſh his own good, as that *Pamela* might pardon him the fault, though not the puniſhment: and the uttermoſt height he aſpired unto, was, that after his death ſhe might yet pity his error and know that it proceeded of love, and not of boldneſs. That conceit found ſuch friendſhip in his thoughts, that at laſt he yielded, ſince he

was baniſhed her preſence, to ſeek ſome means by writing to ſhew his ſorrow, and teſtify his repentance. Therefore getting him the neceſſary inſtruments of writing, he thought beſt to counterfeit his hand (fearing that already as ſhe knew his, ſhe would caſt it away as ſoon as ſhe ſaw it) and put it in verſe, hoping that would draw her on to read the more, chuſing the *Elegiac* as fitteſt for mourning. But never pen did more quakingly perform his office; never was paper more double moiſtened with ink and tears; never words more ſlowly married together; and never muſes more tired than now with changes and re-changes of his devices: fearing how to end, before he had reſolved how to begin, miſtruſting each word, condemning each ſentence. This word was not ſignificant, that word was too plain: this would not be conceived, the other would be ill-conceived: here ſorrow was not enough expreſſed, there he ſeemed too much for his own ſake to be ſorry: this ſentence rather ſhewed art than paſſion, that ſentence rather fooliſhly paſſionate, than forcibly moving. At laſt marring with mending, and putting out better than he left, made an end of it; being ended, was divers times ready to tear it; till his reaſon aſſuring him, the more he ſtudied, the worſe it grew, he folded it up, devoutly invoking good acceptation unto it; and watching his time, when they were all gone one day to dinner, ſaving *Mopſa* to the other Lodge, ſtole up into *Pamela*'s chamber, and in her ſtandiſh (which firſt he kiſſed; and craved of it a ſafe and friendly keeping) left it there, to be ſeen at her next uſing her ink (himſelf returning again to be true priſoner to deſperate ſorrow) leaving her ſtandiſh upon her beds-head, to give her the more occaſion to mark it: which alſo fell out.

For ſhe finding it, at her afternoon return, in another place than ſhe left it, opened it. But when ſhe ſaw the letter, her heart gave her from whence it came; and therefore clapping it to again ſhe went away

away from it, as if it had been a contagious garment of an infected perſon: and yet was not long away, but that ſhe wiſhed ſhe had read it, though ſhe were loath to read it. Shall I, ſaid ſhe, ſecond his boldneſs ſo far, as to read his preſumptuous Letters? And yet (ſaith ſhe) he ſees me not now to grow the bolder thereby: and how can I tell whether they be preſumptuous? The paper came from him, and therefore not worthy to be received; and yet the paper ſhe thought was not guilty. At laſt ſhe concluded, it were not much amiſs to look it over, that ſhe might out of his words pick ſome farther quarrel againſt him. Then ſhe opened it, and threw it away, and took it up again, till (e're ſhe were aware) her eyes would needs read it, containing this matter.

UNTO a caitiff wretch, whom long affliction holdeth,
And now fully believes help to be quite periſhed,
Grant yet, grant yet a look, to the laſt moment of his anguiſh,
O you (alas ſo I find) cauſe of his only ruine.
Dread not awhit (O goodly cruel) that pity may enter
Into thy heart by the ſight of this Epiſtle I ſend:
And ſo refuſe to behold of theſe ſtrange wounds the recital,
Leſt it might thee allure home thy ſelf to return,
(Unto thy ſelf, I do mean thoſe graces dwell ſo within thee,
Gratefulneſs, ſweetneſs, holy love, hearty regard)
Such thing cannot I ſeek (deſpair hath giv'n me my anſwer:
Deſpair moſt tragical clauſe to a deadly requeſt)
Such thing cannot be hope, that knows thy determinate hardneſs,
Hard like to rude marble: hard, but a fair Diamond.
Can thoſe eyes, that of eyes drown'd in moſt hearty flowing tears
(Tears and tears of man, had no return to remorſe)
Can thoſe eyes now yield to the kind conceit of a ſorrow,
Which ink only relates, but ne laments, ne replies?

Ah, that, that do I not conceive (though that to my bliſs were)
More than Neſtor's *years, more than a King's diadem.*
Ah, that, that do I not conceive; to the Heaven where a Mouſe climbs
Then may I hope to achieve grace of a heavenly Paramour.
But, but, alas like a man condemned doth crave to be heard ſpeak,
Not that he hopes for amends of the diſaſter he feels,
But finding the approach of death with an inly relenting,
Gives an adieu to the world, as to his only delight:
Right ſo my boiling heart, inflam'd with fire of a fair eye,
Bubbling out doth breathe ſigns of his huge dolours:
Now that he finds to what end his life and love be reſerved,
And that he thence muſt part, where to live only he liv'd
O fair, O faireſt, are ſuch the triumphs to thy fairneſs?
Can death beauty become? muſt I be ſuch monument?
Muſt I be only the mark ſhall prove that virtue is angry?
Shall prove that fierceneſs can with a white Dove abide?
Shall to the world appear that faith and love be rewarded
With mortal diſdain, bent to unendly revenge.
Unto revenge? O ſweet, on a wretch wilt thou be revenged?
Shall ſuch high planets tend to the loſs of a worm?
And to revenge who do bend, would in that kind be revenged
As th' offence was done, and go beyond if he can.
All my offence was love: with love then muſt I be chaſtened;
And with more, by the Laws that to revenge do belong.
If that love be a fault, more fault in you to be lovely.
Love never had me oppreſt, but that I ſaw to be lov'd.
You be the cauſe that I lov'd: what reaſon blameth a ſhadow,
If that love you did hate, you ſhould your beauty have hidden:
That with a body 't goes? ſince by a body it is.
You ſhould thoſe fair eyes have with a veil covered.
But fool, fool that I am, thoſe eyes would ſhine from a dark cave:
What veil then do prevail, but to a more Miracle?

Or

Or thoſe golden locks, thoſe locks which lock me to bondage,
Torn you ſhould diſperſe unto the blaſts of a wind.
But fool, fool that I am, though I had but a hair of her head found,
Ev'n as I am, ſo I ſhould unto that hair be a thrall.
Or with fair hands, nails (O hand which nails me to this death)
You ſhould have your face, ſince love is ill blemiſhed.
wretch, what do I ſay? ſhould that fair face be defaced?
Should my too much ſight cauſe ſo true a ſun to be loſt?
Firſt let Cimmerian *darkneſs be my only habitation:*
Firſt be mine eyes pull'd out, firſt be my brain periſhed,
E're that I ſhould conſent to do ſo exceſſive a damage
Unto the earth, by the hurt of this her heavenly jewel.
O not, but ſuch love you ſay you could have afforded,
As might learn temp'rance, void of a rage's events.
O ſweet ſimplicity: from whence ſhould love be ſo learned?
Unto Cupid, *that Boy, ſhould he a Pedant be found?*
Well, but faulty I was: Reaſon to my paſſion yielded,
Paſſion unto my rage, rage to a haſty revenge.
But what's this for a fault, for which ſuch faith be aboliſht,
Such faith, ſo ſtainleſs, inviolate, violent?
Shall I not? O may I not thus yet refreſh the remembrance,
What ſweet joys I had once, and what a place I did hold.
Shall I not once object, that you, you granted a favour
Unto the man, whom now ſuch miſeries you award?
Bend your thoughts to the dear ſweet words which then to me giv'n were,
Think who the world is new, think who hath alt'red her heart.
What? am I worthy then ſuch good, now worthy ſuch evil?
Now fled, then cheriſhed? then ſo nigh, now ſo remote?
Did not a roſy breath from lips, more roſy proceeding,
Say, that I well ſhould find in what a care I was had?
With much more: Now what do I find, but care to abhor me?

Care that I ſink in grief, care that I live baniſhed?
And baniſhed do I live, nor now will ſeek a recov'ry,
Since ſo ſhe will, whoſe will is to me more than a law.
If then a man in moſt ill caſe may give you a farewel:
Farewel, long farewel, all my woe, all my delight.

What this would have wrought in her, [illegible]er. ſelf could not tell: for, before her reaſon [illegible]be moderate the diſputation between favour and faultineſs, her ſiſter, and *Miſo*, called her down to entertain *Zelmane*, who was come to viſit the two ſiſters; about whom, as about two poles, the ſky of beauty was turned: while *Gynecia* wearied her bed with her melancholly ſickneſs, and made *Miſo*'s ſhrewdneſs (who like a ſpirit ſet to keep a treaſure, barred *Zelmane* from any farther conference) to be the lieutenant of her jealouſy; both ſhe and her husband driving *Zelmane* to ſuch a ſtraight of reſolution, either of impoſſible granting, or dangerous refuſing, as the beſt eſcape ſhe had, was (as much as ſhe could) to avoid their company. So as this day, being the fourth day after the uproar, (*Baſilius*, being with his ſick wife, conferring upon ſuch examinations as *Philanax*, and other of his noble-men had made of this late ſedition, all touching *Cecropia*, with vehement ſuſpicion of giving either flame or fewel unto it) *Zelmane* came with her body, to find her mind, which was gone long before her and had gotten his ſeat in *Philoclea*, who now with a baſhful chearfulneſs (as though ſhe were aſhamed, that ſhe could not chuſe but be glad) joyned with her ſiſter, in making much of *Zelmane*.

And ſo as they ſat deviſing how to give more feathers to the wings of time, there came to the lodge-door ſix maids, all of one livery in ſcarlet petticoats, which were tuckt up almoſt to their knees, the petticoats themſelves being in many places garniſhed with leafs, their legs naked, ſaving that above the ankles they had little black ſilk laces, upon which did hang a few ſilver bells: like which they had a little

tle above their elbows upon their bare arms. Upon their hair they wore garlands of roſes and gilliflowers, and the hair was ſo dreſt, as that came again above the garlands, interchanging a mutual covering: ſo as it was doubtful, whether the hair dreſt the garlands, or the garlands dreſt the hair: Their breaſts liberal to the eye; the face of the foremoſt of them, in excellency fair; and of the reſt lovely, if not beautiful: and beautiful might have been, if they had not ſuffered greedy *Phœbus* over-often, and hard, to kiſs them. Their countenances full of graceful gravity, ſo as the geſture matcht with the apparel, it might ſeem a wanton modeſty, and an enticing ſoberneſs. Each of them had an inſtrument of muſick in their hands, which conſorting their well-pleaſing tunes, did charge each ear with unſenſiblneſs, that did not lend it ſelf unto them. The muſick entring alone into the lodge, the ladies were all deſirous to ſee from whence ſo pleaſant a gueſt was come: and therefore went out together, where before they could take the pains to doubt, much leſs to ask the queſtion of their quality, the faireſt of them (with a gay, but yet diſcreet demeanour) in this ſort ſpake to them. Moſt excellent ladies (whoſe excellencies have power to make cities envy theſe woods, and ſolitarineſs to be accounted the ſweeteſt company) vouchſafe our meſſage your gracious hearing, which as it comes from love, ſo comes it from lovely perſons. The maids of all this coaſt of *Arcadia*, underſtanding the often acceſs that certain ſhepherds of theſe quarters are allowed to have in this forbidden place, and that their rural ſports are not disdained of you, have been ſtirred up with emulation to them, and affection to you, to bring forth ſomething which might as well breed your contentment: therefore hoping that the goodneſs of their intention, and the hurtleſneſs of their ſex, ſhall excuſe the breach of the commandment in coming to this place unſent for, they choſe out us, to invite both your princely parents, and your ſelves,

to

to a place in the woods about half a mile hence; where they have provided ſome ſuch ſports, as they truſt your gracious acceptations will interpret to be delightful. We have been at the other lodge, but finding them there buſied in weightier affairs, I truſt is, that you will not deny the ſhining of your eyes upon us. The ladies ſtood in ſome more, whether they ſhould go or not, leſt *Baſilius* might be angry withal: But *Miſo* (that had been at none of the paſtorals, and had a great deſire to lead her old ſenſes abroad to ſome pleaſure) told them plainly, they ſhould nor will, nor chuſe, but go thither, and make the honeſt country people know, that they were not ſo ſqueamiſh as folks thought of them. The ladies glad to be warranted by her authority, with a ſmiling humbleneſs obeyed her; *Pamela* only caſting a ſeeking look, whether ſhe could ſee *Dorus* (who poor wretch wandred half mad for ſorrow in the woods, crying for pardon of her who could not hear him) but indeed was grieved, for his abſence, having given the wound to him through her own heart. But ſo the three ladies and *Miſo* went with thoſe ſix *Nymphs*, conquering the length of the way with the force of muſick, leaving only *Mopſa* behind, who diſgraced weeping with her countenance, becauſe her mother would not ſuffer her to ſhew her new ſcoured face among them. But the place appointed, as they thought, met them half in their way, ſo well were they pleaſed with the ſweet tunes and pretty converſation of their inviters. There found they in the midſt of the thickeſt part of the wood, a little ſquare place, not burthened with trees, but with a board, covered and beautified with the pleaſanteſt fruits that ſun-burned *Autumn* could deliver to them. The maids beſought the ladies to ſit down and taſte of the ſwelling grapes, which ſeemed great with child with *Bacchus*: and of the divers coloured plumbs, which gave the eye a pleaſant taſte before they came to the mouth. The ladies would not ſhew to

ſcorn

ſcorn their proviſion, but eat and drank a little of their cool wine, which ſeemed to laugh for joy to come to ſuch lips.

But after the collation was ended, and that they looked for the coming forth of ſuch devices as were prepared for them; there ruſht out of the woods many armed men, who round about invironed them, and laying hold on *Zelmane* before ſhe could draw her ſword, and taking it from her, put hoods over the heads of all four, and ſo mufled, by force ſet them on horſe-back, and carried them away; the ſiſters in vain crying for ſuccour, while *Zelmane's* heart was rent in pieces with rage of the injury, and diſdain of her fortune. But when they had carried them four or five mile farther, they left *Miſo* with a gag, in her mouth, and bound hand and foot, ſo to take her fortune; and brought the three ladies (by that time the night ſeemed with her ſilence to conſpire to their treaſon) to a caſtle about ten mile from the lodges; where they were fain to take a boat which waited for them, for the caſtle ſtood in the midſt of a great lake upon a high rock, where partly by art, but principally by nature, it was by all men eſteemed impregnable. But at the caſtle-gate their faces were diſcovered, and there were met with a great number of torches, after whom the ſiſters knew their aunt-in-law *Cecropia*. But that ſight increaſed the deadly terror of the princeſſes, looking for nothing but death, ſince they were in the power of the wicked *Cecropia*: who yet came unto them, making courteſy the outſide of miſchief, and deſiring them not to be diſcomforted, for they were in a place dedicated to their ſervice. *Philoclea* (with a look where love ſhined through the midſt of fear) beſought her to be good unto them, having never deſerved evil of her. But *Pamela's* high heart diſdaining humbleneſs to injury, aunt, ſaid ſhe, what you have determined of us, I pray you do it ſpeedily:

ſpeedily: for my part I look for no ſervice, where I find violence.

But *Cecropia*, uſing no more words with them, conveyed them all three to ſeveral lodgings (*Zelmane*'s heart ſo ſwelling with ſpite, that ſhe could not breathe forth a word) and ſo left them: firſt taking before them their knives, becauſe they ſhould do themſelves no hurt, before ſhe had determined of them: and then giving ſuch order that they wanted nothing but liberty and comfort, ſhe went to her ſon, who yet kept his bed, becauſe of his wound he had received of *Zelmane*, and told him, whom now he had in his power. *Amphialus* was but even then returned from far countries, where he had won immortal fame both of courage and courteſy, when he met with the princeſſes, and was hurt by *Zelmane*, ſo as he was utterly ignorant of all his mother's devices, to which he would never have conſented, being (like a roſe out of a briar) an excellent ſon of an evil mother: and now when he heard of this, was as much amazed, as if he had ſeen the ſun fall to the earth. And therefore deſired his mother that ſhe would tell him the whole diſcourſe, how all theſe matters had happened. Son, ſaid ſhe, I will do it willingly, and ſince all is done for you, I will hide nothing from you. And howſoever I might be aſhamed to tell it ſtrangers, who would think it wickedneſs, yet what is done for your ſake (how evil ſoever to others) to you is virtue. To begin then even with the beginning: this doting fool *Baſilius* that now reigns, having lived unmarried till he was nigh threeſcore years old (and in all his ſpeeches affirming, and in all his doings affirmed that he never would marry) made all the eyes of this country to be bent upon your father, his only brother (but younger by thirty years) as upon the undoubted ſucceſſor, being indeed a man worthy to reign, thinking nothing enough for himſelf; where this gooſe (you ſee) puts down his head before there be

any

any thing near to touch him. So that he holding place and eſtimation as heir of *Arcadia*, obtained me of my father the king of *Argos*, his brother helping to the concluſion, with proteſting his batchelry intention, for elſe you may be ſure the king of *Argos*, nor his daughter, would have ſuffered their royal blood to be ſtained with the baſe name of a ſubjection. So that I came into this country as apparent princeſs thereof, and accordingly was courted, and followed of the ladies of this country. My port and pomp did well become a king of *Argos*'s daughter: in my preſence their tongues were turned into ears, and their ears were captives unto my tongue; their eyes admired my majeſty, and happy was he or ſhe, on whom I would ſuffer the beams thereof to fall. Did I go to church? It ſeems the very gods waited for me, their devotions not being ſolemnized till I was ready. Did I walk abroad to ſee any delight? Nay, my walking was the delight it ſelf: for to it was the concourſe, one thruſting upon another, who might ſhew himſelf moſt diligent and ſerviceable towards me: my ſleeps were inquired after, and my wakings never unſaluted: the very gate of my houſe full of principal perſons, who were glad, if their preſents had received a grateful acceptation. And in this felicity wert thou born, the very earth ſubmitting it ſelf unto thee to be trodden as by his prince; and to that paſs had my husband's virtue (by my good help) within ſhort time brought it, with a plot we laid, as we ſhould not have need to have waited the tedious work of a natural end of *Baſilius*, when the heavens (I think envying my great felicity) then ſtopped thy father's breath, when he breathed nothing but power and ſoveraignty. Yet did not thy orphancy, nor my widdowhood, deprive us of the delightful proſpect, which the hill of honour doth yield, while expectation of thy ſucceſſion did bind dependencies unto us.

But

But before, my ſon, thou wert come to the age to feel the ſweetneſs of authority, this beaſt (whom I can never name with patience) falſly and fooliſhly married this *Gynecea*, then a young girl, and brought her to ſit above me in all feaſts, to turn her ſhoulder to me-ward, in all our ſolemnities. It is certain not ſo great a ſpight to be ſurmounted by ſtrangers, as by ones own allies. Think then what mind was, ſince withal there is no queſtion, the is greater from the firſt to the ſecond, than fr the ſecond to the undermoſt. The rage did ſwell in my heart ſo much the more as it was fain to be ſuppreſſed in ſilence, and diſguiſed with humbleneſs. But above all the reſt, the grief of griefs was, when with theſe two daughters, now thy priſoners, ſhe cut off all hope of thy ſucceſſion. It was a tedious thing to me, that my eyes ſhould look lower than any bodies, that (my ſelf being by) another's voice than mine, ſhould be more reſpected. But it was unſupportable unto me, to think that not only I, but thou ſhouldeſt ſpend all thy time in ſuch miſery, and that the ſun ſhould ſee my eldeſt ſon leſs than a prince. And though I had been a ſaint I could not chuſe, finding the change this, change of fortune, bred unto me: for now from the multitude of followers, ſilence grew to be at my gate, and abſence in my preſence. The gueſs of my mind could prevail more before than now many of my earneſt requeſts. And thou (my dear ſon) by the fickle multitude no more than an ordinary perſon (born of the mud of the people) regarded. But I (remembring that in all *miſeries weeping becomes fools, and practice wiſe folks*) have tryed divers means to pull us out of the mire of ſubjection. And though many times fortune failed me, yet did I never fail my ſelf. Wild beaſts I kept in a cave hard by the lodges, which I cauſed at night to be fed in the place of their paſtorals. I as then living in my houſe hard by the place, and againſt the hour they were to meet

(having

(having kept the beaſts without meat) then let them looſe, knowing that they would ſeek their food there, and devour what they found. But blind fortune hating ſharp ſighted inventions, made them unluckily to be killed. After I uſed my ſervant *Clinias* to ſtir a notable tumult of country people: but thoſe louts were too groſs inſtruments for delicate conceits. Now laſtly, finding *Philanax* his examinations grew dangerous, I thought to play double or quit, and with a ſlight I uſed of my fine-witted wench *Arteſia*, with other maids of mine, would have ſent theſe goodly inheritrixes of *Arcadia* to have pleaded their cauſe before *Pluto*, but that over-fortunately for them, you made me know the laſt day how vehemently this childiſh paſſion of love doth torment you. Therefore I have brought them unto, yet wiſhing rather hate than love in you. For hate often begetteth victory; love commonly is the inſtrument of ſubjection. It is true, that I would alſo by the ſame practice have intrapped the parents, but my maids failed of it, not daring to tarry long about it. But this ſufficeth, ſince (theſe being taken away) you are the undoubted inheritor, and *Baſilius* will not long over-live this loſs.

O mother, ſaid *Amphialus*, ſpeak not of doing them hurt, no more than to mine eyes, or my heart, or if I have any thing more dear than eyes, or heart unto me. Let others find what ſweetneſs they will in ever fearing, becauſe they ever are feared: for my part, I will think my ſelf highly intitled, if I may be once by *Philoclea* accepted for a ſervant. Well, ſaid *Cecropia*, I would I had borne you of my mind, as well as of my body; then ſhould you not have ſunk under theſe baſe weakneſſes. But ſince you have tied your thoughts in ſo wilful a knot, it is happy my policy hath brought matters to ſuch a paſs, as you may both enjoy affection, and upon that build your ſoveraignty. Alas, ſaid *Amphialus*, my heart would fain yield you thanks for ſetting me in the way

way of felicity, but that fear kills them in me, before they are fully born. For if *Philoclea* be diſpleaſed, how can I be pleaſed? if ſhe count it unkindneſs, ſhall I give tokens of kindneſs? perchance ſhe condemns me of this action, and ſhall I triumph? perchance ſhe drowns now the beauties I love with ſorrowful tears, and where is then my reioicing? You have reaſon, ſaid *Cecropia*, with a feigned gravity, I will therefore ſend her away preſently that her contentment may be recovered. No good mother, ſaid *Amphialus*, ſince ſhe is here, I would not for my life conſtrain preſence, but rather would I die than conſent to abſence. Pretty intricate follies, ſaid *Cecropia*, but get you up and ſee how you can prevail with her, while I go to the other ſiſter. For after, we ſhall have our hands full to defend our ſelves, if *Baſilius* hap to beſiege us. But remembring her ſelf, ſhe turned back and asked him what he would have done with *Zelmane*, ſince now he might be revenged of his hurt? Nothing but honorably, anſwered *Amphialus*, having deſerved no other of me, eſpecially being (as I hear) greatly cheriſhed of *Philoclea*: and therefore I could wiſh they were lodged together. O no, ſaid *Cecropia*, company confirms reſolutions, and lonelineſs breeds a wearineſs of ones thoughts, and ſo a ſooner conſenting to reaſonable proffers.

But *Amphialus* (taking of his mother *Philoclea's* knives, which he kept as a relique ſince ſhe had worn them) gat up, and calling for his richeſt apparel, nothing ſeemed ſumptuous enough for his miſtreſs's eyes; and that which was coſtly, he feared was not dainty; and though the invention were delicate, he miſdoubted the making. As careful he was too of the colour; leſt if gay, he might ſeem to glory in his injury, and her wrong; if mourning it might ſtrike ſome evil preſage unto her of her fortune. At length he took a garment more rich than glaring, the ground being black velvet, richly em-

embroidered with great pearl, and precious ſtones, but they ſet ſo among certain tuffs of cypreſs, that the cypreſs was like black clouds, through which the ſtars might yield a dark luſtre. About his neck he wore a broad and gorgeous collar; whereof the pieces interchangeably anſwering; the one was of diamonds and pearl, ſet with a white enamel, ſo as by the cunning of the workman it ſeemed like a ſhining ice, and the other piece being of rubies, and opals, had a fiery gliſtering, which he thought pictured the two paſſions of fear and deſire, wherein he was enchained. His hurt not yet fully well, made him a little halt, but he ſtrove to give the beſt grace he could unto his halting.

And in that ſort he went to *Philoclea*'s chamber: whom he found (becauſe her chamber was overlightſome) ſitting on that ſide on her bed which was from the window; which did caſt ſuch a ſhadow upon her, as a good painter would beſtow upon *Venus*, when under the trees ſhe bewailed the murder of *Adonis*, her hands and fingers (as it were) indented one within the other: her ſhoulder leaning to her bed's head, and over her head a ſcarf, which did eclipſe almoſt half her eyes, which under it fixed their beams upon the wall by, with ſo ſteady a manner, as if in that place they might well change, but not mend their object: and ſo remained they a good while after his coming in, he not daring to trouble her, nor ſhe perceiving him, till that (a little varying her thoughts, ſomething quickning her ſenſes) ſhe heard him as he happened to ſtir his upper garment: and, perceiving him, roſe up, with a demeanour, where, in the book of beauty, there was nothing to be read but ſorrow: for kindneſs was blotted out, and anger was never there.

But *Amphialus* that had entruſted his memory with long and forcible ſpeeches, found it ſo locked up in amazement, that he could pick nothing out of it, but the beſeeching her to take what was done

in good part, and to assure her self there was nothing but honour meant unto her person. But she making no other answer, but letting her hands fall one from the other, which before were joyned (with eyes something cast aside, and a silent sigh) gave him to understand, that considering his doings, she thought his speech as full of incongruity, as her answer would be void of purpose: whereupon he kneeling down, and kissing her hand which she suffered with a countenance witnessing captivity, (but not kindness) he besought her to have pity of him, whose love went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of uttering: that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did stand; whereto the least motion of hers would serve to determine, she being indeed the mistress of his life, and he her eternal slave, and with true vehemency besought her that he might hear her speak; whereupon she suffered her sweet breath to turn it self into these kind of words.

Alas, cousin, *said she*, what shall my tongue be able to do, which is informed by the ears one way, and by the eyes another? You call for pity, and use cruelty, you say you love me, and yet do the effects of enmity. You affirm your death is in my hands, but you have brought me to so near a degree to death, as when you will, you may lay death upon me: so that while you say, I am mistress of your life, I am not mistress of mine own. You entitle your self my slave, but I am sure I am yours. If then violence, injury, terror, and depriving of that which is more dear than life it self, liberty, be fit orators for affection, you may expect that I will be easily perswaded. But if the nearness of our kindred breed any remorse in you, or there be any such thing in you, which you call love toward me, then let not my fortune be disgraced with the name of imprisonment: let not my heart waste it self by being vexed with feeling evil, and fearing worse.

Let

Let not me be a cauſe of my parents woeful deſtruction; but reſtore me to my ſelf, and ſo doing, I ſhall account I have received my ſelf of you. And what I ſay for my ſelf, I ſay for my dear ſiſter, and my friend *Zelmane*; for I deſire no well-being, without they may be partakers. With that her tears rained down from her heavenly eyes, and ſeemed to water the ſweet and beautiful flowers of her face.

But *Amphialus* was like the poor woman, who loving a tame doe ſhe had, above all earthly things; having long played withal, and made it feed at her hand and lap, is conſtrained at length by famine (all her flock being ſpent, and ſhe fallen into extream poverty) to kill the deer, to ſuſtain her life. Many a pitiful look doth ſhe caſt upon it, and many a time doth ſhe draw back her hand before ſhe can give the ſtroke. For even ſo *Amphialus* by a hunger-ſtarved affection, was compelled to offer this injury, and yet the ſame affection made him with a tormenting grief, think unkindneſs in himſelf, that he could not find in his heart any way to reſtrain her freedom. But at length, neither able to grant, nor deny, he thus anſwered her: dear lady, ſaid he, I will not ſay unto you (how juſtly ſoever I may do it) that I am neither author, nor acceſſary unto this your with-holding. For ſince I do not redreſs it, I am as faulty as if I had begun it. But this I proteſt unto you, (and this proteſtation of mine, let the heavens hear, and if I lye, let them anſwer me with a deadly thunderbolt) that in my ſoul I wiſh I had never ſeen the light; or rather, that I never had a father to beget ſuch a child, than that by my means thoſe eyes ſhould overflow their own beauties; than by my means the ſky of your virtue ſhould be over-clouded with ſorrow. But woe is me, moſt excellent lady, I find my ſelf moſt willing to obey you: neither truly do mine ears receive the leaſt word you ſpeak, with any leſs reverence, than

as abſolute, and unreſiſtable commandments. But alas, that tyrant love (which now poſſeſſeth the hold of all my life and reaſon) will no way ſuffer it. It is love, it is love, not I which diſobey you. What then ſhall I ſay? but that I, who am ready to lie under your feet, to venture, nay to loſe my life at your laſt commandment: I am not the ſtay of your freedom, but love, love, which ties you in your own knots. It is you your ſelf, that impriſon your ſelf: it is your beauty which makes theſe caſtle walls embrace you: it is your own eyes, which reflect upon themſelves this injury. Then is there no other remedy, but that you ſome way vouchſafe to ſatisfy this love's vehemency; which (ſince it grew in your ſelf) without queſtion you ſhall find it (far more than I) tractable.

But with theſe words *Philoclea* fell to ſo extreme a quaking, and her lively whiteneſs did degenerate to ſuch a deadly paleneſs, that *Amphialus* feared ſome dangerous trance: ſo that taking her hand, and feeling that it (which was wont to be one of the chief firebrands of *Cupid*) had all the ſenſe of it wrapt up in coldneſs, he began humbly to beſeech her to put away all fear, and to aſſure herſelf upon the vow he made thereof unto God, and herſelf, that the uttermoſt forces he would ever employ to conquer her affection, ſhould be deſire and deſert. That promiſe brought *Philoclea* again to herſelf; ſo that ſlowly lifting up her eyes upon him, with a countenance ever courteous, but then languiſhing, ſhe told him, that he ſhould do well to do ſo, if indeed he had ever taſted what true love was: for that where now ſhe did bear him good will, ſhe ſhould (if he took any other way) hate, and abhor the very thought of him: aſſuring him withal, that though his mother had taken away her knives, yet the houſe of death had ſo many doors, as ſhe would eaſily fly into it, if ever ſhe found her honour endangered.

Amphialus having the cold aſhes of care caſt upon the coles of deſire, leaving ſome of his mother's gentle-

gentlewomen to wait upon *Philoclea*, himſelf indeed a priſoner to his priſoner, and making all his authority to be but a foot-ſtool to humbleneſs, went from her to his mother. To whom with words, which affection indited, but amazement uttered, he delivered what had paſſed between him and *Philoclea*; beſeeching her to try what her perſwaſions could do with her, while he gave order for all ſuch things as were neceſſary againſt ſuch forces, as he looked daily *Baſilius* would bring before his caſtle. His mother bade him quiet himſelf, for ſhe doubted not to take fit times. But that the beſt way was, firſt to let her own paſſion a little tire it ſelf.

So that calling *Clinias*, and ſome other of their council, adviſed upon their preſent affairs. Firſt, he diſpatched private letters to all thoſe principal lords and gentlemen of the country, whom he thought either alliance, or friendſhip to himſelf, might draw; with ſpecial motion from the general conſideration of duty: not omitting all ſuch, whom either youthful age, or youthlike minds did fill with unlimited deſires: beſides ſuch whom any diſcontentment made hungry of change, or an over-ſpended want, made want a civil war: to each (according to the counſel of his mother) conforming himſelf after their humours. To his friend, friendlineſs; to the ambitious, great expectations; to the diſpleaſed, revenge; to the greedy, ſpoil; wrapping their hopes with ſuch cunning, as they rather ſeemed given over unto them as partakers, than promiſes ſprung of neceſſity. Then ſent he to his mother's brother, the king of *Argos*; but he was then ſo over-laid with war himſelf, as from thence he could attend ſmall ſuccour.

But becauſe he knew how violently rumours do blow the ſails of popular judgments, and how few there be that can diſcern between truth and truth-likeneſs, between ſhews and ſubſtance; he cauſed a juſtification of this his action to be written, where-

of were ſowed * abroad many copies, which with ſome gloſſes of probability, might hide indeed the foulneſs of his treaſon; and from true common-places, fetch down moſt falſe applications. For, beginning how much the duty which is owed to the country, goes beyond all other duties, ſince in it ſelf it contains them all; and that for the reſpect thereof, not only all tender reſpects of kindred, or whatſoever other friendſhips are to be laid aſide, but that even long held opinions (rather builded upon a ſecret of government, than any ground of truth) are to be forſaken; he fell by degrees, to ſhew, that ſince the end whereto any thing is directed, is ever to be of more noble reckoning, than the thing thereto directed: that therefore the weal-publick was more to be regarded, than any perſon, or magiſtrate, that thereunto was ordained: the feeling conſideration whereof had moved him (though as near of kin to *Baſilius* as could be, yet) to ſet principallity before his eyes, the good eſtate of ſo many thouſands, over whom *Baſilius* reigned, rather than ſo to hood-wink himſelf with affection, as to ſuffer the realm to run to manifeſt ruin. The care whereof, did kindly appertain to thoſe who being ſubaltern magiſtrates and officers of the crown, were to be employed, as from the prince, ſo for the people; and of all other, eſpecially himſelf, who being deſcended of the royal race, and next heir male, nature had no ſooner opened his eyes, but that the ſoil whereupon they did look, was to look for at his hands a continual carefulneſs: which as from his childhood he had ever carried; ſo now finding that his uncle had not only given over all care of government, but had put into the hands of *Philanax* (a man neither in birth comparable to many, nor for his corrupt, proud, and partial dealing, liked of any) but beſide, had ſet his daughters, in whom the whole eſtate, as next heirs thereunto, had no leſs intereſt than himſelf; in ſo unfit and ill

* i. e. Scattered.

guarded

guarded a place, as it were not only dangerous for their perſons, but (if they ſhould be conveyed to any foreign country) to the whole common-wealth pernicious: that therefore he had brought them into this ſtrong caſtle of his: which way, if it might ſeem ſtrange, they were to conſider, that *new neceſſities require new remedies*; but there they ſhould be ſerved and honoured as belonged to their greatneſs, until by the general aſſembly of the eſtates, it ſhould be determined how they ſhould to their beſt (both private, and publick) advantage be matched; vowing all faith and duty both to the father and children, never by him to be violated. But if in the mean time, before the eſtates could be aſſembled, he ſhould be aſſailed, he would then for his own defence take arms: deſiring all, that either tendred the dangerous caſe of their country, or in their hearts loved juſtice, to defend him in this juſt action. And if the prince ſhould command them otherwiſe, yet to know, that therein he was no more to be obeyed, than if he ſhould call for poiſon to hurt himſelf withal: ſince all that was done, was done for his ſervice, howſoever he might (ſeduced by *Philanax*) interpret of it: he proteſting, that whatſoever he ſhould do for his own defence, ſhould be againſt *Philanax*, and no way againſt *Baſilius*.

To this effect, amplified with arguments and examples, and painted with rhetorical colours, did he ſow * abroad many diſcourſes; which as they prevailed with ſome of more quick than ſound conceit, to run his fortune with him; ſo in many did it breed a coolneſs, to deal violently againſt him, and a falſe-minded neutrality to expect the iſſue. But beſides the ways he uſed to weaken the adverſe party, he omitted nothing for the ſtrengthening of his own. The chief truſt whereof, becauſe he wanted men to keep the field, he repoſed in the ſurety of his caſtle, which at leaſt would win him much time, the mother

* i. e. Spread.

of many mutations. To that therefore he bent both his outward and inward eyes, ſtriving to make art ſtrive with nature, to whether of them two that fortification ſhould be moſt beholding. The ſeat nature beſtowed, but art gave the building: which as his rocky hardneſs would not yield to undermining force, ſo to open aſſaults he took counſel of skill, how to make all approaches, if not impoſſible, yet difficult; as well at the foot of the caſtle, as round about the lake, to give unquiet lodgings to them, whom only enmity would make neighbours. Then omitted he nothing of defence, as well ſimple defence as that which did defend by offending, fitting inſtruments of miſchief to places, whence the miſchief might be moſt liberally beſtowed. Neither was his ſmalleſt care for victuals, as well for the providing that which ſhould ſuffice, both in ſtore and goodneſs, as in well preſerving it, and wary diſtributing it, both in quantity and quality; ſpending that firſt which would keep leaſt.

But wherein he ſharpened his wits to the piercingeſt point, was touching his men (knowing them to be the weapon of weapons, and maſter ſpring, as it were, which makes all the reſt to ſtir: and that therefore in the art of man ſtood the quinteſſence and ruling skill of all proſperous government, either peaceable, or military) he choſe in number as many as without peſtering (and ſo danger of infection) his victual would ſerve for two years to maintain; all of able bodies, and ſome few of able minds to direct, nor ſeeking many commanders, but contenting himſelf, that the multitude ſhould have obeying wits, every one knowing whom he ſhould command, and whom he ſhould obey, the place where, and the matter wherein; diſtributing each office as near as he could, to the diſpoſition of the perſon that ſhould exerciſe it: knowing no love, danger nor diſcipline can ſuddenly alter an habit in nature. Therefore would he not employ the ſtill man to a ſhifting

ſhifting practice, nor the liberal man to be a diſpenſer of his victuals, nor the kind-hearted man to be a puniſher: but would exerciſe their virtues in ſorts, where they might be profitable, employing his chief care to know them all particularly, and thoroughly, regarding alſo the conſtitution of their bodies; ſome being able better to abide watching, ſome hunger, ſome labor, making his benefit of each ability, and not forcing beyond power. Time to every thing by juſt proportion he allotted, and as well in that, as in every thing elſe, no ſmall error winkt at, leaſt greater ſhould be animated. Even of vices he made his profit, making the cowardly *Clinias* to have care of the watch, which he knew his own fear would make him very wakefully perform. And before the ſiege began, he himſelf cauſed rumors to be ſowed, and libels to be ſpread againſt himſelf, fuller of malice, than witty perſwaſion: partly to know thoſe that would be apt to ſtumble at ſuch motions, that he might cull them from the faithfuller band; but principally, becauſe in neceſſity they ſhould not know when any ſuch things were in earneſt attempted, whether it were, or not of his own invention. But even then (before the enemies face came near to breed any terror) did he exerciſe his men daily in all their charges, as if danger had preſently preſented his moſt hideous preſence: himſelf rather inſtructing by example, than precept; being neither more ſparing in travel, nor ſpending in diet, than the meaneſt ſoldier: his hand and body diſdaining no baſe matters, nor ſhrinking from the heavy.

The only odds was, that when others took breath, he ſighed; and when others reſted, he croſt his arms. For love paſſing thorough the pikes of danger, and tumbling it ſelf in the duſt of labour, yet ſtill made him remember his ſweet deſire, and beautiful image. Often when he had begun to command one, ſomewhat before half the ſentence were ended, his

his inward gueſt did ſo entertain him, that he would break it off, and a pretty while after end it, when he had (to the marvel of the ſtanders by) ſent himſelf to talk with his own thoughts. Sometimes when his hand was lifted up to do ſomething, as if with the ſight of *Gorgon*'s head he had been ſuddenly turned into a ſtone, ſo would he there abide, with his eyes planted, and hands lifted, till at length coming to the uſe of himſelf, he would look about where any had perceived him; then would he accuſe, and in himſelf condemn all thoſe wits, that durſt affirm idleneſs to be the well-ſpring of love. O, would he ſay, all you that affect the title of wiſdom, by ungrateful ſcorning the ornaments of nature, am I now piping in a ſhadow? Or do ſlothful feathers now inwrap me? Is not hate before me, and doubt behind me? Is not danger of the one ſide, and ſhame of the other? And do I not ſtand upon pain and travel, and yet over all, my affection triumphs? The more I ſtir about urgent affairs, the more methinks the very ſtirring breeds a breath to blow the coals of my love: the more I exerciſe my thoughts, the more they increaſe the appetite of my deſires. O ſweet *Philoclea* (with that he would caſt up his eyes, wherein ſome water did appear, as if they would waſh themſelves againſt they ſhould ſee her) thy heavenly face is my aſtronomy? thy ſweet virtue, my ſweet philoſophy: let me profit therein, and farewel all other cogitations. But alas, my mind miſgives me, for your planets bear a contrary aſpect unto me. Woe, woe is me, they threaten my deſtruction: and whom do they threaten this deſtruction? even him that loves them; and by what means will they deſtroy, but by loving them? O dear (though killing) eyes, ſhall death head his dart with the gold of *Cupid*'s arrow? ſhall death take his aim from the reſt of beauty? O beloved (though hating) *Philoclea*, how if thou beeſt merciful, hath crüelty fallen into thee?

or

or how if thou beeſt cruel, doth cruelty look more beautiful than ever mercy did? or alas, is it my deſtiny that makes mercy cruel: like an evil veſſel which turns ſweet liquor to ſowerneſs; ſo when thy grace falls upon me, my wretched conſtitution makes it become fierceneſs. Thus would he exerciſe his eloquence, when ſhe could not hear him, and be dumb-ſtricken, when her preſence gave him fit occaſion of ſpeaking: ſo that his wit could find out no other refuge, but the comfort and counſel of his mother, deſiring her (whoſe thoughts were unperplexed) to uſe for his ſake the moſt prevailing manners of interceſſion.

She, ſeeing her ſon's ſafety depend thereon (though her pride much diſdained the name of a deſirer) took the charge upon her, not doubting the eaſie conqueſt of an unexpert virgin, who had already with ſubtilty and impudency begun to undermine a monarchy. Therefore weighing *Philoclea's* reſolutions by the counterpoiſe of her own youthful thoughts, which ſhe then called to mind, ſhe doubted not at leaſt to make *Philoclea* to receive the poiſon diſtilled in ſweet liquor, which ſhe with little diſguiſing had drunk up thirſtily. Therefore ſhe went ſoftly to *Philoclea's* chamber, and peeping through the ſide of the door, then being a little open, ſhe ſaw *Philoclea* ſitting low upon a cuſhion, in ſuch a given-over manner, that one would have thought ſilence, ſolitarineſs, and melancholy were come there under the enſign of miſhap, to conquer delight, and drive him from his natural ſeat of beauty; her tears came dropping down like rain in ſun-ſhine, and ſhe not taking heed to wipe the tears, they hung upon her cheeks, and lips, as upon cherries which the dropping tree bedeweth. In the dreſſing of her hair and apparel, ſhe might ſee neither a careful art, nor an art of careleſsneſs, but even left to a neglected chance, which yet could no more unperfect her perfections,

fections, than a die any way caſt, could loſe his ſquareneſs.

Cecropia (ſtirred with no other pity, but for her ſon) came in, and haling kindneſs into her countenance, what ails this ſweet lady, (ſaid ſhe) will you mar ſo good eyes with weeping? ſhall tears take away the beauty of that complexion, which the women of *Arcadia* wiſh for, and the men long after? Fie of this peeviſh ſadneſs; inſooth it is untimely for your age. Look upon your own body, and ſee whether it deſerve to pine away with ſorrow: ſee whether you will have theſe hands (with that ſhe took one of her hands, and kiſſing it, looked upon it as if ſhe were enamoured with it) fade from their whiteneſs, which makes one deſire to touch them; and their ſoftneſs, which rebounds again a deſire to look on them, and become dry, lean and yellow, and make every body wonder at the change, and ſay, that ſure you had uſed ſome art before, which now you had left; for if the beauties had been natural, they would never ſo ſoon have been blemiſhed. Take a glaſs, and ſee whether theſe tears become your eyes: although I muſt confeſs, thoſe eyes are able to make tears comely. Alas, madam, anſwered *Philoclea*, I know not whether my tears become my eyes, but I am ſure my eyes thus beteared, become my fortune. Your fortune, ſaid *Cecropia*, if ſhe could ſee to attire her ſelf, would put on her beſt raiments. For I ſee, and I ſee it with grief, and (to tell you true) unkindneſs, you miſconſtrue every thing that only for your ſake is attempted. You think you are offended, and are, indeed, defended: you eſteem your ſelf a priſoner, and are, in truth, a miſtreſs; you fear hate, and ſhall find love. And truly, I had a thing to ſay unto you, but it is no matter; ſince I find you are ſo obſtinately melancholy, as that you wooe his fellowſhip, I will ſpare my pains, and hold my peace: And ſo ſtayed indeed, thinking *Philoclea* would have had a female inquiſitiveneſs of the matter.

matter. But ſhe, who rather wiſhed to unknow what ſhe knew, than to burthen her heart with more hopeleſs knowledge, only deſired her to have pity of her, and if, indeed, ſhe did mean her no hurt, then to grant her liberty; for elſe the very grief and fear, would prove her unappointed executioners. For that, ſaid *Cecropia*, believe me upon the faith of a king's daughter, you ſhall be free, ſo ſoon as your freedom may be free of mortal danger, being brought hither for no other cauſe, but to prevent ſuch miſchiefs as you know not of. But if you think, indeed, to win me to have care of you, even as of mine own daughter, then lend your ears unto me, and let not your mind arm it ſelf with a wilfulneſs to be flexible to nothing. But if I ſpeak reaſon, let reaſon have his due reward, perſwaſion. Then ſweet niece (ſaid ſhe) I pray you preſuppoſe, that now, even in the midſt of your agonies, which you paint unto your ſelf moſt horrible, wiſhing with ſighs, and praying with vows, for a ſoon and ſafe delivery: imagine niece (I ſay) that ſome heavenly ſpirit ſhould appear unto you, and bid you follow him through the door that goes into the garden, aſſuring you, that you ſhould thereby return to your dear mother, and what other delights ſoever your mind eſteems delights; would you (ſweet niece) would you refuſe to follow him; and ſay, that if he led you not through the chief gate, you would not enjoy your over-deſired liberty? Would you not drink the wine you thirſt for, without it were in ſuch a glaſs as you eſpecially fancied? Tell me (dear niece) but I will anſwer for you, becauſe I know your reaſon and wit is ſuch, as muſt needs conclude, that ſuch niceneſs can no more be in you, to diſgrace ſuch a mind, than diſgracefulneſs can have any place in ſo faultleſs a beauty. Your wiſdom would aſſuredly determine, how the mark were hit, or whether the bow were eugh or no, wherein you ſhot. If this be ſo, and thus ſure (my dear niece) it is, then, I pray you, imagine,

imagine, that I am that same good angel, who grieving in your grief, and, in truth, not able to suffer, that bitter sighs should be sent forth with so sweet a breath, am come to lead you, not only to your desired, and imagined happiness, but to a true and essential happiness; not only to liberty, but to liberty with commandment. The way I will shew you; which if it be not the gate builded hitherto in your private choice, yet shall it be a door to bring you through a garden of pleasures, as sweet as this life can bring forth; nay rather, which makes this life to be a life: My son, (let it be no blemish to him that I name him my son, who was your father's own nephew; for you know I am no small king's daughter) my son, I say, far passing the nearness of his kindred, with nearness of good will, and striving to match your matchless beauty with a matchless affection, doth by me present unto you the full enjoying of your liberty, so as with this gift you will accept a greater, which is, this castle, with all the rest which you know he hath in honourable quantity; and will confirm his gift, and your receipt of both, with accepting him to be yours. I might say much both for the person and the matter; but who will cry out the sun shines? It is so manifest a profit unto you, as the meanest judgment must straight apprehend it; so far it is from the sharpness of yours, to be ignorant thereof. Therefore (sweet niece!) let your gratefulness be my intercession, and your gentleness my eloquence; and let me carry comfort to a heart which greatly needs it. *Philoclea* looked upon her, and cast down her eye again: Aunt, said she, I would I could be so much a mistress of my own mind, as to yield to my cousin's virtuous request; for so I construe of it. But my heart is already set (and staying a while on that word, she brought forth afterwards) to lead a virgin's life to my death; for such a vow I have in my self devoutly made. The heavens prevent such a mischief, said *Cecropia*. A

vow,

vow, quoth you? No, no, my dear niece, nature, when you were firſt born, vowed you a woman, and as ſhe made you child of a mother, ſo to do your beſt to be mother of a child: She gave you beauty to move love; ſhe gave you wit to know love; ſhe gave you an excellent body to reward love; which kind of liberal rewarding is crowned with an unſpeakable felicity. For this, as it bindeth the receiver, ſo it makes happy the beſtower: This doth not impoveriſh, but inrich the giver. O the ſweet name of a mother! O the comfort of comforts, to ſee your children grow up, in whom you are, as it were eternized! if you could conceive what a heart-tickling joy it is to ſee your own little ones, with awful love come running to your lap, and like little models of your ſelf ſtill carry you about them; you would think unkindneſs in your own thoughts, that ever they did rebel againſt the mean unto it. But perchance I ſet this bleſſedneſs before your eyes, as captains do victory before their ſoldiers, to which they muſt come through many pains, griefs and dangers: No, I am content you ſhrink from this my counſel, if the way to come unto it, be not moſt of all pleaſant. I know not (anſwered the ſweet *Philoclea*, fearing leaſt ſilence would offend for ſullenneſs) what contentment you ſpeak of; but I am ſure the beſt you can make of it (which is marriage) is a burdenous yoke. Ah, dear niece, ſaid *Cecropia*, how much you are deceived: A yoke, indeed, we all bear, laid upon us in our creation, which by marriage is not increaſed; but thus far eaſed, that you have a yoke-fellow to help to draw through the cloddy cumbers of this world. O widdow-nights, bear witneſs with me of the difference. How often, alas, do I embrace the orphan-ſide of my bed, which was wont to be imprinted by the body of my dear husband, and with tears acknowledge, that I now enjoy ſuch a liberty as the baniſhed man hath; who may, if he liſt, wander over the world, but is for

ever

ever reſtrained from his moſt delightful home: That I have now ſuch a liberty as the ſeeled dove hath, which being firſt deprived of eyes, is then by the falconer caſt off: For believe me niece, believe me, man's experience is woman's beſt eye-ſight. Have you ever ſeen a pure roſe-water kept in a cryſtal glaſs? How fine it looks, how ſweet it ſmells while that beautiful glaſs impriſons it? Break the priſon; and let the water take his own courſe, doth it not embrace duſt, and loſe all his former ſweetneſs and fairneſs: Truly ſo are we, if we have not the ſtay, rather than the reſtraint of cryſtalline marriage. My heart melts to think of the ſweet comfort I, in that happy time, received, when I had never cauſe to care, but the care was doubled: When I never rejoyced, but that I ſaw my joy ſhine in another's eyes. What ſhall I ſay of the free delight which the heart might embrace, without the accuſing of the inward conſcience, or fear of outward ſhame? And is a ſolitary life as good as this? Then can one ſtring make as good muſick as a conſort? Then can one colour ſet forth a beauty? But it may be, the general conſideration of marriage doth not ſo much miſlike you, as the applying of it to him. He is my ſon, I muſt confeſs, I ſee him with a mother's eyes, which if they do not much deceive me, he is no ſuch one, over whom contempt may make a juſt challenge. He is comely, he is noble, he is rich; but that which in it ſelf ſhould carry all comelineſs, nobility and riches, he loves you; and he loves you who is beloved of others. Drive not away his affection. (ſweet lady) and make no other lady hereafter proudly brag, that ſhe hath robbed you of ſo faithful and notable a ſervant. *Philoclea* heard ſome pieces of her ſpeeches no otherwiſe than one doth when a tedious pratler cumbers the hearing of a delightful muſick. For her thoughts had left her ears in that captivity, and conveyed themſelves to behold (with ſuch eyes as imagination could lend them) the eſtate of her *Zelmane*:

For

For whom how well ſhe thought many of thoſe ſayings might have been uſed with a far more grateful acceptation. Therefore liſting not to diſpute in a matter, whereof her ſelf was reſolved, and deſired not to inform the other; ſhe only told her that whilſt ſhe was ſo captived, ſhe could not conceive of any ſuch perſwaſions, (though never ſo reaſonable) any otherwiſe, than as conſtraints: and as conſtraints muſt needs even in nature abhor them, which at her liberty, in their own force of reaſon, might more prevail with her; and ſo fain would have returned the ſtrength of *Cecropia's* perſwaſions, to have procured freedom.

But neither her witty words in an enemy, nor thoſe words, made more than eloquent with paſſing thro ſuch lips, could prevail in *Cecropia*, no more than her perſwaſions could win *Philoclea* to diſavow her former vow, or to leave the priſoner *Zelmane*, for the commanding *Amphialus*. So that both ſides being deſirers, and neither granters, they broke of conference; *Cecropia* ſucking up more and more ſpite out of her denial, which yet for her ſon's ſake, ſhe diſguiſed with a vizard of kindneſs, leaving no office unperformed which might either witneſs, or endear her ſon's affection. Whatſoever could be imagined likely to pleaſe her, was with liberal diligence performed: muſicks at her window, and eſpecially ſuch muſicks, as might (with doleful embaſſage) call the mind to think of ſorrow, and think of it with ſweetneſs; with ditties ſo ſenſibly expreſſing *Amphialus's* caſe, that every word ſeemed to be but a diverſifying of the name of *Amphialus*. Daily preſents, as it were oblations, to pacify an angry deity, ſent unto her; wherein, if the workmanſhip of the form had ſtriven with the ſumptuouſneſs of the matter, as much did the invention, in the application, contend to have the chief excellency: for they were as ſo many ſtories of his diſgraces, and her perfections; where the richneſs did invite the eyes, the faſhion did entertain the eyes, and the device did teach the

eyes, the preſent miſery of the preſenter himſelf awfully ſerviceable; which was the more notable, as his authority was manifeſt. And for the bondage wherein ſhe lived, all means uſed to make known, that if it were a bondage, it was a bondage only knit in love-knots: but ſhe in heart already underſtanding no language but one, the muſick wrought, indeed, a dolefulneſs, but it was a dolefulneſs to be in his power: the ditty intended for *Amphialus*, ſhe tranſlated to *Zelmane*: the preſents ſeemed ſo many tedious clogs of a thralled obligation; and his ſervice, the more diligent it was, the more it did exprobate, as ſhe thought, unto her, her unworthy eſtate: that even he that did her ſervice, had authority of commanding her, only conſtruing her ſervitude in his own nature, eſteeming it a right, and a right better ſervitude: ſo that all their ſhots (how well ſoever levelled) being carried awry from the mark, by the ſtorm of her miſlike, the prince *Amphialus* effectually languiſhed, and *Cecropia* ſpitefully cunning, diſdained at the barrenneſs of their ſucceſs.

Which willingly *Cecropia* would have revenged, but that ſhe ſaw, her hurt could not be divided from her ſon's miſchief: wherefore, ſhe bethought her ſelf to attempt *Pamela*, whoſe beauty being equal, ſhe hoped if ſhe might be won, that her ſon's thoughts would rather reſt on a beautiful gratefulneſs, than ſtill be tormented with a diſdaining beauty. Therefore giving new courage to her wicked inventions, and uſing the more induſtry, becauſe ſhe had miſſed in this, and taking even precepts of prevailing in *Pamela*, by her failing in *Philoclea*, ſhe went to her chamber, and (according to her own ungracious method of ſubtile proceeding) ſtood liſtening at the door, becauſe that out of the circumſtance of her preſent behaviour, there might kindly ariſe a fit beginning of her intended diſcourſe.

And ſo ſhe might perceive that *Pamela* did walk up and down, full of deep, though patient, thoughts.

For

For her look and countenance was ſettled, her pace ſoft, and almoſt ſtill of one meaſure, without any paſſionate geſture, or violent motion: till at length, as it were, awaking, and ſtrengthening her ſelf; well, ſaid ſhe, yet this is the beſt, and of this I am ſure, that howſoever they wrong me, they cannot over-maſter god: no darkneſs blinds his eyes, no jayl bars him out. To whom then elſe ſhould I fly, but to him for ſuccour? and therewith kneeling down even where ſhe ſtood, ſhe thus ſaid. *O all-ſeeing light, and eternal life of all things, to whom nor thing is either ſo great, that it may reſiſt, or ſo ſmall that it is contemned: look upon my miſery with thine eye of mercy, and let thine infinite power vouchſafe to limit out ſome proportion of deliverance unto me, as to thee ſhall ſeem moſt convenient. Let not injury, O lord, triumph over me, and let my faults by thy hand be corrected, and make not mine unjuſt enemy the miniſter of thy juſtice. But yet my god, if in thy wiſdom, this be the apteſt chaſtiſement for my unexcuſable folly, if this low bondage be fitteſt for my over-high deſires; if the pride of my not enough humble heart, be thus to be broken, O lord, I yield unto thy will, and joyfully embrace what ſorrow thou wilt have me ſuffer. Only thus much let me crave of thee, let my craving, O lord, be accepted of thee, (ſince even that proceeds from thee) let me crave, even by the nobleſt title, which in my greateſt affliction I may give my ſelf, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodneſs which is thy ſelf, that thou wilt ſuffer ſome beam of thy majeſty ſo to ſhine into my mind, that it may ſtill depend confidently upon thee. Let calamity be the exerciſe, but not the overthrow of my virtue: let their power prevail, but prevail not to deſtruction: let my greatneſs be their prey: let my pain be the ſweetneſs of their revenge: let them (if ſo it ſeem good unto thee) vex me with more and more puniſhment. But, O lord, let never their wickedneſs have ſuch a hand, but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body!* and pauſing a while, *and, O moſt gracious lord,* ſaid ſhe, *what ever becomes of me, preſerve the virtuous* Muſidorus.

The other part *Cecropia* might well hear; but this latter prayer for *Musidorus*, her heart held it, as so jewel-like a treasure, that it would scarce trust her own lips withal. But this prayer, sent to heaven, from so heavenly a creature, with such a fervent grace, as if devotion had borrowed her body, to make of it self a most beautiful representation; with her eyes so lifted to the sky-ward, that one would have thought they had began to fly thitherward, to take their place among their fellow stars; her naked hands raising up their whole length, and, as it were, kissing one another, as if the right had been the picture of *zeal*, and the left of *humbleness*, which both united themselves to make their suits more acceptable. Lastly, all her senses being rather tokens than instruments of her inward motions, altogether had so strange a working power, that even the hard-hearted wickedness of *Cecropia*, if it found not a love of that goodness, yet it felt an abashment at that goodness, and if she had not a kindly remorse, yet had she an irksome accusation of her own naughtiness; so that she was put from the byas of her fore-intended lesson. For well she found there was no way at that time to take that mind, but with some, at least, image of virtue; and what the figure thereof was, her heart knew not.

Yet did she prodigally spend her uttermost eloquence, leaving no argument unproved, which might with any force invade her excellent judgment; the justness of the request being, but for marriage; the worthiness of the suiter: then her own present fortune, which should not only have amendment, but felicity: besides falsly making her believe, that her sister would think her self happy, if now she might have his love, which before she contemned: and obliquely touching, what danger it should be for her, if her son should accept *Philoclea* in marriage, and so match the next heir apparent, she being in his power: yet plentifully perjuring

juring how extremely her ſon loved her, and excuſing the little ſhews he made of it, with the dutiful reſpect he bare unto her; and taking upon her ſelf that ſhe reſtrained him, ſince ſhe found ſhe could ſet no limits to his paſſions. And as ſhe did to *Philoclea*, ſo did ſhe to her, with the tribute of gifts ſeek to bring her mind into ſervitude: and all other means, that might either eſtabliſh a beholdingneſs, or at leaſt awake a kindneſs; doing it ſo, as by reaſon of their impriſonment, one ſiſter knew not how the other was wooed, but each might think, that only ſhe was ſought. But if *Philoclea* with ſweet and humble dealing did avoid their aſſaults, ſhe with the majeſty of virtue did beat them off.

But this day their ſpeech was the ſooner broken off, by reaſon that he, who ſtood as watch upon the top of the Keep, * did not only ſee a great duſt riſe (which the earth ſent up, as if it would ſtrive to have clouds as well as the air) but might ſpy ſometimes, eſpecially when the duſt (wherein the naked wind did apparel it ſelf) was carried aſide from them, the ſhining of armour; like flaſhing of lightning, wherewith the clouds did ſeem to be with child; which the ſun gilding with his beams, it gave a ſight delightful to any, but to them that were to abide the terror. But the watch gave a quick alarm to the ſoldiers within, whom practice already having prepared, began each, with unbaſhed hearts, or at leaſt countenances, to look to their charge, or obedience which was allotted unto them.

Only *Clinias* and *Amphialus* did exceed the bounds of mediocrity; the one in his natural coldneſs of cowardice, the other in heat of courage. For *Clinias* (who was bold only in buiſy whiſperings, and even in that whiſperingneſs rather, indeed, confident in his cunning, that it ſhould not be bewrayed, than any way bold, if ever it ſhould be bewrayed) now that the enemy gave a dreadful aſpect unto the caſtle, his eyes ſaw no terror, nor ear heard any

* i. e. A ſtrong tower in the middle of a caſtle, the laſt reſort of the beſieged.

martial ſound, but that they multiplied the hideouſneſs of it to his matted mind. Before their coming he had many times felt a dreadful expectation, but yet his mind (that was willing to eaſe it ſelf of the burden of fear) did ſometime fain unto it ſelf poſſibility of let; as the death of *Baſilius*, the diſcord of the nobility, and, when other cauſe failed him, the nature of chance ſerved as a cauſe unto him: and ſometimes the hearing other men ſpeak valiantly, and the quietneſs of his unaſſailed ſenſes, would make himſelf believe, that he durſt do ſomething. But now, that preſent danger did diſplay it ſelf unto his eye, and that a dangerous doing muſt be the only mean to prevent the danger of ſuffering, one that had marked him would have judged, that his eyes would have run into him, and his ſoul out of him; ſo unkindly did either take a ſcent of danger. He thought the lake was too ſhallow, and the walls too thin: he miſdoubted each man's treaſon, and conjectured every poſſibility of misfortune, not only fore-caſting likely perils, but ſuch as all the planets together could ſcarcely have conſpired: and already began to arm himſelf, though it was determined he ſhould tarry within doors; and while he armed himſelf, imagined in what part of the vault he would hide himſelf if the enemies won the caſtle. Deſirous he was that every body ſhould do valiantly, but *himſelf*; and therefore was afraid to ſhew his fear, but for very fear would have hid his fear, leaſt it ſhould diſcomfort others: but the more he ſought to diſguiſe it, the more unſutableneſs of a weak broken voice to high brave words, and of a pale ſhaking countenance, to a geſture of animating, did diſcover him.

But quite contrarily *Amphialus*, who, before the enemies came, was careful, providently diligent, and not ſometimes without doubting of the iſſue: now the nearer danger approached (like the light of a glow-worm) the leſs ſtill it ſeemed: and now his courage

courage began to boil in choler, and with ſuch impatience to deſire to pour out both upon the enemy, that he iſſued preſently into certain boats he had of purpoſe; and carrying with him ſome choice men, went to the fortreſs he had upon the edge of the lake, which he thought would be the firſt thing that the enemy would attempt, becauſe it was a paſſage, which commanding all that ſide of the country, and being loſt, would ſtop victuals, or other ſupply, that might be brought into the caſtle: and in that fortreſs having ſome force of horſemen, he iſſued out with two hundred horſe, and five hundred footmen; ambuſhed his footmen in the falling of a hill, which was over-ſhadowed with a wood; he with his horſemen went a quarter of a mile farther; aſide hand of which he might perceive the many troops of the enemy, who came but to take view where beſt to encamp themſelves.

But as if the ſight of the enemy had been a magnes-ſtone to his courage, he could not contain himſelf, but ſhewing his face to the enemy, and his back to his ſoldiers, uſed that action, as his only oration, both of denouncing war to the one, and perſwading help of the other. Who faithfully following an example of ſuch authority, they made the earth to groan under their furious burthen, and the enemies to begin to be angry with them, whom in particular they knew not. Among whom there was a young man, youngeſt brother to *Philanax*, whoſe face as yet did not bewray his ſex with ſo much as ſhew of hair; of a mind having no limits of hope, not knowing why to fear; full of jollity in converſation, and lately grown a lover. His name was *Agenor*, of all that army the moſt beautiful: who having ridden in ſportful converſation among the foremoſt, all armed, ſaving that his beaver was up, to have his breath in more freedom, ſeeing *Amphialus* come a pretty way before his company, neither ſtaying the commandment of the captain, nor reckoning whether his face

were armed, or no; set spurs to his horse, and with youthful bravery casting his staff about his head, put it then in his rest, as careful of comely carrying it, as if the mark had been but a ring, and the lookers on ladies. But *Amphialus*'s lance was already come to the last of his descending line, and began to make the full point of death against the head of this young gentleman; when *Amphialus* perceiving his youth and beauty, compassion so rebated the edge of choler, that he spared that fair nakedness, and let his staff fall to *Agenor*'s vampalt*: so as both with brave breaking should hurtlesly have performed that match, but that the pittiless launce of *Amphialus* angry with being broken) with an unlucky counter-buff, full of unsparing splinters, lighted upon that face, far fitter for the combats of *Venus*; giving not only a sudden, but a foul death, leaving scarcely any tokens of his former beauty: but his hands abandoning the reins, and his thighs the saddle, he fell sideward from the horse. Which sight coming to *Leontius*, a dear friend of his, who in vain had lamentably cried unto him to stay, when he saw him begin his carreer; it was hard to say, whether pity of the one, or revenge against the other, held as then the soveraignty in his passions. But while he directed his eye to his friend, and his hand to his enemy, so wrongly consorted a power could not resist the ready minded force of *Amphialus*; who perceiving his ill-directed direction against him, so paid him his debt before it was lent, that he also fell to the earth, only happy that one place, and one time, did finish both their loves and lives together.

But by this time there had been a furious meeting of either side; where after the terrible salutation of warlike noise, the shaking of hands was with sharp weapons: some launces according to the metal they met, and skill of the guider, did stain themselves in blood; some flew up in pieces, as if they would threaten heaven because they failed on earth. But

* i. e. A gauntlet, or iron glove.

their

their office was quickly inherited, either by (the prince of weapons) the ſword, or by ſome heavy mace, or biting axe; which hunting ſtill the weakeſt chace, ſought ever to light there where ſmalleſt reſiſtance might worſe prevent miſchief. The claſhing of armor, and cruſhing of ſtaves, the juſtling of bodies, the reſounding of blows, was the firſt part of that ill-agreeing muſick, which was beautified with the griſlineſs of wounds, the riſing of duſt, the hideous falls and the groans of the dying. The very horſes angry in their maſter's anger, with love and obedience, brought forth the effects of hate and reſiſtance, and with minds of ſervitude did as if they affected glory. Some lay dead under their dead maſters, whom unknightly wounds had unjuſtly puniſhed for a faithful duty. Some lay upon their lords by like accident, and in death, had the honour to be borne by them, whom in life they had borne: Some having loſt their commanding burthens, ran ſcattered about the field, abaſhed with the madneſs of mankind. The earth it ſelf (wont to be a burial of men) was now, as it were buried with men; ſo was the face thereof hidden with dead bodies, to whom death had come masked in divers manners. In one place lay diſinherited heads, diſpoſſeſſed of their natural ſeignories: in another, whole bodies to ſee to, but that their hearts wont to be bound all over ſo cloſe, were now with deadly violence opened: in others, fouler deaths had uglily diſplayed their trayling guts. There lay arms, whoſe fingers yet moved, as if they would feel for him that made them feel: and legs, which contrary to common reaſon, by being diſcharged of their burthen, were grown heavier. But no ſword payed ſo large a tribute of ſouls to the eternal kingdom, as that of *Amphialus*; who like a tyger, from whom a company of wolves did ſeek to raviſh a new gotten prey, ſo he (remembring they came to take away *Philoclea*) did labour to make valour, ſtrength, choler,

and

and hatred, to anſwer the proportion of his love, which was infinite.

There died of his hand the old knight *Eſchylus*, who though by years might well have been allowed to uſe rather the exerciſes of wiſdom, than of courage, yet having a luſty body and a merry heart, he ever took the ſummons of time in jeſt, or elſe it had ſo creepingly ſtollen upon him, that he had heard ſcarcely the noiſe of his feet, and therefore was as freſh in apparel, and as forward in enterprizes, as a far younger man: but nothing made him bolder, than a certain propheſy had been told him, that he ſhould dye in the arms of his ſon, and therefore feared the leſs the arm of an enemy. But now when *Amphialus*'s ſword was paſſed through his throat, he thought himſelf abuſed; but that before he died, his ſon indeed ſeeing his father begin to fall, held him up in his arms, till a pittileſs ſoldier of the other ſide, with a mace brained him, making father and ſon become twins in the never again dying birth. As for *Drialus*, *Memnon*, *Niſus* and *Polycrates*, the firſt had his eyes cut out ſo, as he could not ſee to bid the near following death welcome; the ſecond had met with the ſame prophet that old *Eſchylus* had; and having found many of his ſpeeches true, believed this too, that he ſhould never be killed, but by his own companions? and therefore no man was more valiant than he againſt an enemy, no man more ſuſpicious of his friends: ſo as he ſeemed to ſleep in ſecurity, when he went to battle, and to enter into a battle, when he began to ſleep, ſuch guards he would ſet about his perſon; yet miſtruſting thoſe very guards leaſt they would murder him. But now *Amphialus* helped to unriddle his doubts; for he overthrowing him from his horſe, his own companions coming with a freſh ſupply, preſſed him to death. *Niſus* graſping with *Amphialus*, was with a ſhort dagger ſlain. And for *Polycrates*, while he ſhunned as mu

as he could, keeping only his face for fear of puniſhment, *Amphialus* with a memorable blow ſtruck off his head: where, with the convulſions of death ſetting his ſpurs to his horſe, he gave ſo brave a charge upon his enemy, as it grew a proverb, that *Polycrates* was only valiant after his head was off. But no man eſcaped ſo well his hands as *Phebilus* did: for he having long loved *Philoclea*, though for the meanneſs of his eſtate he never durſt reveal it, now knowing *Amphialus*, ſetting the edge of a rival upon the ſword of an enemy, he held ſtrong fight with him. But *Amphialus* had already in the moſt dangerous places diſarmed him, and was lifting up his ſword to ſend him away from himſelf; when he thinking indeed to dye, O *Philoclea*, ſaid he, yet this joys me, that I dye for thy ſake. The name of *Philoclea* firſt ſtayed his ſword, and he heard him out, though he abhorred him much worſe than before, yet could he not vouchſafe him the honour of dying for *Philoclea*, but turned his ſword another way, doing him no hurt for overmuch hatred. But what good did that to poor *Phebilus*, if eſcaping a valiant hand, he was ſlain by a baſe ſoldier, who ſeeing him ſo diſarmed, thruſt him through?

But thus with the well-followed valour of *Amphialus* were the other almoſt over-thrown, when *Philanax* (who was the marſhal of the army) came in, with new force renewing the almoſt decayed courage of his ſoldiers. For crying to them, and asking them whether their backs or their arms were better fighters, he himſelf thruſt juſt into the preſs, and making force and fury, wait upon diſcretion and government, he might ſeem a brave lion, who taught his young lionets, how in taking a prey, to join courage with cunning. Then fortune, as if ſhe had made chaces enough of the one ſide of the bloody tennis-court, went of the other ſide the line, making as many fall down of *Amphialus's* followers

as

as before had done of *Philanax*, they loſing the ground, as faſt as before they had won it, only leaving them to keep it, who had loſt themſelves in keeping it. Then thoſe that had killed, inherited the lot of thoſe that had been killed; and cruel deaths made them lye quietly together, who moſt in their lives had ſought to diſquiet each other; and many of thoſe firſt overthrown, had the comfort to ſee their murtherers over-run them to *Charon*'s ferry.

Codrus, *Cteſiphon*, and *Milo*, loſt their lives upon *Philanax*'s ſword. But no body's caſe was more pitied, than of a young ſquire of *Amphialus*, called *Iſmenus*, who never abandoning his maſter, and making his tender age aſpire to acts of the ſtrongeſt manhood, in this time that his ſide was put to the worſt, and that *Amphialus*'s valour was the only ſtay of them from delivering themſelves over to a moſt ſhameful flight, he ſaw his maſter's horſe killed under him. Whereupon asking ~~advice of~~ no other thought, but of faithfulneſs and courage, he preſently lighted from his own horſe, and with the help of ſome choice and faithful ſervants, got his maſter up. But in the multitude that came of either ſide, ſome to ſuccour, ſome to ſave *Amphialus*, he came under the hand of *Philanax*: and the youth perceiving he was the man that did moſt hurt to his party, deſirous even to change his life for glory, ſtruck at him as he rode by him, and gave him a hurt upon the leg: that made *Philanax* turn towards him; but ſeeing him ſo young, and of a moſt lovely preſence, he rather took pity of him, meaning to take him priſoner, and then to give him to his brother *Agenor* to be his companion, becauſe they were not much unlike, neither in years, nor countenance. But as he looked down upon him with that thought, he eſpied where his brother lay dead, and his friend *Leontius* by him, even almoſt under the ſquire's feet. Then ſorrowing not only his

own ſorrow, but the paſt-comfort ſorrow which he foreknew his mother would take, who with many tears and miſgiving ſighs had ſuffered him to go with his elder brother *Philanax*, blotted out all figures of pity out of his mind, and putting forth his horſe, while *Iſmenus* doubled two or three more valiant than well-ſet blows, ſaying to himſelf, let other mothers bewail an untimely death as well as mine, he thruſt him through. And the boy fierce, though beautiful; and beautiful, though dying, not able to keep his falling feet, fell down to the earth, which he bit for anger, repining at his fortune, and as long as he could reſiſting death, which might ſeem unwilling too; ſo long as he was in taking away his young ſtrugling ſoul.

Philanax himſelf could have wiſhed the blow ungiven, when he ſaw him fall like a fair apple, which ſome uncourteous body, breaking his bough, ſhould throw down before it were ripe. But the caſe of his brother made him forget both that, and himſelf ſo as overhaſtily preſſing upon the retiring enemies, he was (e're he was aware) farther engaged than his own ſoldiers could relieve him; where being overthrown by *Amphialus*, *Amphialus*, glad of him, kept head againſt his enemies, while ſome of his men carried away *Philanax*.

But *Philanax*'s men, as if with the loſs of *Philanax* they had loſt the fountain of their valour, had their courages dried up in fear, that they began to ſet honour at their backs, and to uſe the virtue of patience in an untimely time, when into the preſs comes, as hard as his horſe, more afraid of the ſpur than the ſword, could carry him, a knight in armour as black as darkneſs could make it, followed by none, and adorned by nothing; ſo far without authority, that he was without knowledge. But virtue quickly made him known, and admiration bred him ſuch authority, that though they of whoſe ſide he came knew him not, yet they all knew it

was

was fit to obey him; and while he was followed by the valianteſt, he made way for the vileſt. For taking part with the beſiegers, he made the *Amphialians* blood ſerve for a capariſon to his horſe, and a decking to his armour. His arm no ofter gave blows, than the blows gave wounds, than the wounds gave deaths: ſo terrible was his force, and yet was his quickneſs more forcible than his force, and his judgment more quick than his quickneſs. For though his ſword went faſter than eye ſight could follow it, yet his own judgment went ſtill before it. There died of his hand, *Sarpedon*, *Pliſtonax*, *Strophilus*, and *Hippolitus*, men of great proof in wars, and who had that day undertaken the guard of *Amphialus*. But while they ſought to ſave him, they loſt the fortreſſes that nature had placed them in. Then ſlew he *Megalus*, who was a little before proud to ſee himſelf ſtained in the blood of his enemies: but when his own blood came to be married to theirs, he then felt that cruelty doth never enjoy a good cheap glory. After him went he *Palemon*, who had that day vowed, with foolish bravery, to be the death of ten; and nine already he had killed, and was careful to perform his, almoſt performed, vow, when the black knight helped him to make up the tenth himſelf.

And now the often changing fortune began alſo to change the hue of the battels. For at the firſt, though it were terrible, yet terror was deckt ſo bravely with rich furniture, gilt ſwords, ſhining armours, pleaſant penſils, that the eye with delight had ſcarce leiſure to be afraid: but now all univerſally defiled with duſt, blood, broken armour, mangled bodies, took away the maſk, and ſet forth horror in his own horrible manner. But neither could danger be dreadful to *Amphialus* his undiſmayable courage, nor yet ſeem ugly to him, whoſe truly affected mind did ſtill paint it over with the beauty of *Philoclea*: and therefore he, rather in-

flamed, than troubled with the increaſe of dangers, and glad to find a worthy ſubject to exerciſe his courage, ſought out this new knight, whom he might eaſily find: for he, like a wanton rich man, that throws down his neighbours houſe, to make himſelf the better proſpect: ſo had his ſword made him ſo ſpacious a room, that *Amphialus* had more cauſe to wonder at the finding, than labour for the ſeeking: which if it ſtirred hate in him, to ſee how much harm he did to the one ſide, it provoked as much emulation in him to perceive how much good he did to the other ſide. Therefore, they approaching one to the other, as in two beautiful folks, love naturally ſtirs a deſire of joining; ſo in their two courages hate ſtirred a deſire of tryal. Then began there a combat between them, worthy to have had more large liſts, and more quiet beholders: for with the ſpur of courage, and the bit of reſpect, each ſo guided himſelf, that one might well ſee, the deſire to overcome, made them not forget how to overcome: in ſuch time and proportion they did imploy their blows, that none of *Ceres* ſervants could more cunningly place his flail: while the left foot ſpur ſet forward his own horſe, the right ſet backward the contrary horſe, even ſometimes by the advantage of the enemies leg, while the left hand, like him that held the ſtern, guided the horſes obedient courage. All done in ſuch order, that it might ſeem the mind was a right prince indeed, who ſent wiſe and diligent lieutenants into each of thoſe well-governed parts. But the more they fought, the more they deſired to fight; and the more they ſmarted, the leſs they felt the ſmart: and now were like to make a quick proof, to whom fortune and valour would ſeem moſt friendly, when, in comes an old governor of *Amphialus*, always a good knight, and careful of his charge; who giving a ſore wound to the black knights thigh, while he thought not of him, with another

another blow ſlew his horſe under him. *Amphialus* cryed to him, that he diſhonoured him: you ſay well, anſwered the old knight, to ſtand now like a private ſoldier, ſetting your credit upon particular fighting, while you may ſee *Baſilius* with all his hoſt is getting between you and your town. He looked that way, and found that true indeed, that the enemy was beginning to encompaſs him about, and ſtop his return: and therefore cauſing the retreat to be ſounded, his governor led his men homeward, while he kept himſelf ſtill hindmoſt, as if he had ſtood at the gate of a ſluice to let the ſtream go, with ſuch proportion as ſhould ſeem good unto him, and with ſo manful diſcretion performed it, that (though with loſs of many of his men) he returned himſelf ſafe, and content, that his enemies had felt how ſharp the ſword could bite of *Philoclea's* lover. The other party being ſorry for the loſs of *Philanax*, was yet ſorrier when the black knight could not be found: for he having gotten a horſe, whom his dying maſter had bequeathed to the world, finding himſelf ſore hurt, and not deſirous to be known, had in the time of the enemies retiring, retired away alſo; his thigh not bleeding blood ſo faſt, as his heart bled revenge. But *Baſilius* having attempted in vain to bar the ſafe return of *Amphialus*, encamped himſelf as ſtrongly as he could, while he (to his grief) might hear the joy that was made in the town by his own Subjects, that he had that day ſped no better. For *Amphialus* (being well beloved of that people) when they ſaw him not yet vanquiſhed, they eſteemed him as victorious, his youth ſetting a flouriſhing ſhew upon his worthineſs, and his great nobility enobling his dangers.

But the firſt thing *Amphialus* did, being returned, was to viſit *Philoclea*, and firſt preſuming to cauſe his dream to be ſung unto her, which he had ſeen in the night before he fell in love with her, making

a fine boy he had accord the pretty dolefulneſs unto it. The ſong was this.

NOW was our heavenly vault deprived of the light,
With ſun's depart: and now the darkneſs of the night,
Did light thoſe beamy ſtars, which greater light did dark:
Now each thing that enjoy'd that fiery quickning ſpark,
(Which life is call'd) were mov'd their ſpirits to repoſe,
And wanting uſe of eyes, their eyes began to cloſe:
A ſilence ſweet each where with one conſent embrac'd
(A muſick ſweet to one in careful muſing plac'd)
And mother earth, now clad in mourning weeds, did breathe
A dull deſire to kiſs the image of her death:
When I, diſgraced wretch, not wretched then did give
My ſenſes ſuch relief, as they which quiet live,
Whoſe brains boils not in woes, nor breaſts with beatings ake,
With nature's praiſe are wont in ſafeſt home to take.
Far from my thoughts was aught, where to their minds aſpire
Who under courtly pomps do hatch a baſe deſire.
Free all my powers were from thoſe captiving ſnares,
Which heav'nly pureſt gifts defile with muddy cares.
Ne could my ſoul it ſelf accuſe of ſuch a fault,
As tender conſcience might with furious pangs aſſault.
But like the feeble flower, whoſe ſtalk can not ſuſtain
His weighty top, his top downward doth drooping lean:
Or as the ſilly bird in well acquainted neſt
Doth hide his head with cares, but only how to reſt:
So I in ſimple courſe, and unintangled mind,
Did ſuffer drouſie lids mine eyes, then clear, to blind;
And laying down my head, did nature's rule obſerve,
They firſt their uſe forgot, then fancies loſt their force;
'Till deadly ſleep at length poſſeſt my living coarſe.
A living coarſe I lay: but ah my wakeful mind
(Which made of heav'nly ſtuff, no mortal change doth blind)
Flew up with freer wings of fleſhly bondage free;
And having plac'd my thoughts, my thoughts thus placed me.

Methought, nay ſure I was, I was in faireſt wood,
Of Samothea *land, a land which whilom ſtood*
An honour to the world, while honour was their end,
And while their line of years they did in virtue ſpend
But there I was, and there my calmy thoughts I fed
On nature's ſweet repaſt, as healthful ſenſes led.
Her gifts my ſtudy was, her beauty were my ſport:
My work her works to know, her dwelling my reſort.
Thoſe lamps of heav'nly fire to fixed motion bound,
The ever turning ſpheres, the never moving ground;
What eſſence deſt'ny hath, if fortune be or no;
Whence our immortal ſouls to mortal earth do flow:
What life it is, and how that all theſe lives do gather,
With outward maker's force, or like an inward father.
Such thoughts, methought, I thought, and ſtrain'd my ſingle mind,
Then void of neerer care, the depth of things to find,
When lo with hugeſt noiſe, ſuch noiſe a tower makes
When it blown down with wind, a fall of ruin takes,
Or, ſuch a noiſe it was, as higheſt thunders ſend,
Or cannons thunder-like, all ſhot together lend.
The moon aſunder rent, whereout with ſudden fall
(More ſwift than falcons ſtoop to feeding falconers call)
There came a chariot fair, by doves and ſparrows guided.
Whoſe ſtorm-like courſe ſtaid not till hard by me it bided.
I wretch aſtoniſht was, and thought the deathful doom,
Of heaven, of earth, of hell, of time and place was come.
But ſtrait there iſſued forth two ladies, ladies ſure
They ſeemed to me, on whom did wait a virgin pure.
Strange were the ladies weeds, yet more unfit than ſtrange.
The firſt with cloths tuckt up, as nymphs in woods do range,
Tuckt up even with the knees, with bow and arrows preſt:
Her right arm naked was, diſcovered was her breaſt.
But heavy was her pace, and ſuch a meager cheer,
As little hunting mind, god knows, did there appear.
The other had with art, more than our women know,
As ſtuff meant for the ſale, ſet out to glaring ſhow,
A wanton woman's face, and with curl'd knots had twin'd
Her hair, which by the help of painters cunning ſhin'd,

Then

When I ſuch gueſts did ſee come out of ſuch a houſe,
The mountains great with child, I thought brought forth a mouſe,
But walking forth, the firſt thus to the ſecond ſaid.
Venus *come on: ſaid ſhe* Diana *you are obey'd.*
Thoſe names abaſh'd me much, when thoſe great names heard
Although their fame (me ſeem'd) from truth had greatly jarr'd.
As I thus muſing ſtood, Diana *call'd to her*
The waiting nymph, a nymph that did excel as far
All things that earſt I ſaw, as orient pearls exceed
That which their mother hight, or elſe their ſilly ſeed,
Indeed a perfect hew, indeed a ſweet conſent,
Of all thoſe graces gifts the heavens have ever lent.
And ſo ſhe was attir'd, as one that did not prize
Too much her peerleſs parts, nor yet could them deſpiſe.
But call'd, ſhe came apace; apace, wherein did move
The band of beauty's all, the little world of love.
And binding humbled eyes (o eyes the ſun of ſight)
She waited miſtreſs's will; who thus diſcloſ'd her ſpright;
Sweet Mira *mine, quoth ſhe, the pleaſure of my mind,*
In whom of all my rules the perfect proof I find;
To only thee, thou ſeeſt, we grant this ſpecial grace
Us to attend, in this moſt private time and place.
Be ſilent therefore now, and ſo be ſilent ſtill
Of that thou ſeeſt; cloſe up in ſecret knot thy will.
She anſwered was with look, and well perform'd beheſt:
And Mira *I admir'd; her ſhape ſunk in my breaſt.*
But thus with ireful eyes, and face that ſhook with ſpite
Diana *did begin. What mov'd me to invite,*
Your preſence, ſiſter dear, firſt to my moony ſphear,
And hither now, vouchſafe to take with willing ear.
I know full well you know, what diſcord long hath reign'd
Betwixt us two; how much that diſcord foul hath ſtain'd
Both our eſtates, while each the other did deprave,
Proof ſpeaks too much to us, that feeling tryal have.
Our names are quite forgot, our temples are deſac'd;
Our offerings ſpoil'd, our prieſts from prieſthood are diſplac'd.

Is this the fruit of ſtrife? thoſe thouſand churches high,
Thoſe thouſand altars fair now in the duſt to lie?
In mortal minds, our minds but planets names preſerve;
No knees once bowed, forſooth, for them they ſay we ſerve.
Are we their ſervants grown? no doubt a noble ſtay:
Celeſtial powers to worms, Jove's *children ſerve to clay.*
But ſuch they ſay we be: this praiſe our diſcord bred,
While we for mutual ſpite, a ſtriving paſſion fed.
But let us wiſer be; and what foul diſcord brake,
So much more ſtrong again let faſteſt concord make,
Our years do it require; you ſee we both do feel
The weakning work of time's for ever whirling wheel.
Although we be divine, our grandſire Saturn *is*
With ages force decay'd, yet once the heaven was his.
And now before we ſeek by wiſe Apollo's *skill,*
Our young years to renew (for ſo he ſaith he will)
Let us a perfect peace between us two reſolve;
Which leaſt the ruinous want of government diſſolve,
Let one the princeſs be, to her the other yield:
For vain equality is but contention's field.
And let her have the gifts that ſhould in both remain
In her let beauty both, and chaſtneſs fully reign.
So as if I prevail, you give your gifts to me,
If you, on you I lay what in my office be.
Now reſteth only this, which of us two is ſhe,
To whom precedence ſhall of both accorded be.
For that, ſo that you like, hereby doth lie a youth,
(She beckoned unto me) as yet of ſpotleſs truth;
Who may this doubt diſcern: for better, wit, then lot,
Becometh us: in us fortune determines not.
This crown of amber fair (an amber crown ſhe held)
To worthieſt let him give, when both he hath beheld:
And be it as he ſaith. Venus *was glad to hear*
Such proffer made, which ſhe well ſhew'd with ſmiling chear,
As though ſhe were the ſame, as when by Paris *doom*
She had chief goddeſſes in beauty overcome.
And ſmirkly thus gan ſay, I never ſought debate,
Diana *dear, my mind to love and not to hate*

Was

Was ever apt: but you my paſtimes did deſpiſe.
I never ſpited you, but thought you overwiſe.
Now kindneſs proferr'd is, none kinder is than I;
And ſo moſt ready am this mean of peace to try;
And let him be our judge: the lad doth pleaſe me well.
Thus both did come to me, and both began to tell;
(For both together ſpake, each loath to be behind)
That they by ſolemn oath their deities would bind,
To ſtand unto my will, their will they made me know
I that was firſt agaſt, when firſt I ſaw their ſhow;
Now bolder waxt, waxt proud, that I ſuch ſway muſt bear;
For near acquaintance doth diminiſh reverent fear.
And having bound them faſt by Styx, *they ſhould obey*
To all what I decreed, did thus my verdict ſay.
How ill both you can rule, well hath your diſcord taught;
Ne yet for ought I ſee, your beauties merit ought.
To yonder Nymph therefore (to Mira *I did point)*
The crown above you both for ever I appoint.
I would have ſpoken out; but out they both did cry;
Fie, fie, what have we done? ungodly rebel, fie.
But now we needs muſt yield, to that our oaths require.
Yet thou ſhalt not go free, quoth Venus, *ſuch a fire*
Her beauty kindle ſhall within thy fooliſh mind,
That thou full oft ſhall wiſh thy judging eyes were blind.
Nay then (Diana *ſaid) the chaſtneſs I will give,*
In aſhes of deſpair, though burnt, ſhall make thee live.
Nay thou, ſaid both, ſhalt ſee ſuch beams ſhine in her face,
That thou ſhalt never dare ſeek help of wretched caſe.
And with that curſed curſe away to heaven they fled,
Firſt having all their gifts upon fair Mira *ſpread.*
The reſt I cannot tell; for therewithal I wak'd,
And found with deadly fear that all my ſinews ſhak'd.
Was it a dream? O dream, how haſt thou wrought in me,
That I things erſt unſeen ſhould firſt in dreaming ſee?
And thou, O traytor ſleep, made for to be our reſt;
How haſt thou fram'd the pain wherewith I am oppreſs'd?

O coward Cupid *thus doſt thou thy honour keep,*
Unarm'd, alas, unwarn'd to take a man aſleep?

Laying not only the conqueſts, but the heart of the conqueror at her feet. But ſhe receiving him after her wonted ſorrowful (but otherwiſe unmoved) manner, it made him think, his good ſucceſs was but as a pleaſant monument of a doleful burial: Joy it ſelf ſeeming bitter unto him, ſince it agreed not to her taſte.

Therefore, ſtill craving his mother's help to perſwade her, he himſelf ſent for *Philanax* unto him, whom he had not long hated, but now had his hate greatly encreaſed by the death of his ſquire *Iſmenus*. Beſides, he had made him as one of the chief cauſes that moved him to this rebellion, and therefore was inclined (to colour the better his action, and the more to embrew the hands of his accomplices by making them guilty of ſuch a treſpaſs) in ſome formal ſort to cauſe him to be executed, being alſo greatly egged thereunto by his mother, and ſome other, who long had hated *Philanax*; only becauſe he was more worthy, than they, to be loved.

But while that deliberation was handled, according rather to the humour, than the reaſon of each ſpeaker; *Philoclea* coming to the knowledge of the hard plight wherein *Philanax* ſtood, ſhe deſired one of the gentlewomen appointed to wait upon her, to go in her name and beſeech *Amphialus*, that if the love of her had any power of perſwaſion in his mind, he would lay no farther puniſhment, than impriſonment upon *Philanax*. This meſſage was delivered even as *Philanax* was entring to the preſence of *Amphialus*, coming, (according to the warning was given him) to receive judgment of death. But when he with manful reſolution, attended the fruit of ſuch a tyrannical ſentence, thinking it wrong, but no harm to him that ſhould dye in ſo good a cauſe; *Amphialus* turned quite the form of his pretended ſpeech,

and

and yielded him humble thanks, that by his means he had come to that happineſs, as to receive a commandment of his lady: and therefore he willingly gave him liberty to return in ſafety, whither he would, quitting him, not only of all former grudge, but aſſuring him, that he would be willing to do him any friendſhip and ſervice: only deſiring thus much of him, that he would let him know the diſcourſe and intent of *Baſilius* his proceeding.

Truly, my lord, anſwered *Philanax*, if there were any ſuch, known to me, ſecret in my maſter's counſel, and that the revealing thereof might hinder his good ſucceſs, I ſhould loath the keeping of my blood, with the loſs of my faith; and would think the juſt name of a traitor a hard purchaſe of a few years living. But ſince it is ſo, that my maſter hath indeed no way of privy practice; but means openly and forcibly to deal againſt you, I will not ſtick, in few words, to make your required declaration. Then told he him in what a maze of amazement, both *Baſilius* and *Gynecia* were, when they miſs'd their children and *Zelmane*. Sometimes apt to ſuſpect ſome practiſe of *Zelmane*, becauſe ſhe was a ſtranger: ſometimes doubting ſome relicks of the late mutiny; which doubt was rather increaſed, than any wiſe ſatisfied, by *Miſo*: who (being found almoſt dead for hunger, by certain country people) brought home word, with what cunning they were trained out, and with what violence they were carried away. But that within a few days they came to knowledge where they were by *Amphialus* his own letters ſent abroad to procure confederates in his attempts; that *Baſilius* his purpoſe was never to leave the ſiege of the town till he had taken it, and revenged the injury done unto him. That he meant rather to win it by time, and famine, than by force of aſſault; knowing how valiant men he had to deal withal in the town: that he had ſent order, that ſupplies of ſoldiers, pioneers, and all things elſe neceſſary, ſhould

daily be brought unto him: ſo as, my lord, ſaid *Philanax*, let me now, having received my life by your grace, let me give you your life and honour by my counſel; proteſting unto you, that I cannot chuſe but love you, being my maſter his nephew; and that I wiſh you well in all cauſes but this. You know his nature is apt to forgive, as his power is able to conquer. Your fault paſſed is excuſable, in that love perſwaded, and youth was perſwaded. Do not urge the effects of angry victory, but rather ſeek to obtain that conſtantly by courteſie, which you can never aſſuredly enjoy by violence. One might eaſily have ſeen in the chear of *Amphialus*, that diſdainful choler would fain have made the anſwer for him, but the remembrance of *Philoclea* ſerved for forcible barriers between anger, and angry effects: ſo as he ſaid no more; but that he would not put him to the trouble to give him any farther counſel; but that he might return, if he liſted, preſently. *Philanax* glad to receive an uncorrupted liberty, humbly accepted his favourable convoy out of the town; and ſo departed, not viſiting the princeſſes, thinking it might be offenſive to *Amphialus*, and no way fruitful to them, who were no way, but by force, to be reſcued.

The poor ladies, indeed, not ſuffered either to meet together, or to have conference with any other, but ſuch as *Cecropia* had already framed, to ſing all their ſongs to her tune; ſhe her ſelf omitting no day, and catching hold of every occaſion to move forward her ſon's deſire, and remove their own reſolutions: uſing the ſame arguments to the one ſiſter, as to the other; determining that whom ſhe could win firſt, the other ſhould (without her ſon's knowledge) by poiſon be made away. But though the reaſons were the ſame to both, yet the handling was diverſe, according as ſhe ſaw their humours to prepare a more or leſs aptneſs of apprehenſion. This day having long ſpeech to *Philoclea*, amplifying not a little the great dutifulneſs her ſon had ſhewed in

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delivering *Philanax*: of whom ſhe could get no anſwer, but a ſilence ſealed up in virtue, and ſo ſweetly graced, as that in one inſtant it carried with it both reſiſtance, and humbleneſs: *Cecropia* threatning in her ſelf to run a more rugged race with her, went to her ſiſter *Pamela*: who that day having wearied her ſelf with reading, and with the height of her heart diſdaining to keep company with any of the gentlewomen appointed to attend her, whom ſhe accounted her jaylors, was working upon a purſe certain roſes and lillies, as by the fineneſs of the work, one might ſee ſhe had borrowed her wits of the ſorrow that then owed them, and lent them wholly to that exerciſe. For the flowers ſhe had wrought carried ſuch life in them, that the cunningeſt painter might have learned of her needle: which with ſo pretty a manner made his careers to and fro through the cloath, as if the needle it ſelf would have been loth to have gone fromward ſuch a miſtreſs; but that it hoped to return thitherward very quickly again, the cloath looking with many eyes upon her, and lovingly embracing the wounds ſhe gave it: the ſhears alſo were at hand to behead the ſilk that was grown too ſhort. And if at any time ſhe put her mouth to bite it off, it ſeemed, that where ſhe had been long in making of a roſe with her hands, ſhe would in an inſtant make roſes with her lips; as the lillies ſeemed to have their whiteneſs rather of the hand that made them, than of the matter whereof they were made; and that they grew there by the ſuns of her eyes, and were refreſhed by the moſt (in diſcomfort) comfortable air, which an unawares ſigh might beſtow upon them. But the colours for the ground were ſo well choſen, neither ſullenly dark, nor glaringly lightſome; and ſo well proportioned, as that, though much cunning were in it, yet it was but to ſerve for ornament of the principal work; that it was not without marvel to ſee, how a mind which could caſt

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a careleſs ſemblant upon the greateſt conflicts of fortune, could command it ſelf to take care for ſo ſmall matters. Neither had ſhe neglected the dainty dreſſing of her ſelf: but as if it had been her marriage time to affliction, ſhe rather ſeemed to remember her own worthineſs, than the unworthineſs of her husband. For well might one perceive ſhe had not rejected the counſel of a glaſs, and that her hands had pleaſed themſelves in paying the tribute of undeceiving skill, to ſo high perfections of nature.

The ſight whereof ſo divers from her ſiſter (who rather ſuffered ſorrow to dreſs it ſelf in her beauty, than that ſhe would beſtow any entertainment of ſo unwelcome a gueſt) made *Cecropia* take a ſudden aſſuredneſs of hope, that ſhe ſhould obtain ſomewhat of *Pamela*: thinking, according the ſquaring out of her own good nature, that beauty carefully ſet forth, would ſoon prove a ſign of an unrefuſing harborough. Animated therewith, ſhe ſat down by *Pamela*, and taking the purſe, and with affected curioſity looking upon the work; fully happy is he, ſaid ſhe, at leaſt if he knew his own happineſs, to whom a purſe in this manner, and by this hand wrought, is dedicated. In faith he ſhall have cauſe to account it, not as a purſe for treaſure, but as a treaſure it ſelf, worthy to be purſed up in the purſe of his own heart. And think you ſo indeed (ſaid *Pamela* half ſmiling?) I promiſe you I wrought it, but to make ſome tedious hours believe, that I thought not of them: for elſe I valued it but even as a very purſe. It is the right nature, ſaid *Cecropia*, of beauty, to work unwitting effects of wonder. Truly, ſaid *Pamela*, I never thought till now, that this outward gloſs, intituled beauty, which it pleaſeth you to lay to my (as I think) unguilty charge, was but a pleaſant mixture of natural colours, delightful to the eye, as muſick to the ear, without any farther conſequence: ſince it is a thing,

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which not only beaſts have, but even ſtones and trees many of them do greatly excel in it. That other things, anſwered *Cecropia*, have ſome portion of it, takes not away the excellency of it, where indeed it doth excel: ſince we ſee that even thoſe beaſts, trees and ſtones are in the name of beauty only highly praiſed. But that the beauty of human perſons is beyond all other things, there is a great likelihood of reaſon; ſince to them only is given the judgment to diſcern beauty: and among reaſonable wights, as it ſeems, that our ſex hath the preheminence, ſo that in that preheminence, nature countervails all other liberalities, wherein ſhe may be thought to have dealt more favourably toward mankind. How do men crown, think you, themſelves with glory, for having either by force brought others to yield to their mind, or with long ſtudy, and premeditated orations, perſwaded what they would have perſwaded? and ſee, a fair woman ſhall not only command without authority, but perſwade without ſpeaking. She ſhall not need to procure attention, for their own eyes will chain their ears unto it. Men venture lives to conquer; ſhe conquers lives without venturing. She is ſerved, and obeyed, which is the moſt notable, not becauſe the laws ſo command it, but becauſe they become laws themſelves to obey her; not for her parents ſake, but for her own ſake. She need not diſpute, whether to govern by fear or love, ſince without her thinking thereof, their love will bring forth fear, and their fear will fortify their love: and ſhe need not ſeek offenſive or defenſive force, ſince her only lips may ſtand for ten thouſand ſhields, and ten thouſand unevitable ſhot go from her eyes. Beauty, beauty, dear niece, is the crown of the feminine greatneſs; which gift on whomſoever the heavens, (therein moſt niggardly) do beſtow, without queſtion, ſhe is bound to uſe it to the noble purpoſe for which it is created; not only winning, but preſerving; ſince that indeed is the right happineſs

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which is not only in it ſelf happy, but can alſo derive the happineſs to another. Certainly, aunt, ſaid *Pamela*, I fear me you will make me not only think my ſelf fairer than ever I did, but think my fairneſs a matter of greater value than heretofore I could imagine it. For I ever, till now, conceived thoſe conqueſts you ſpeak of, rather to proceed from the weakneſs of the conquered, than from the ſtrength of the conquering power: as they ſay, the *Cranes* overthrow the whole battles of *Pigmeys*, not ſo much of their craniſh courage, as becauſe the other are *Pigmeys*; and that we ſee young babes think babies of wonderful excellency, and yet the babies are but babies. But ſince your elder years, and abler judgment, find beauty to be worthy of ſo incomparable eſtimation, certainly, methinks, it ought to be held in dearneſs, according to the excellency, and (no more than we would do of things which we account precious) never to ſuffer it to be defiled.

Defiled? (ſaid *Cecropia*) marry god forbid that my ſpeech ſhould tend to any ſuch purpoſe as ſhould deſerve ſo foul a title. My meaning is, to join your beauty to love, your youth to delight. For, truly, as colours ſhould be as good as nothing, if there were no eyes to behold them; ſo is beauty nothing, without the eye of love behold it: and therefore ſo far is it from defiling it, that it is only the honouring it, only the preſerving of it; for beauty goes away, devoured by time: but where remains it ever flouriſhing, but in the heart of a true lover? and ſuch a one, if ever there were any, is my ſon: where love is ſo ſubjected unto you, that rather than breed any offence unto you, it will not delight it ſelf in beholding you. There is no effect of his love, anſwered *Pamela*, better pleaſeth me than that: but as I have often anſwered you, ſo reſolutely I ſay unto you, that he muſt get my parents conſent, and then he ſhall know further of my mind: for, without

out that I know I ſhould offend god. O ſweet youth, ſaid *Cecropia*, how untimely ſubject it is to devotion? no, no, ſweet niece, let us old folks think of ſuch preciſe conſiderations: do you enjoy the heaven of your age, whereof you are ſure; and like good houſholders, which ſpend thoſe things that would not be kept, ſo do you pleaſantly enjoy that, which elſe will bring an over late repentance, when your glaſs ſhall accuſe you to your face, what a change there is in you. Do you ſee how the ſpring-time is full of flowers, decking it ſelf with them, and not aſpiring to the fruits of *Autumn*? what leſſon is that unto you, but that in the april of your age, you ſhould be like *April*? let not ſome of them for whom already the grave gapeth, and perhaps envy the felicity in you, which themſelves cannot enjoy, perſwade you to loſe the hold of occaſion, while it may not only be taken, but offers, nay ſues to be taken; which if it be not now taken, will never hereafter be overtaken. Your ſelf know how your father hath refuſed all offers made by the greateſt princes about you, and will you ſuffer your beauty to be hidden in the wrinkles of his peeviſh thoughts? if he be peeviſh, ſaid *Pamela*, yet is he my father; and how beautiful ſoever I be, I am his daughter: ſo, as god claims at my hands obedience, and makes me no judge of his imperfections.

Theſe often replies upon conſcience in *Pamela*, made *Cecropia* think that there was no righter way for her, than as ſhe had, in her opinion, ſet her in liking of beauty, with perſwaſion not to ſuffer it to be void of purpoſe; ſo if ſhe could make her leſs feeling of thoſe heavenly conceits, that then ſhe might eaſily wind her to her crooked byaſs. Therefore employing the uttermoſt of her miſchievous wit, and ſpeaking the more earneſtly, becauſe ſhe ſpake as ſhe thought, ſhe thus dealt with her. Dear niece, or rather dear daughter; if my affection and wiſh might prevail therein, how much doth it increaſe,

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through you, the earnest desire I have of this blessed match, to see these virtues of yours knit fast with such zeal of devotion (indeed the best bond) which the most politick wits have found, to hold man's wit in well doing? For as children must first by fear be induced to know that, which after, when they do know, they are most glad of; so are these bugbears of opinions brought by great clerks into the world, to serve as shewels to keep them from those faults, whereto else the vanity of the world, and weakness of senses might pull them. But in you, niece, whose excellency is such, as it need not to be held up by the staff of vulgar opinions, I would not you should love virtue servilely, for fear of I know not what, which you see not; but even for the good effects of virtue which you see. Fear, and indeed foolish fear, and fearful ignorance, was the first inventor of those conceits. For when they heard it thunder, not knowing the natural cause, they thought there was some angry body above that spake so loud: and ever the less they did perceive, the more they did conceive; whereof they knew no cause, *that* grew straight a miracle: foolish folks not marking that the alterations be but upon particular accidents, the universality being always one. Yesterday was but as to day, and to morrow will tread the same footsteps of his foregoers: so as it is manifest enough, that all things follow but the course of their own nature, saving only man, who while by the pregnancy of his imagination he strives to things supernatural, mean while he loseth his own natural felicity. Be wise, and that wisdom shall be a god unto thee; be contented, and that is thy heaven: for else to think that those powers (if there be any such) above are moved either by the eloquence of our prayers, or in a chafe at the folly of our actions, carries as much reason, as if flies should think, that men take great care which of them hums sweetest, and which of them flies nimblest.

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She would have ſpoken further, to have enlarged and confirmed her diſcourſe; when *Pamela* (whoſe cheeks were died in the beautifulleſt grain of virtuous anger, with eyes which gliſtered forth beams of diſdain) thus interrupted her. Peace, wicked woman, peace, unworthy to breathe, that doſt not acknowledge the breath-giver; moſt unworthy to have a tongue which ſpeaketh againſt him, through whom thou ſpeakeſt: keep your affection to your ſelf, which like a bemired dog, would defile with fauning. You ſay yeſterday was as to day. O fooliſh woman, and moſt miſerably fooliſh, ſince wit makes you fooliſh; what doth that argue, but that there is a conſtancy in the everlaſting governour? would you have an inconſtant god, ſince we count a man fooliſh that is inconſtant? he is not ſeen, you ſay, and would you think him a god, who might be ſeen by ſo wicked eyes as yours? which yet might ſee enough if they were not like ſuch, who for ſport-ſake willingly hood-wink themſelves to receive blows the eaſier. But though I ſpeak to you without any hope of fruit in ſo rotten a heart, and there be no body elſe here to judge of my ſpeeches, yet be thou my witneſs, O captivity, that my ears ſhall not be willingly guilty of my creator's blaſphemy: you ſay becauſe we know not the cauſes of things, therefore fear was the mother of ſuperſtition: nay, becauſe we know that each effect hath a cauſe that hath ingendered a true and lively devotion. For this goodly work of which we are, and in which we live, hath not his being by chance; on which opinion it is beyond marvel, by what chance any brain could ſtumble. For if it be eternal (as you would ſeem to conceive of it) eternity and chance are things unſufferable together. For that is chanceable which happeneth; and if it happen, there was a time before it happened, when it might have not happened; or elſe it did not happen, and ſo if chanceable, not eternal. And as abſurd it is to think, that if it had

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a beginning, his beginning was derived from chance: for chance could never make all things of nothing; and there were ſubſtances before, which by chance ſhould meet to make up this work; thereon follows another bottomleſs pit of abſurdities. For then thoſe ſubſtances muſt needs have been from ever, and ſo eternal: and that eternal cauſes ſhould bring forth chanceable effects, is as ſenſible, as that the ſun ſhould be the author of darkneſs. Again, if it were chanceable, then was it not neceſſary; whereby you take away all conſequence. But we ſee in all things, in ſome reſpect or other, neceſſity of conſequence: therefore in reaſon we muſt needs know that the cauſes were neceſſary. Laſtly, chance is variable, or elſe it is not to be called chance: but we ſee this work is ſteady and permanent. If nothing but chance had glewed thoſe pieces of this all, the heavy parts would have gone infinitely downward, the light infinitely upward, and ſo never have met to have made up this goodly body. For before there was a heaven, or earth, there was neither a heaven to ſtay the height of the ring, or an earth, which (in reſpect of the round walls of heaven) ſhould become a center. Laſtly, perfect order, perfect beauty, perfect conſtancy, if theſe be the children of chance, let wiſdom be counted the root of wickedneſs. But you will ſay, it is ſo by nature; as much as if you ſaid, it is ſo, becauſe it is ſo. If you mean of many natures conſpiring together, as in a popular government to eſtabliſh this fair eſtate; as if the elementiſh and ethereal parts ſhould in their town-houſe ſet down the bounds of each one's office: then conſider what follows, that there muſt needs have been a wiſdom which made them concur: for their natures being abſolutely contrary, in nature rather would have ſought each others ruine, than have ſerved as well conſorted parts to ſuch an unexpreſſible harmony. For, that contrary things ſhould meet to make up a perfection without force

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and wiſdom above their powers, is abſolutely impoſſible; unleſs that you will flie to that hiſſed-out opinion of chance again. But you may, perhaps, affirm, that one univerſal nature (which hath been for ever) is the knitting together of theſe many parts to ſuch an excellent unity. If you mean a nature of wiſdom, goodneſs and providence, which knows what it doth; then ſay you that, which I ſeek of you, and cannot conclude thoſe blaſphemies, with which you defiled your mouth, and mine ears: but if you mean a nature, as we ſpeak of the fire, which goeth upward, it knows not why: and of the nature of the ſea, which in ebbing and flowing ſeems to obſerve ſo juſt a dance, and yet underſtands no muſick, it is but ſtill the ſame abſurdity ſuperſcribed with another title. For this word, one being attributed to that which is all, is but one mingling of many, and many ones; as in a leſs matter, when we ſay one kingdom which contains many cities, or one city which contains many perſons, wherein the under-ones (if there be not a ſuperiour power and wiſdom) cannot by nature have regard to any preſervation but of themſelves: no more we ſee they do, ſince the water willingly quenches the fire, and drowns the earth, ſo far are they from a conſpired unity: but that a right heavenly nature indeed, as it were unnaturing them, doth ſo bridle them. Again, it is as abſurd in nature, that from an unity many contraries ſhould proceed ſtill kept in an unity: as that from the number of contrarieties an unity ſhould ariſe. I ſay ſtill, if you baniſh both a ſingularity, and plurality of judgment from among them, then (if ſo earthly a mind can lift it ſelf up ſo high) do but conceive, how a thing whereto you give the higheſt, and moſt excellent kind of being (which is eternity) can be of a baſe and vileſt degree of being, and next to a not being; which is ſo to be, as not to enjoy his own being? I will not here call all your ſenſes to witneſs, which can hear, nor ſee

nothing, which yields not moſt evident evidence of the unſpeakableneſs of that wiſdom: each thing being directed to an end, and an end of preſervation: ſo proper effects of judgment, as ſpeaking, and laughing are of mankind. But what mad fury can ever ſo inveigle any conceit, as to ſee our mortal and corruptible ſelves to have a reaſon, and that this univerſality (whereof we are but the leaſt pieces) ſhould be utterly devoid thereof: as if one ſhould ſay, that ones foot might be wiſe, and himſelf fooliſh: this heard I once alledged againſt ſuch a godleſs mind as yours, who being driven to acknowledge this beaſtly abſurdity, that our bodies ſhould be better than the whole world, if it had the knowledge, whereof the other were void; he ſought, not able to anſwer directly, to ſift it off in this ſort: and if that reaſon were true, then muſt it follow alſo, that the world muſt have in it a ſpirit, that could write and read too, and be learned; ſince that was in us commendable. Wretched fool, not conſidering that *books be but ſupplies of defects*; and ſo are praiſed, becauſe they help our want, and therefore cannot be incident to the eternal intelligence, which need no recording of opinions to confirm his knowledge, no more than the ſun wants wax to be the fewel of his glorious lightfulneſs. This world therefore cannot otherwiſe conſiſt but by a mind of wiſdom, which governs it; which whether you will allow to be the creator thereof, as undoubtedly he is, or the ſoul and governor thereof, moſt certain it is, that whether he govern all, or make all, his power is above either his creatures, or his government. And if his power be above all things, then conſequently it muſt needs be infinite, ſince there is nothing above it to limit it. For beyond which there is nothing, muſt needs be boundleſs, and infinite: if his power be infinite, then likewiſe muſt his knowledge be infinite: for elſe there ſhould be an infinite proportion of power which he ſhould not know how to uſe, the unſenſibleneſs whereof

whereof I think even you can conceive: and if infinite, then muſt nothing, no not the eſtate of flies, (which you with ſo unſavory ſcorn did jeſt at) be known unto him. For if there were, then there were his knowledge bounded, and ſo not infinite: if his knowledge and power be infinite, then muſt needs his goodneſs and juſtneſs march in the ſame rank: for infiniteneſs of power, and knowledge, without like meaſure of goodneſs, muſt neceſſarily bring forth deſtruction and ruin, and not ornament and preſervation. Since then there is a god, and an all-knowing god, ſo as he ſeeth into the darkeſt of all natural ſecrets, which is the heart of man; and ſees therein the deepeſt diſſembled thoughts, nay ſees the thoughts before they be thought: ſince he is juſt to exerciſe his might, and mighty to perform his juſtice, aſſure thy ſelf, moſt wicked woman, (that haſt ſo plaguily a corrupted mind, as thou canſt not keep thy ſickneſs to thy ſelf, but muſt moſt wickedly infect others) aſſure thy ſelf, I ſay, (for what I ſay depends on everlaſting and unremovable cauſes) that the time will come, when thou ſhalt know that power by feeling it, when thou ſhalt ſee his wiſdom in the manifeſting thy ugly ſhamefulneſs, and ſhalt only perceive him to have been a creator in thy deſtruction.'

Thus ſhe ſaid, thus ſhe ended, with ſo fair a majeſty of unconquered virtue, that captivity might ſeem to have authority over tyranny: ſo foully was the filthineſs of impiety diſcovered by the ſhining of her unſtained goodneſs, ſo far as either *Cecropia* ſaw indeed, or elſe the guilty amazement of a ſelf-excuſing conſcience made her eyes untrue judges of their natural object, that there was a light more than human, which gave a luſtre to her perfections. But *Cecropia*, like a bat, (which though it have eyes to diſcern that there is a ſun; yet hath ſo evil eyes that it cannot delight in the ſun) found a truth but could not love it. But as great perſons are wont to

make the wrong they have done, to be a cauſe to do the more wrong, her knowledge roſe to no higher point, but to envy a worthier; and her will was no otherwiſe bent, but the more to hate, the more ſhe found her enemy provided againſt her. Yet all the while ſhe ſpake, though with eyes caſt like a horſe that would ſtrike at the ſtirrup, and with colour which bluſhed through yellowneſs, ſhe ſat rather ſtill than quiet, and after her ſpeech rather muttered, than replied: for the war of wickedneſs in her ſelf, brought forth diſdainful pride to reſiſt cunning diſſimulation; ſo as, ſaying little more unto her, but that ſhe ſhould have leiſure enough better to bethink her ſelf; ſhe went away repining, but not repenting, condemning greatly, as ſhe thought, her ſon's over-feeble humbleneſs, and purpoſing to egg him forward to a courſe of violence. For her ſelf, determining to deal with neither of them both any more in manner of a ſuitor: for what majeſty of virtue did in the one, that did ſilent humbleneſs in the other. But finding her ſon over-apt to lay both condemnation, and execution of ſorrow upon himſelf, ſhe ſought to mitigate his mind with feigned delays of comfort, who (having this inward overthrow in himſelf) was the more vexed, that he could not utter the rage thereof upon his outward enemies.

But *Baſilius*, taught by the laſt day's tryal, what dangerous effects choſen courages can bring forth, rather uſed the ſpade, than the ſword; or the ſword, but to defend the ſpade, girding about the whole town with trenches; which beginning a good way off from the town, with a number of well directed pioneers, he ſtill carried before him, till they came to a near diſtance, where he builded forts, one anſwering the other, in ſuch ſort, as it was a pretty conſideration in the diſcipline of war, to ſee building uſed for the inſtrument of ruin, and the aſſayler intrenched as if he was beſieged. But many ſal-

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lies did *Amphialus* make to hinder their working. But they (exerciſing more melancholy than choler in their reſolution) made him find, that if by the advantage of the place, few are able to defend themſelves from many, that many muſt needs have power (making themſelves ſtrong in ſeat) to repel few, referring the revenge rather to the end, than to a preſent requital. Yet oftentimes they dealt ſome blows in light skirmiſhes, each ſide having a ſtrong retiring place, and rather fighting with many alarms, to vex the enemy, than for any hope of great ſucceſs.

Which every way was a tedious cumber to the impatient courage of *Amphialus*: till the fame of this war, bringing thither diverſe, both ſtrangers, and ſubjects, as well of princely, as noble houſes, the gallant *Phalantus*, who refrained his ſportful delights as then, to ſerve *Baſilius* (whom he honoured for received honours) when he had ſpent ſome time in conſidering the *Arcadian* manner in marching, encamping and fighting: and had learned in what points of government, and obedience their diſcipline differed from others, and ſo had ſatisfied his mind in the knowledges, both for the cutting off the enemies helps, and furniſhing one's ſelf, which *Baſilius*'s orders could deliver unto him, his young ſpirits (weary of wanting cauſe to be weary) deſired to keep his valor in knowledge, by ſome private act, ſince the publick policy reſtrained him; the rather, becauſe his old miſtreſs *Arteſia* might ſee whom ſhe had ſo lightly forſaken: and therefore demanding and obtaining leave of *Baſilius*, he cauſed a herald to be furniſhed with apparel of his office, and tokens of a peaceable meſſage, and ſo ſent him to the gate of the town to demand audience of *Amphialus*: who, underſtanding thereof, cauſed him both ſafely and courteouſly to be brought into his preſence: who, making lowly reverence unto him, preſented his letters, deſiring *Amphialus*, that whatſoever they contained, he would conſider he was only the bearer,

and not the inditer. *Amphialus* with noble gentleneſs aſſured him both by honourable ſpeeches, and a demeanour which anſwered for him, that his revenge, whenſoever, ſhould ſort unto it ſelf a higher ſubject. But opening the letters, he found them to ſpeak in this manner.

'*Phalantus* of *Corinth*, to *Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, ſendeth the greeting of a hateleſs enemy. The liking of martial matter without any diſlike of your perſon, hath brought me rather to the company, than to the mind of your beſiegers: where languiſhing in idleneſs, I deſire to refreſh my mind with ſome exerciſe of arms, which might make known the doers, with delight of the beholders. Therefore if there be any gentleman in your town, that either for the love of honour, or honour of his love, well armed on horſeback, with launce, and ſword, win another, or loſe himſelf, to be priſoner at diſcretion of the conqueror, I will to morrow morning by ſun-riſing, with a trumpet and a ſquire only, attend him in like order furniſhed. The place I think fitteſt, the iſland within the lake, becauſe it ſtands ſo well in the view of your caſtle; as that the ladies may have the pleaſure of ſeeing the combat: which, though it be within the commandment of your caſtle, I deſire no better ſecurity, than the promiſe I make to my ſelf of your virtue. I attend your anſwer, and wiſh you ſucceſs as may be to your honour, rather in yielding to that which is juſt, than in maintaining wrong by violence.

Amphialus read it with chearful countenance, and thinking but a little with himſelf, called for ink and paper, and wrote this anſwer.

'*Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, to *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, wiſheth all his own wiſhes, ſaving thoſe which may be

'be hurtful to another. The matter of your letters ſo fit for a worthy mind, and the manner ſo 'ſuitable to the nobleneſs of the matter, give me 'cauſe to think how happy I might account my ſelf, 'if I could get ſuch a friend; who eſteem it no ſmall 'happineſs to have met with ſo noble an enemy. 'Your challenge ſhall be anſwered, and both time, 'place, and weapon accepted. For your ſecurity 'from any treachery (having no hoſtage worthy to 'countervail you) take my word, which I eſteem 'above all reſpects. Prepare therefore your arms 'to fight, but not your heart to malice, ſince *true* '*valour needs no other whetſtone than deſire of honour.*

Having writ and ſealed his letter, he delivered it to the herald, and withal took a fair chain from off his own neck, and gave it him. And ſo with ſafe convoy ſent him away from out his city: and he being gone, *Amphialus* ſhewed unto his mother, and ſome other of his chief counſellors, what he had received, and how he had anſwered: telling them withal, that he was determined to anſwer the challenge in his own perſon. His mother, with prayers authorized by motherly commandment; his old governour, with perſwaſions mingled with reprehenſion (that he would rather affect the glory of a private fighter, than of a wiſe general) *Clinias* with falling down at his feet, and beſeeching him to remember, that all their lives depend upon his ſafety, ſought all to diſwade him. But *Amphialus* (whoſe heart was inflamed with courage, and courage inflamed with affection) made an imperious reſolution, cut off the tediouſneſs of replies, giving them a charge what they ſhould do upon all occaſions, and particularly to deliver the ladies, if otherwiſe than well happened unto him: only deſiring his mother, that ſhe would bring *Philoclea* to a window, whence ſhe might with eaſe perfectly diſcern the combat. And ſo ſoon as the morning began to draw dew

from the faireſt greens to waſh her face withal, againſt the approach of the burning ſun, he went to his ſtable, where himſelf choſe out a horſe, whom, (though he was near twenty years old) he preferred for a piece of ſure ſervice, before a great number of younger. His colour was of a brown bay, dapled thick with black ſpots; his forehead marked with a white ſtar; to which, in all his body there was no part ſuitable, but the left foot before; his main and tail black and thick, of goodly, and well proportioned greatneſs. He cauſed him to be trimmed with a ſumptuous ſaddle of tawny, and gold enamel, enriched with precious ſtones: his furniture was made into the faſhion of branches of a tree, from which the leaves were falling: and ſo artificially were the leaves made, that as the horſe moved, it ſeemed indeed, that the leaves wagged, as when the wind plays with them; and being made of a pale cloath of gold, they did bear the ſtraw coloured livery of ruin. His armour was alſo of tawny and gold, but formed into the figures of flames darkened, as when they newly brake the priſon of a ſmoaky furnace. In his ſhield he had painted the *Torpedo* fiſh. And ſo appointed, he cauſed himſelf with his trumpet and ſquire (whom he had taken ſince the death of *Iſmenus*) to be ferried over into the iſland, a place well choſen for ſuch a purpoſe. For, it was ſo plain, as there was ſcarcely any buſh, or hillock, either to unlevel, or ſhadow it: of length and breadth enough, to try the uttermoſt both of launce and ſword; and the one end of it facing the caſtle, the other extending it ſelf toward the camp; and no acceſs to it, but by water, there could no ſecret treachery be wrought; and for manifeſt violence, either ſide might have time enough to ſuccour their party.

But there he found *Phalantus*, already waiting for him upon a horſe milk white, but that upon his ſhoulders and withers, he was freckled with red ſtain,

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as when a few ſtrawberries are ſcattered into a diſh of cream. He had cauſed his main and tail to be dyed in carnation, his reins were vine branches, which ingendering one with the other, at the end, when he came to the bit, there for the boſs brought forth a cluſter of grapes, by the workman made ſo lively, that it ſeemed, as the horſe champed on his bit, he chopped for them, and that it did make his mouth water, to ſee the grapes ſo near him. His furniture behind was of vines, ſo artificially made, as it ſeemed the horſe ſtood in the ſhadow of the vine, ſo prettily were cluſters of ruby grapes diſperſed among the trappers which embraced his ſides. His armour was blue like the heaven, which a ſun did with his rays (proportionably delivered) gild in moſt places. His ſhield was beautified with this device: a greyhound which over-running his fellow, and taking the hare, yet hurts it not, when it takes it. The words were, *The glory, not the prey.*

But as ſoon as *Amphialus* landed, he ſent his ſquire to *Phalantus*, to tell him, that there was the knight, ready to know whether he had any thing to ſay to him; *Phalantus* anſwered, that his anſwer now muſt be in the language of launces; and ſo each attended the warning of the trumpets, which were to ſound at the appointment of four judges, who with conſideration of the ſame had divided the ground. *Phalantus* his horſe young, and feeling the youth of his maſter, ſtood corvetting, which being well governed by *Phalantus*, gave ſuch a glittering grace, as when the ſun in a clear day ſhines upon a waving water. *Amphialus*'s horſe ſtood pawing upon the ground, with his farther foot before, as if he would for his maſter's cauſe begin to make himſelf angry: till the trumpets ſounding together, together they ſet ſpurs to their horſes, together took their launces from their thighs, conveyed them up into the reſt together, together let them ſink downward, ſo as it was a delectable ſight in a dangerous

effect;

effect; and a pleaſant conſideration, that there was ſo perfect agreement, in ſo mortal diſagreement; like a muſick made of cunning diſcords. But their horſes keeping an even line their maſters had skilfully allotted unto them, paſſed one by another without encountring, although either might feel the angry breath of the other. But the ſtaves being come to a juſt deſcent, even when the mark was ready to meet them, *Amphialus* was run thorough the vamplate, and under the arm; ſo as the ſtaff appearing behind him, it ſeemed to the beholders, he had been in danger. But he ſtruck *Phalantus* juſt upon the gorget, ſo as he battered the lams thereof, and made his head almoſt touch the back of his horſe. But either ſide having ſtayed the ſpur, and uſed the bit to ſtop their horſes fury, caſting away the truncheons of their ſtaves, and drawing their ſwords, they attended the ſecond ſummons of the death-threatning trumpet, which quickly followed; and they as ſoon making their horſes anſwer their hands, with a gentle gallop, ſet one toward the other, till they being come to the nearneſs of a little more than a ſtave's length, *Amphialus* truſting more to the ſtrength, than to the nimbleneſs of his horſe, put him forth with ſpeedy violence, and making his head join to the other's flank, guided his blow with diſcretion, and ſtrengthning it with the courſe of his horſe, ſtruck *Phalantus* upon the head, in ſuch ſort, that his feeling ſenſe did both dazzle his ſight, and aſtoniſh his hearing. But *Phalantus* (not cuſtomed to be ungrateful to ſuch benefits) ſtruck him upon the ſide of his face, with ſuch force, that he thought his jaw had been cut aſunder; though the faithfulneſs of his armour indeed guarded him from farther damage. And ſo remained they awhile; rather angry with fighting, than fighting for anger, till *Amphialus*'s horſe leaning hard upon the other, and winning ground, the other horſe feeling himſelf preſſed, began to riſe a

little

little before, as he was wont to do in his corvet: which advantage *Amphialus* taking, ſet forward his own horſe with the farther ſpur, ſo as *Phalantus's* horſe came over with his maſter under him. Which *Amphialus* ſeeing, lighted, with intention to help *Phalantus*. But his horſe that had faulted, rather with untimely art, than want of force, got up from burthening his burthen, ſo as *Phalantus* (in the fall having gotten his feet free off the ſtirrup) could, though ſomething bruiſed, ariſe, and ſeeing *Amphialus* near him, he asked him, whether he had given him any help in removing his horſe. *Amphialus* ſaid no. Truly, ſaid *Phalantus*, I asked it, becauſe I would not willingly have fought with him, that had had my life in his mercy. But now, ſaid *Phalantus*, before we proceed farther, let me know who you are, becauſe never did any man bring me to the like fortune. *Amphialus* liſting to keep himſelf unknown, told him he was a gentleman, to whom *Amphialus* that day had given armour and horſe to try his valour, having never before been in any combat worthy remembrance. Ah, ſaid *Phalantus* in a rage, and muſt I be the exerciſe of your prentice-age? and with that, choler took away either the bruiſe, or the feeling of the bruiſe, ſo as he entred a freſh into the combat, and boiling into his arms, the diſdain of his heart, ſtruck ſo thick upon *Amphialus*, as if every blow would fain have been foremoſt. But *Amphialus* (that many like trials had taught, *great ſpending to leave ſmall remnants*) let paſs the ſtorm with ſtrong wards, and nimble avoidings, till his time fit, both for diſtance and nakedneſs, he ſtruck him ſo cruel a blow on the knee, that the poor gentleman fell down withal in a ſwoon.

But *Amphialus* pitying approved valour, made precious by natural courteſy, went to him, and taking off his head-piece to give him air, the young knight (diſdaining to buy life with yielding) bad him uſe his fortune; for he was reſolved never to yield.

yield. No more you ſhall, ſaid *Amphialus*, if it be not to my requeſt, that you will account your ſelf to have great intereſt in me. *Phalantus* more overcome by his kindneſs, than by his fortune, deſired yet once again to know his name, who in his firſt beginning had ſhewed ſuch fury in his force, and yet ſuch ſtay in his fury. *Amphialus* then named himſelf, telling him withal he would think his name much bettered, if it might be honoured by the title of his friend. But no balm could be more comfortable to his wound, than the knowledge thereof was to his mind, when he knew his miſhap ſhould be excuſed by the renowned valour of the other. And ſo promiſing each to other aſſuredneſs of good will, *Phalantus* (of whom *Amphialus* would have no other ranſom but his word of friendſhip) was conveyed into the camp, where he would but little remain among the enemies of *Amphialus*; but went to ſeek his adventures other-where.

As for *Amphialus*, he was received with triumph into the caſtle; although one might ſee by his eyes (humbly lifted up to the window where *Philoclea* ſtood) that he was rather ſuppliant than victorious: which occaſion *Cecropia* taking (who as then ſtood by *Philoclea*, and had lately left *Pamela* in another room, whence alſo ſhe might ſee the combat.) Sweet lady, ſaid ſhe, now you may ſee, whether you have cauſe to love my ſon, who then lies under your feet, when he ſtands upon the neck of his braveſt enemies. Alas, ſaid *Philoclea*, a ſimple ſervice to me, methinks it is, to have thoſe, who come to ſuccour me deſtroyed: if it be my duty to call it love, be it ſo; but the effects it brings forth, I confeſs I account hateful. *Cecropia* grew ſo angry with this unkind anſwer, that ſhe could not abſtain from telling her, that ſhe was like them that could not ſleep, when they were ſoftly laid: but that if her ſon would follow her counſel, ſhe ſhould take another courſe with her: and ſo flung away from her.

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Yet (knowing the deſperate melancholy of *Amphialus* in like caſes) framed to him a very thankful meſſage, powdering it with ſome hope-giving phraſes; which were of ſuch joy to *Amphialus*, that he (though againſt publick reſpect, and importunity of diſſwaders) preſently cauſed it to be made known to the camp, that whatſoever knight would try the like fortune as *Phalantus* did, he ſhould in like ſort be anſwered: ſo as divers of the valianteſt, partly of themſelves, partly at the inſtigation of *Baſilius*, attempted the combat with him; and according to every one's humour, ſo were the cauſes of the challenge grounded: one laying treaſon to his charge; another preferring himſelf in the worthineſs to ſerve *Philoclea*; a third, exalting ſome ladies beauty beyond either of the ſiſters; a fourth laying diſgraces to love it ſelf, naming it the bewitcher of the wit, the rebel to reaſon, the betrayer of reſolution, the defiler of thoughts, the underminer of magnanimity, the flatterer of vice, the ſlave of weakneſs, the infection of youth, the madneſs of age, the curſe of life, and reproach of death; a fifth diſdaining to caſt at leſs than at all, would make the cauſe of his quarrel the cauſers of love, and proclaim his blaſphemies againſt womankind; that namely, that ſex was the overſight of nature, the diſgrace of reaſonableneſs, the obſtinate cowards, the ſlave-born tyrants, the ſhops of vanities, the gilded weather-cocks, in whom conſcience is but peeviſhneſs, chaſtity way-wardneſs, and gratefulneſs a miracle. But all theſe challenges, how well ſo ever indited, were ſo well anſwered, that ſome by death taught others, though paſt learning themſelves, and ſome by yielding gave themſelves the lie, for having blaſphemed; to the great grief of *Baſilius*, to ſee his rebel prevail, and in his own ſight, to crown himſelf with deſerved honour.

Whereupon thirſting for revenge, and elſe not hoping to prevail, the beſt of his camp being already overthrown; he ſent a meſſenger to *Argalus*, in whoſe

whose approved courage and force, he had, and had cause, to have great confidence, with a letter; requiring him to take his quarrel in hand, from which he had hitherto spared him in respect of his late marriage. But now his honour, and (as he esteemed it) felicity standing upon it, he could no longer forbear to challenge of him his faithful service.

The messenger made speed, and found *Argalus* at a castle of his own, sitting in a parlour with the fair *Parthenia*, he reading in a book the stories of *Hercules*, she by him, as to hear him read: but while his eyes looked on the book, she looked on his eyes, and sometimes staying him, with some pretty question; not so much to be resolved of the doubt, as to give him occasion to look upon her: a happy couple, he joying in her, she joying in her self, but in her self, because she enjoyed him: both increased their riches by giving to each other; each making one life double, because they made a double life one; where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction ever bred satiety; he ruling, because she would obey, or rather because she would obey, he therein ruling.

But when the messenger came in with letters in his hand, and haste in his countenance, though she knew not what to fear, yet she feared because she knew not; but she rose, and went aside, while he delivered his letters and message: yet a far off she looked, now at the messenger, and then at her husband: the same fear, which made her loth to have cause of fear, yet making her seek cause to nourish her fear. And well she found there was some serious matter: for her husband's countenance figured some resolution between lothness and necessity: and once his eye cast upon her, and finding hers upon him, he blushed; and she blushed, because he blushed, and yet straight grew pale, because she knew not why he had blushed. But when he had read, and heard, and dispatched away the messen-

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ger: (like a man in whom honour could not be rocked aſleep by affection) with promiſe quickly to follow; he came to *Parthenia*, and as ſorry as might be for parting, and yet more ſorry for her ſorrow, he gave her the letter to read. She with fearful ſlowneſs took it, and with fearful quickneſs read it; and having read it. Ah my *Argalus*, ſaid ſhe, and have you made ſuch haſte to anſwer? and are you ſo ſoon reſolved to leave me? but he diſcourſing unto her, how much it imported his honour (which ſince it was dear to him, he knew it would be dear unto her) her reaſon overclouded with ſorrow, ſuffered her not preſently to reply, but left the charge thereof to tears, and ſighs; which he not able to bear, left her alone, and went to give order for his preſent departure.

But by that time he was armed, and ready to go, ſhe had recovered a little ſtrength of ſpirit again, and coming out, and ſeeing him armed, and wanting nothing for his departure but her farewel, ſhe ran to him, took him by the arm, and kneeling down without regard who either heard her ſpeech, or ſaw her demeanour. My *Argalus*, my *Argalus*, ſaid ſhe, do not thus forſake me. Remember, alas, remember that I have intereſt in you, which I will never yield ſhall be thus adventured. Your valour is already ſufficiently known: ſufficiently have you already done for your country: enough, enough there are beſide you to loſe leſs worthy lives. Woe is me, what ſhall become of me, if you thus abandon me? then was it time for you to follow theſe adventures, when you adventured no body but yourſelf, and were no bodies but your own. But now pardon me, that now, or never, I claim mine own; mine you are, and without me you can undertake no danger: and will you endanger *Parthenia*? *Parthenia* ſhall be in the battle of your fight; *Parthenia* ſhall ſmart in your pain, and your blood muſt be bled by *Parthenia*. Dear *Parthenia*, ſaid he, this is

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the firſt time, that ever you reſiſted my will: I thank you for it, but perſevere not in it; and let not the tears of thoſe moſt beloved eyes be a preſage unto me of that, which you would not ſhould happen, I ſhall live, doubt not: for ſo great a bleſſing as you are, was not given unto me, ſo ſoon to be deprived of it. Look for me, therefore, ſhortly, and victorious; and prepare a joyful welcome, and I will wiſh for no other triumph. She anſwered not, but ſtood as it were thunder-ſtricken with amazement; for true love made obedience ſtand up againſt all other paſſions. But when he took her in his arms, and ſought to print his heart in her ſweet lips, ſhe fell in a ſwoon, ſo as he was fain to leave her to her gentlewomen, and carried away by the tyranny of honour, though with many a back caſt look, and hearty groan, went to the camp. Where underſtanding the notable victories of *Amphialus*, he thought to give him ſome days reſpite of reſt, becauſe he would not have his victory diſgraced by the other's wearineſs. In which days, he ſought by all means (having leave to parley with him) to diſſwade him from his enterprize: and then imparting his mind to *Baſilius*, becauſe he found *Amphialus* was inflexible, wrote his defy unto him in this manner.

RIght famous Amphialus, *if my perſuaſion in reaſon, or prayer in good will, might prevail with you, you ſhould by better means be like to obtain your deſire. You ſhould make many brave enemies become your faithful ſervants, and make your honour fly up to heaven, being carried up by both wings of valour and juſtice; whereof now it wants the latter. But ſince my ſuit nor counſel can get no place in you, diſdain not to receive a mortal challenge, from a man ſo far inferior unto you in virtue, that I do not ſo much miſlike of the deed, as I have the doer in admiration. Prepare therefore your ſelf, according to the noble manner you have uſed, and think not lightly of never ſo weak an arm, which ſtrikes with the ſword of juſtice.*

To

To this he quickly received this anſwer.

MUch more famous Argalus, *I whom never threatnings could make afraid, am now terrified by your noble courteſy. For well I know, from what height of virtue it doth proceed, and what cauſe I have to doubt ſuch virtue bent to my ruin: but love, which juſtifieth the injuſtice you lay unto me, doth alſo animate me againſt all dangers, ſince I come full of him by whom your ſelf have been (if I be not deceived) ſometimes conquered. I will therefore attend your appearance in the iſle, carrying this advantage with me, that as it ſhall be a ſingular honour, if I get the victory, ſo there can be no diſhonour in being overcome by* Argalus.

The challenge thus denounced, and accepted, *Argalus* was armed in white armour, which was all gilded over with knots of women's hair, which came down from the creſt of his head-piece, and ſpread it ſelf in rich quantity over all his armour; his furniture was cut out in the faſhion of an eagle, whereof the beak (made into a rich jewel) was faſtened to the ſaddle, the tail covered the crupper of the horſe, and the wings ſerved for trappers; which falling of each ſide, as the horſe ſtirred, the bird ſeemed to fly. His petrel and reins were embroidered with feathers ſuitable unto it: upon his right arm he wore a ſleeve which his dear *Parthenia* had made for him, to be worn in juſtes in the time, that ſucceſs was ungrateful to their well deſerved love: it was full of bleeding hearts, though never intended to any bloody enterprize. In his ſhield (as his own device) he had two palm trees near one another, with a word ſignifying, *In that ſort flouriſhing*. His horſe was of fiery ſorrel, with black feet, and black liſt on his back, who with open noſtrels breathed war, before he could ſee an enemy: and now up with one leg, and then with another, ſeemed to complain of nature, that ſhe had made him any whit earthy.

But he had ſcarcely viewed the ground of the iſland, and conſidered the advantages, if any were, thereof, before the caſtle boat had delivered *Amphialus*, in all points provided to give a hard entertainment. And then ſending each to other their ſquires in honourable manner, to know whether they ſhould attend any farther ceremony, the trumpets ſounding, the horſes with ſmooth running, the ſtaves with unſhaken motion, obediently performed their cholerick commandments. But when they drew near, *Argalus*'s horſe being hot, preſt in with his head: which *Amphialus* perceiving, knowing if he gave him his ſide, it ſhould be to his diſadvantage, preſt in alſo with him, ſo as both the horſes and men met ſhoulder to ſhoulder, ſo as the horſes (hurt as much with the ſtriking, as being ſtricken) tumbled down to the earth, dangerouſly to their maſters, but that they, by ſtrength nimble, and by uſe skillful in the falling, ſhunned the harm of the fall, and without more reſpite, drew out their ſwords with a gallant bravery; each ſtriving to ſhew himſelf the leſs endamaged, and to make known that they were glad, they had now nothing elſe to truſt to, but their own virtue. True it is that *Amphialus* was the ſooner up, but *Argalus* had his ſword out the ſooner: and then fell they to the cruelleſt combat, that any preſent eye had ſeen. Their ſwords firſt, like canons battering down the walls of their armour, making breaches almoſt in every place for troops of wounds to enter. Among the reſt, *Argalus* gave a great wound to *Amphialus*'s diſarmed face; though part of the force of *Amphialus* warded upon his ſhield, and withal, firſt caſting his eye up to *Philoclea*'s window, as if he had fetched his courage thence, feigning to extend the ſame ſort of blow, turned his ſword, and with a mighty reverſe, gave a cruel wound to the right arm of *Argalus*, the unfaithful armour yielding to the ſwords ſtrong-guided ſharpneſs. But though the

the blood accuſed the hurt of *Argalus*, yet would he in no action of his confeſs it: but keeping himſelf in a lower ward, ſtood watching with timely thruſts to repair his loſs, which quickly he did. For *Amphialus*, following his fawning fortune, laid on ſo thick upon *Argalus*, that his ſhield had almoſt fallen piece-meal to the earth, when *Argalus* coming in with his right foot, and ſomething ſtooping to come under his armour, thruſt him into the belly dangerouſly; and mortally it would have been, but that with the blow before, *Amphialus* had over-ſtricken himſelf ſo, as he fell ſideward down, and with falling ſaved himſelf from ruin; the ſword by that means ſlipping aſide, and not piercing more deeply. *Argalus* ſeeing him fall, threatning with voice and ſword, bad him yield. But he ſtriving without anſwer to riſe, *Argalus* ſtrake with all his might upon his head. But his hurt arm not able to maſter ſo ſound a force, let the ſword fall ſo, as *Amphialus*, though aſtoniſhed with the blow, could ariſe: which *Argalus* conſidering, ran in to graſp with him, and ſo cloſed together; falling ſo to the ground, now one getting above, and then the other; at length, both weary of ſo unlovely embracements, with a diſſenting conſent got up, and went to their ſwords: but happened, each of his enemies; where *Argalus* finding his foes ſword garniſhed in blood, his heart roſe with the ſame ſword to revenge it, and on that blade to ally their bloods together. But his mind was evil waited on by his lamed force, ſo as he received ſtill more and more wounds: which made all his armour ſeem to bluſh, that it had defended his maſter no better. But *Amphialus* perceiving it, and weighing the ſmall hatefulneſs of their quarrel, with the worthineſs of the knight, deſired him to take pity of himſelf. But *Argalus*, the more repining, the more he found himſelf in diſadvantage, filling his veins with ſpite inſtead of blood, and making courage ariſe againſt

faintneſs (like a candle, which a little before it goes out, gives then the greateſt blaze) ſo did he unite all his force, that caſting away the little remnant of his ſhield, and taking his ſword in both hands, he ſtruck ſuch a notable blow, that he cleft his ſhield, armour, and arm almoſt to the bone.

But then *Amphialus* forgot all ceremonies, and with cruel blows made more of his beſt blood ſucceed the reſt: till his hand being ſtayed by his ear, his ear filled with a pitiful cry, the cry guided his ſight to an excellent fair lady, who came running as faſt as ſhe could, and yet becauſe ſhe could not ſo faſt as ſhe would, ſhe ſent her lamentable voice before her: and being come, and being known to them both to be the beautiful *Parthenia*, who had that night dreamed ſhe ſaw her husband in ſuch eſtate, as ſhe then found him, which made her make ſuch haſte thither, they both marvelled. But *Parthenia* ran between them, fear of love making her forget the fear of nature, and then fell down at their feet, determining ſo to part them, till ſhe could get breath to ſigh out her doleful ſpeeches: and when her breath, which running had ſpent, and diſmaidneſs made flow to return, had by ſobs gotten into her ſorrow-cloſed breaſt, for a while ſhe could ſay nothing, but, O wretched eyes of mine, O wailful ſight, O day of darkneſs! at length turning her eyes, wherein ſorrow ſwam, to *Amphialus*, my lord, ſaid ſhe, it is ſaid you love; in the power of that love, I beſeech you to leave off this combat, as ever your heart may find comfort in his affection, even for her ſake, I crave it: or if you be mortally determined, be ſo pitiful unto me, as firſt to kill me, that I might not ſee the death of *Argalus*. *Amphialus* was about to have anſwered, when *Argalus*, vexed with his fortune, but moſt vexed that ſhe ſhould ſee him in that fortune; ah *Parthenia*, ſaid he, never until now unwelcome unto me, do you come to get my life by requeſt?

requeſt? and cannot *Argalus* live but by requeſt? is that a life: with that he went aſide, for fear of hurting her, and would have began the combat afreſh. But *Amphialus* not only conjured by that which held the monarchy of his mind, but even in his noble heart melting with compaſſion at ſo paſſionate a ſight, deſired him to withhold his hands, for that he ſhould ſtrike one who ſought his favour, and would not make reſiſtance. A notable example of the wonderful effects of virtue, where the conqueror ſought for friendſhip of the conquered, and the conquered would not pardon the conqueror: both, indeed being of that mind to love each other for accepting, but not for giving mercy, and neither affected to over-live a diſhonour: ſo that *Argalus*, not ſo much ſtriving with *Amphialus*, for if he had him in the like ſort, in like ſort he would have dealt with him, as labouring againſt his own power, which he chiefly deſpiſed, ſet himſelf forward, ſtretching his ſtrength to the uttermoſt. But the fire of that ſtrife, blown with his inward rage, boyled out his blood in ſuch abundance, that he was driven to reſt himſelf upon the pommel of his ſword: and then each thing beginning to turn round in the dance of death before his eyes, his ſight both dazled and dimmed, till, thinking to ſit down, he fell in a ſwoon. *Parthenia*, and *Amphialus* both haſtily went unto him: *Amphialus* took off his helmet, and *Parthenia* laid his head in her lap, tearing off her linnen ſleeves and partlet to ſerve about his wounds: to bind which ſhe took off her hairlace, and would have cut off her fair hair her ſelf, but that the ſquires and judges came in with fitter things for the purpoſe: while ſhe bewailed her ſelf with ſo lamentable ſweetneſs, as was enough to have taught ſorrow to the gladdeſt thoughts, and have engraved it in the minds of hardeſt mettal.

O *Parthenia*, no more *Parthenia*, ſaid ſhe, what art thou? what ſeeſt thou? how is thy bliſs in a moment fallen? how wert thou even now before all ladies the example of perfect happineſs, and now the gazing ſtock of endleſs miſery? O god, what hath been my deſert to be thus puniſhed? or if ſuch have been my deſert, why was I not my ſelf puniſhed? O wandering life, to what wilderneſs wouldſt thou lead me. But ſorrow, I hope thou art ſharp enough to ſave my labour from other remedies. *Argalus*, *Argalus*, I will follow thee, I will follow thee.

But with that *Argalus* came out of his ſwoon, and lifting up his languiſhing eyes, which a painful reſt and iron ſleep did ſeek to lock up, ſeeing her in whom, even dying, he lived, and himſelf ſeated in ſo beloved a place, it ſeemed a little cheerful blood came up to his cheeks, like a burning cole, almoſt dead, if ſome breath a little revive it: and forcing up, the beſt he could, his feeble voice, my dear, my better half, ſaid he, I find I muſt now leave thee: and by that ſweet hand, and fair eyes of thine I ſwear, that death brings nothing with it to grieve me, but that I muſt leave thee, and cannot remain to anſwer part of thy infinite deſerts, with being ſome comfort unto thee. But ſince ſo it pleaſeth him, whoſe wiſdom and goodneſs guideth all, put thy confidence in him, and one day we ſhall bleſſedly meet again, never to depart: mean while live happily, dear *Parthenia*, and I perſwade my ſelf, it will increaſe the bleſſedneſs of my ſoul, ſo to ſee thee. Love well the remembrance of thy loving, and truly loving *Argalus*: and let not, with that word he ſighed, this diſgrace of mine, make thee one day think, thou hadſt an unworthy husband. They could ſcarcely underſtand the laſt words; for death began to ſeize himſelf of his heart, neither could *Parthenia* make anſwer, ſo full was her breaſt of anguiſh. But while the

other

other ſought to ſtanch his remedileſs wounds, ſhe with her kiſſes made him happy: for his laſt breath was delivered into her mouth.

But when indeed ſhe found his ghoſt was gone, then ſorrow loſt the wit of utterance, and grew rageful, and mad, ſo that ſhe tore her beautiful face, and rent her hair, as though they could ſerve for nothing, ſince *Argalus* was gone; till *Amphialus* (ſo moved with pity of that ſight, as that he honoured his adverſaries death with tears) cauſed her, with the help of her women that came with her, partly by force to be conveyed into the boat, with the dead body of *Argalus*, from which ſhe would not depart. And being come on the other ſide, there ſhe was received by *Baſilius* himſelf, with all the funeral pomp of military diſcipline, trayling all their enſigns upon the ground, making their warlike inſtruments ſound doleful notes, and *Baſilius* with comfort in his mouth and woe in his face, ſought to perſwade ſome eaſe into *Partheuia's* mind; but all was as eaſeful to her, as the handling of ſore wounds: all the honour done, being to her but the triumph of her ruin, ſhe finding no comfort but in deſperate yielding to ſorrow: and rather determined to hate her ſelf if ever ſhe would find eaſe thereof. And well might ſhe hear as ſhe paſt through the camp, the great praiſes ſpoken of her husband, which all were records of her loſs. But the more excellent he was, being indeed counted ſecond to none in all *Greece*, the more did the breath of thoſe praiſes bear up the wings of *Amphialus's* fame: to whom yet ſuch was his caſe, that trophy upon trophy, ſtill did but build up the monument of his thraldom; he ever finding himſelf in ſuch favour of *Philoclea* that ſhe was moſt abſent, when he was preſent with her; and ever ſorrieſt, when he had beſt ſucceſs: which would have made him renounce all comfort, but that his mother with diverſity of devices kept up his heart.

But while he allayed thus his outward glory with inward diſcomfort, he was like to have been overtaken with a notable treaſon, the beginning whereof (though meerly ridiculous) had like to have brought forth to him a weeping effect.

Among other that attended *Baſilius* in this expedition, *Dametas* was one; whether to be preſent with him, or abſent from *Miſo*: once, certain it was without any mind to make his ſword curſed by any widow. Now being in the camp, while each talk ſeemed injurious, which did not acknowledge ſome duty to the fame of *Amphialus*, it fell out ſometimes in communication, that as the ſpeech of heaven doth often beget the mention of hell, ſo the admirable proweſs of *Amphialus* (by a contrary) brought forth the remembrance of the cowardiſe of *Clinias*: inſomuch, as it grew almoſt to a proverb, *As very a coward as Clinias*; deſcribing him in ſuch ſort, that in the end *Dametas* began to think with himſelf, that if he made a challenge unto him, he would never anſwer it; and that then he ſhould greatly increaſe the favourable conceit of *Baſilius*. This fancy of his he uttered to a young gentleman that waited upon *Philanax*, in whoſe friendſhip he had eſpecial confidence, becauſe he haunted his company, laughing often merrily at his ſpeeches, and not a little extolling the goodly-*dotes* of *Mopſa*. The young gentleman as glad as if he had found a hare ſitting, egged him on, breaking the matter with *Phalanax*, and then, for fear the humour ſhould quail in him, wrote a challenge himſelf for *Dametas*, and brought it to him. But when *Dametas* read it putting his head on his ſhoulder, and ſomewhat ſmiling; he ſaid, it was pretty indeed, but that it had not a lofty ſtile enough, and ſo would needs indite it in this ſort.

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O Clinias, *thou* Clinias, *the wickedeſt worm that ever went upon two legs; the very fritter of fraud, and ſeething pot of iniquity: I* Dametas, *chief governour of all the royal cattle, and alſo of* Pamela, *(whom thy maſter moſt perniciouſly hath ſuggeſted out of my dominion) do defy thee in a mortal affray from the bodkin to the pike upward. Which if thou doſt preſume to take in hand, I will out of that ſuperfluous body of thine, make thy ſoul to be evacuated.*

The young gentleman ſeemed dumb-ſtricken with admiration, and preſently took upon him to be the bearer thereof, while the heat of the fit laſted; and having gotten leave of *Baſilius* (every body helping on, to eaſe his mind overcharged with melancholy) he went into the town according to the manner before time uſed, and in the preſence of *Amphialus* delivered this letter to *Clinias*; deſiring to have an anſwer, which might be fit for his reputation. *Clinias* opened it, read it, and in the reading, his blood, not daring to be in ſo dangerous a place, went out of his face, and hid it ſelf more inwardly: and his very words, as if they were afraid of blows, came very ſlowly out of his mouth: but as well as his panting breath would utter it, he bad him tell the lout that ſent him, that he diſdained to have any thing to do with him. But *Amphialus* perceiving the matter, took him aſide, and very earneſtly dealt with him not to ſhame himſelf; *Amphialus* only deſirous to bring it to paſs to make ſome ſport to *Philoclea*: but not being able to perſuade with him, *Amphialus* licenced the gentleman, telling him, that by next morning he ſhould have an anſwer.

The young gentleman, ſorry he had ſped no better, returned to *Dametas*, who had fetched many a ſower-breathed ſigh, for fear *Clinias* would accept the challenge. But when he perceived by his truſty meſſenger, that this delay was in effect a denial, there being no diſpoſition in him to accept it, then

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lo, *Dametas* began to ſpeak his loud voice, to look big, to march up and down, and in his march to lift his legs higher than he was wont, ſwearing by no mean devotions, that the walls ſhould not keep the coward from him, but he would fetch him out of his conney-burrow: and then was hotter than ever to provide himſelf of horſe and armour, ſaying, he would go to the iſland bravely addubed, and ſhew himſelf to his charge *Pamela*. To this purpoſe many willing hands were about him, letting him have reins, pettrel, with the reſt of the furniture, and very brave baſes; but all coming from divers houſes, neither colour nor faſhion, ſhewing any kindred one with another. But that liked *Dametas* the better; for that he thought would argue, that he was maſter of many brave furnitures. Then gave he order to a painter for his device; which was a plough with the oxen looſed from it, a ſword, with a great number of arms and legs cut off: and laſtly, a great army of pen and ink-horns, and books. Neither did he ſtick to tell the ſecret of his intent; which was, that he had left off the plough, to do ſuch bloody deeds with his ſword, as many ink-horns and books ſhould be employed about the hiſtorifying of them: and being asked, why he ſet no word unto it, he ſaid, that was indeed like the painter, that ſaith in his picture, here is the dog, and there is the hare: and with that he laughed ſo perfectly, as was great conſolation to the beholders. Yet remembring that *Miſo* would not take it well at his return, if he forgot his duty to her, he cauſed in a border about to be written,

Miſo, *mine own pigſnie, thou ſhalt hear news of* Dametas.

Thus all things being condignly ordered, with an ill-favoured impatience he waited until the next morning, that he might make a muſter of himſelf in the iſland, often asking them that very diligently waited

waited upon him, whether it were not pity that ſuch a coward as *Clinias* ſhould ſet his run-away feet upon the face of the earth.

But as he was by divers principal young gentlemen, to his no ſmall glory, lifted up on horſeback, comes me a page of *Amphialus*, who with humble ſmiling reverence, delivered a letter unto him from *Clinias*, whom *Amphialus* had brought to this; firſt with perſuaſions, (that for certain, if he did accept the combat, *Dametas* would never dare to appear, and that then the honour ſhould be his) but principally threatning him, that if he refuſed it, he would turn him out of the town, to be put to death for a traytor by *Baſilius*: ſo as the preſent fear (ever to a coward moſt terrible) of being turned out of the town, made him, though full unwillingly, undertake the other fear, wherein he had ſome ſhew of hope, that *Dametas* might hap either to be ſick, or not to have the courage to perform the matter. But when *Dametas* heard the name of *Clinias*, very aptly ſuſpecting what the matter might be, he bad the page carry back his letter, like a naughty boy as he was; for he was in no humour, he told him, of reading letters. But *Dametas* his friend, firſt perſuading him, that for certain it was ſome ſubmiſſion, took upon him ſo much boldneſs as to open the letter, and to read it aloud, in this ſort.

FIlthy drivel, unworthy to have thy name ſet in any letter by a ſoldier's hand writing, could thy wretched heart think it was timerouſneſs that made Clinias *ſuſpend a while his anſwer? no, caitiff, no: it was but a ram, which goes back to return with the greater force: Know therefore, that thou ſhalt no ſooner appear, (appear now if thou dareſt) I ſay thou ſhalt no ſooner appear in the Iſland, (O happy thou if thou doſt not appear) but that I will come upon thee with all my force, and cut thee in pieces, (mark what I ſay) joynt after joynt, to the eternal terrour of all preſumptuous villains. Therefore look what*

what thou doſt; for I tell thee, horrible ſmart and pains ſhall be thy lot, if thou wilt needs be ſo fooliſh, I having given thee no ſuch cauſe, as to meet with me.

Theſe terrible words *Clinias* uſed, hoping they would give a cooling to the heat of *Dametas*'s courage: and ſo indeed they did, that he did groan to hear the thundering of thoſe threatnings. And when the gentleman had ended the reading of them, *Dametas* told them, that in his opinion he thought this anſwer came too late, and that therefore he might very well go and diſarm himſelf, eſpecially conſidering the other had in courteous manner warned him not to come: but they having him now on horſeback, led him into the ferry, and ſo into the iſland; the claſhing of his own armour ſtriking miſerable fear into him, and in his mind thinking great unkindneſs in his friend, that he had brought him to a matter ſo contrary to his complexion. There ſtaid he but a little (the gentleman that came with him teaching him how to uſe his ſword and launce, while he caſt his eye about, to ſee which way he might run away, curſing all iſlands for being evil ſituated) when *Clinias* with a brave ſound of trumpets landed at the other end: who came all the way debating with himſelf, what he had deſerved of *Amphialus* to drive him to thoſe inconveniences. Sometimes his wit made him bethink himſelf what was beſt to be done: but fear did ſo corrupt his wit, that whatſoever he thought was beſt, he ſtill found danger therein; fearfulneſs (contrary to all other vices) making him think the better of another, the worſe he found himſelf, rather imagining in himſelf what words he would uſe (if he were overcome) to get his life of *Dametas*, than how to overcome, whereof he could think with no patience. But oftentimes looking to the earth, pitifully complaining, that a man of ſuch ſufficiency, as he thought himſelf, ſhould in his beſt years be ſwallowed up

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by ſo baſe an element: fain he would have prayed, but he had not heart enough to have confidence in prayer; the glittering of the armour, and ſounding of the trumpets giving ſuch an aſſault to the weak breach of his falſe ſenſes, that he grew from the degree of fear to an amazement, not almoſt to know what he did, till two judges (choſen for the purpoſe) making the trumpet ceaſe, and taking the oath of thoſe champions, that they came without guile or witchcraft, ſet them at wonted diſtance, one from the other.

Then the trumpets ſounding, *Dametas's* horſe (uſed to ſuch cauſes) when he thought leaſt of the matter, ſtarted out ſo luſtily, that *Dametas* was jogged back with head and body, and pulling withal his bridle-hand, the horſe, that was tender of mouth, made half a ſtop, and fell to bounding; ſo that *Dametas* threw away his launce, and with both his hands held by the pommel, the horſe half running, half leaping, till he met with *Clinias*; who fearing he ſhould miſs his reſt, had put his ſtaff therein before he began his career: neither would he then have begun, but that at the trumpets warning, one (that ſtood behind) ſtruck on his horſe, who running ſwiftly, the wind took ſuch hold of his ſtaff, that it croſt quite over his breaſt, and in that ſort gave a flat baſtinado to *Dametas*: who half out of his ſaddle, went near to his old occupation of digging the earth, but with the creſt of his helmet. *Clinias* when he was paſt him, not knowing what he had done, but fearing leaſt *Dametas* were at his back, turned with a wide turn; and ſeeing him on the ground, he thought then was his time, or never, to tread him under his horſes feet; and withal, if he could, hurt him with his launce, which had not broken, the encounter was ſo eaſy. But putting forth his horſe, what with the falling of the ſtaff too low before the legs of the horſe, and the coming upon *Dametas*, who was then ſcrambling up, the

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horſe fell over and over, and lay upon *Clinias*. Which *Dametas*, who was gotten up, perceiving, drew out his ſword, prying which way he might beſt come to kill *Clinias* behind. But the horſe that lay upon him, kept ſuch a pawing with his feet, that *Dametas* durſt not approach, but very leiſurely, ſo as the horſe, being luſty, got up, and withal began to ſtrike, and leap, that *Dametas* ſtarted back a good way, and gave *Clinias* time to riſe, but ſo bruiſed in body, and broken in heart, that he meant to yield himſelf to mercy: and with that intent drew out his ſword, intending when he came nearer to preſent the pommel of it to *Dametas*. But *Dametas*, when he ſaw him coming with his ſword drawn, nothing conceiving any ſuch intent, went back as faſt as his back and heels would lead him. But as *Clinias* found that he began to think a poſſibility in the victory, and therefore followed him with the cruel haſte of a prevailing coward; laying upon *Dametas*, who did nothing but cry out to him to hold his hand, ſometimes that he was dead, ſometimes that he would complain to *Baſilius*; but ſtill bore the blows ungratefully, going back, till at length he came into the water with one of his feet.

But then a new fear of drowning took him, ſo that daring not to go back, nor to deliberate (the blows ſtill ſo lighted on him) nor to yield, becauſe of the cruel threatnings of *Clinias*, fear being come to the extremity, fell to a madneſs of deſpair; ſo that (winking as hard as ever he could) he began to deal ſome blows, and his arm (being uſed to the flail in his youth) laid them on ſo thick, that *Clinias* now began with lamentable eyes to ſee his own blood come out in many places: and before he had loſt half an ounce, finding in himſelf that he fainted, cried out aloud to *Dametas* that he yielded. Throw away thy ſword then, ſaid *Dametas*, and I will ſave thee; but ſtill laying on as faſt as he could. *Clinias* ſtraight obeyed, and humbly craved mercy, telling

telling him his ſword was gone. Then *Dametas* firſt opened his eyes, and ſeeing him indeed unweaponed, made him ſtand a good way off from it; and then willed him to lye down upon the earth as flat as he could; *Clinias* obeyed; and *Dametas* (who never could think himſelf ſafe, till *Clinias* were dead) began to think with himſelf, that if he ſtruck at him with his ſword, if he did not kill him at the firſt blow, that then *Clinias* might hap to riſe, and revenge himſelf. Therefore he thought beſt to kneel down upon him, and with a great whittle he had (having diſarmed his head) to cut his throat, which he had uſed ſo with calves, as he had no ſmall dexterity in it. But while he ſought for his knife, which under his armour he could not well find out, and that *Clinias* lay with ſo ſheepiſh a quietneſs, as if he would have been glad to have his throat cut for fear of more pain, the judges came in, and took *Dametas* from off him, telling him he did againſt the law of arms, having promiſed life if he threw away his ſword. *Dametas* was loath to conſent, till they ſwore, they would not ſuffer him to fight any more, when he was up; and then, more forced, than perſuaded, he let him riſe, crowing over him, and warning him to take heed how he dealt any more with any that came of his father's kindred. But thus this *combat of cowards* being finiſhed, *Dametas* was with much mirth and melody received into the camp as victorious, never a page there failing to wait upon his triumph.

But *Clinias*, though he wanted heart to prevent ſhame, yet he wanted not wit to feel ſhame; not ſo much repining at it for the abhorring of ſhame, as for the diſcommodities, that to them that are aſhamed, enſue. For well he deemed, it would be a great bar to his practice, and a pulling on of injuries, when men needed not care how they uſed him. Inſomuch, that *Clinias* (finding himſelf the ſcorning-ſtock of every company) fell with repining, to hate

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the cauſe thereof; and hate in a coward's heart, could ſet it ſelf no other limits, but death. Which purpoſe was well egged on by repreſenting unto himſelf, what danger he lately was in; which ſtill kept no leſs ugly figure in his mind, than when it was preſent; and quickly (even in his diſſembling countenance) might be diſcerned a concealed grudge. For though he forced himſelf a far more diligent officiouſneſs toward *Amphialus*, than ever before, yet a leering eye upon the one ſide at him, a countenance ſtill framed to ſmiling before him (how little cauſe ſoever there was of ſmiling) and grumbling behind him, at any of his commandments, with an uncertain manner of behaviour: his words coming out, though full of flattery, yet ſlowly, and hoarſely pronounced, might well have blazed, what arms his falſe heart bore. But deſpiſed, becauſe of his cowardlineſs, and not marked becauſe deſpiſed, he had the freer ſcope of practice. Which he did the more deſperately enter into, becauſe the daily dangers *Amphialus* did ſubmit himſelf unto, made *Clinias* aſſuredly look for his overthrow, and for his own conſequently, if he did not redeem his former treaſon to *Baſilius*, with a more treaſonable faithhood toward *Amphialus*. His chief care therefore was, to find out among all ſorts of the *Amphialians*, whom either like fear, tediouſneſs of the ſiege, or diſcontent of ſome unſatisfied ambition would make apt to dig in the ſame mine that he did: and ſome already of wealthy weary folks, and unconſtant youths (who had not found ſuch ſudden ſucceſs as they had promiſed themſelves) he had made ſtoop to his lure. But of none he made ſo good account as of *Arteſia*, ſiſter to the late ſlain *Iſmenus*, and the chief of the ſix maids, who had trained out the princeſſes to their banquet of miſery: ſo much did the ſharpneſs of her wit countervail, as he thought, any other defects of her ſex: for ſhe had undertaken that dangerous practice by the perſuaſion of *Cecropia*, who aſſured her

her that the two princeſſes ſhould be made away, and then *Amphialus* would marry her; which ſhe was the apter to believe, by ſome falſe perſuaſion her glaſs had given her of her own incomparable excellencies, and by the great favour ſhe knew he bare to her brother *Iſmenus*, which, like a ſelf-flattering woman, ſhe conceived was done for her ſake. But when ſhe had atchieved her attempt, and that ſhe found the princeſſes were ſo far from their intended death, as that one of them was like to be her ſoveraign; and that neither her ſervice won of *Amphialus* much more than an ordinary favour, nor her over-large offering her ſelf to a mind otherwiſe owed, had obtained a looked-for acceptation: diſdain to be diſdained, ſpite of a fruſtrate hope, and perchance unquenched luſt-grown rage, made her unquiet thoughts find no other reſt, but malice; which was increaſed by the death of her brother, whom ſhe judged neither ſuccoured againſt *Philanax*, nor revenged upon *Philanax*. But all theſe coals were well blown by the company ſhe eſpecially kept with *Zelmane* all this time of her impriſonment. For finding her preſence unchearful to the mourning *Philoclea*, and condemned of the high-hearted *Pamela*, ſhe ſpent her time moſt with *Zelmane*: Who though at the firſt hardly brooking the inſtrument of their miſery, learning cunning in the ſchool of adverſity, in time framed her ſelf to yield her acceptable entertainment. For *Zelmane*, when ſhe had by that unexpected miſchief her body impriſoned, her valour over-maſtered, her wit beguiled, her deſires barred, her love eclipſed; aſſured of evil, fearing worſe, able to know *Philoclea*'s misfortune, and not able to ſuccour her, ſhe was a great while before the greatneſs of her heart could deſcend to ſorrow, but rather roſe boiling up in ſpight and diſdain, reaſon hardly making courage believe, that it was diſtreſſed: but as if the walls would be afraid of her, ſo would her looks ſhoot out threatning upon them.

them. But the fetters of ſervitude, growing heavier with wearing, made her feel her caſe, and the little prevailing of repining: and then grief got a ſeat in her ſoftned mind, making ſweetneſs of paſſed comforts, by due title, claim tears of preſent diſcomforts: and ſince her fortune made her able to help as little as any body, yet to be able to wail as much as any body; ſolitary ſorrow, with a continual circle in her ſelf, going out at her own mouth, to come in again at her own ears. Then was the name of *Philoclea* graved in the glaſs windows, and by the fooliſh idolatry of affection, no ſooner written, than adored; and no ſooner adored, than pittied: all the wonted praiſes (ſhe was wont to give unto her) being now but figures of rhetorick to amplify the injuries of misfortune; againſt which being alone, ſhe would often make invective declamations, methodized only by raging ſorrow.

But when *Arteſia* did inſinuate her ſelf into her acquaintance, ſhe gave the government of her courage to wit, and was content to familiarize her ſelf with her: ſo much the rather, as that ſhe perceived in her certain flaws of ill concealed diſcontentment: inſomuch that when *Zelmane* would ſweeten her mouth with the praiſe of the ſiſters, eſpecially ſetting forth their noble gratefulneſs in never forgetting well-intended ſervices, and invoking the juſtice of the gods not to ſuffer ſuch treaſures to be wrongfully hidden, and ſometimes with a kind unkindneſs charging *Arteſia*, that ſhe had been abuſed to abuſe ſo worthy perſons: *Arteſia*, though falſly, would proteſt, that ſhe had been beguiled in it, never meaning other matter than recreation: and yet withal (by alledging how ungratefully ſhe was dealt with) it was eaſy to be ſeen, it was the unrewarding, and not the evil imploying her ſervice, which grieved her. But *Zelmane* (uſing her own byaſs to bowl near the miſtreſs of her own thoughts) was content to lend her belief, and withal, to magnify her

her desert, if willingly she would deliver, whom unwillingly she had imprisoned: leaving no argument which might tickle ambition, or flatter revenge. So that *Artesia*, pushed forward by *Clinias*, and drawn onward by *Zelmane*, bound her self to that practice; wherein *Zelmane*, for her part, desired no more, but to have armour and weapons brought into her chamber, not doubting therewith to perform any thing, how impossible soever, which longing love can persuade, and invincible valour dare promise.

But *Clinias* (whose faith could never comprehend the mysteries of courage) persuaded *Artesia*, while he by corruption had drawn the guard of one gate, to open it, when he would appoint the time, to the enemy, that she should impoyson *Amphialus*; which she might the easier do, because she her self had used to make the broaths, when *Amphialus*, either wearied or wounded, did use such diet. And all things already were ready to be put in execution, when they thought best to break the matter with the two excellent sisters, not doubting of their consent in a thing so behoveful to themselves: their reasons being, that the princesses knowing their service, might be sure to preserve them from the fury of the entring soldiers: whereof *Clinias*, even so, could scarcely be sufficiently certain: and withal, making them privy to their action, to bind them afterwards to a promised gratefulness towards them. They went therefore at one time, when they knew them to be alone, *Clinias* to *Philoclea*, and *Artesia* to *Pamela*; and *Clinias*, with no few words, did set forth what an exploit was intended for her service. But *Philoclea* (in whose clear mind treason could find no hiding place) told him, that she would be glad if he could persuade her cousin to deliver her, and that she would never forget his service therein; but that she desired him to lay down any such way of mischief, for (that for her part) she would rather yield to perpe-

tual impriſonment, than conſent to the deſtroying her couſin, who, ſhe knew, loved her, though wronged her. This unlooked-for anſwer amazed *Clinias*, ſo that he had no other remedy in his mind, but to kneel down to *Philoclea*, and beſeech her to keep it ſecret, conſidering that the intention was for her ſervice, and vowing, ſince ſhe miſliked it, to proceed no farther therein, ſhe comforted him with promiſe of ſilence, which ſhe performed.

But that little availed: for *Arteſia* having in like ſort opened this device to *Pamela*, ſhe (in whoſe mind virtue governed with the ſcepter of knowledge) hating ſo horrible a wickedneſs, and ſtrait judging what was fit to do; wicked woman, ſaid ſhe, whoſe unrepenting heart can find no way to amend treaſon, but by treaſon; now the time is come that thy wretched wiles have caught thy ſelf in thine own net: as for me, let the gods diſpoſe of me as ſhall pleaſe them; but ſure it ſhall be no ſuch way, nor way-leader, by which I will come to liberty. This ſhe ſpake ſomething with a louder voice than ſhe was wont to uſe, ſo as *Cecropia* heard the noiſe; who was, ſooner than *Arteſia* imagined ſhe would come up, to bring *Pamela* to a window, where ſhe might ſee a notable skirmiſh happened in the camp, as ſhe thought among themſelves, and being a cunning fiſher in troubled waters, ſtraight found by their voices and geſtures, there was ſome matter of conſequence, which ſhe deſired *Pamela* to tell her. Ask of her, ſaid *Pamela*, and learn to know, that *who do falſhood to their ſuperiours, teach falſhood to their inferiours*. More ſhe would not ſay. But *Cecropia* taking away the each-way guilty *Arteſia*, with fear of torture, got of her the whole practice: ſo as *Zelmane* was the more cloſely impriſoned, and *Clinias* (with the reſt of his corrupted mates, according to their merits) executed: for as for *Arteſia*, ſhe was but locked up in her chamber, *Amphialus* not conſenting, for the

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love he bore to *Iſmenus*, that farther puniſhment ſhould be laid upon her.

But the noiſe they heard in the camp, was by occaſion of the famous prince *Anaxius*, nephew to the gyant *Euardes*, whom *Pyrocles* ſlew: a prince of body exceedingly ſtrong, in arms ſo skilful and fortunate, as no man was thought to excel him; of courage that knew not how to fear; of parts worthy praiſe, if they had not been guided by pride, and followed by injuſtice. For by a ſtrange compoſition of mind, there was no man more tenderly ſenſible in any thing offered to himſelf, which in the fartheſt-fetcht conſtruction might be wreſted to the name of wrong; no man that in his own actions could worſe diſtinguiſh between valour and violence: ſo proud, as he could not abſtain from a *Thraſo*-like boaſting, and yet (ſo unlucky a lodging his virtues had gotten) he would never boaſt more than he would accompliſh, falſly accounting an inflexible anger, a couragious conſtancy; eſteeming fear and aſtoniſhment righter cauſes of admiration, than love and honour. This man had four ſundry times fought with *Amphialus*, but *Mars* had been ſo impartial an arbiter, that neither ſide got advantage of the other. But in the end it happened that *Anaxius* found *Amphialus*, unknown in a great danger, and ſaved his life: whereupon, loving his own benefit, began to favour him, ſo much the more, as thinking ſo well of himſelf, he could not chuſe but like him, whom he found a match for himſelf: which at laſt grew to as much friendſhip towards him, as could by a proud heart be conceived. So as in this travel (ſeeking *Pyrocles* to be revenged of his uncle's death) hearing of this ſiege, never taking pains to examine the quarrel (like a man whoſe will was his god, and his hand his law) taking with him his two brothers (men accounted little inferiour to himſelf in martial matters) and two hundred choſen horſemen, with whom he thought himſelf

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ſelf able to conquer the world, yet commanding the reſt of his forces to follow, he himſelf upon ſuch an unexpected ſuddenneſs entred in upon the back of *Baſilius*, that many with great unkindneſs took their death, not knowing why, nor how they were ſo murthered. There, if ever, did he make known the wonderfulneſs of his force. But the valiant and faithful *Philanax*, with well-governed ſpeed made ſuch head againſt him, as would have ſhewed, how ſoon courage falls in the ditch which hath not the eye of wiſdom: but that *Amphialus* at the ſame time iſſued out, and winning with an abundance of courage one of the ſconces which *Baſilius* had builded, made way for his friend *Anaxius*, with great loſs of both ſides, but eſpecially of the *Baſilians*, ſuch notable monuments had thoſe two ſwords eſpecially left of their maſter's redoubted worthineſs.

There, with the reſpect fit to his eſtate, the honour due to his worthineſs, and the kindneſs which accompanies friendſhip (made faſt by interchanged benefits) did *Amphialus* enforce himſelf, as much as in a beſieged town he could, to make *Anaxius* know, that his ſuccour was not ſo needful, as his preſence grateful. For cauſing the ſtreets and houſes of the town to witneſs his welcome (making both ſoldiers and magiſtrates in their countenances to ſhew their gladneſs of him) he led him to his mother, whom he beſought to entertain him with no leſs love and kindneſs, than as one, who once had ſaved her ſon's life, and now came to ſave both life and honour. Tuſh, ſaid *Anaxius*, ſpeaking aloud, looking upon his brothers, I am only ſorry there are not half a dozen kings more about you, that what *Anaxius* can do, might be the better manifeſted. His brothers ſmiled, as though he had over-modeſtly ſpoken, far underneath the pitch of his power. Then was he diſarmed at the earneſt requeſt of *Amphialus*: for *Anaxius* boiled with deſire to iſſue out upon the enemies, perſuading himſelf, that the ſun ſhould not

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be ſet, before he had overthrown them. And having repoſed himſelf, *Amphialus* asked him whether he would viſit the young princeſſes. But *Anaxius* whiſpered him in the ear: in truth, ſaid he, dear friend *Amphialus*, though I am none of thoſe that love to ſpeak of themſelves, I never came yet in company of ladies, but that they fell in love with me. And I that in my heart ſcorn them as a peeviſh paltry ſex, nor worthy to communicate with my virtues, would not do you the wrong: ſince, as I hear, you do debaſe your ſelf ſo much as to affect them. The courteous *Amphialus* could have been angry with him for thoſe words; but knowing his humour, ſuffered him to dance to his own muſick; and gave himſelf to entertain both him and his brothers, with as chearful a manner, as could iſſue from a mind whom unlucky love had filled with melancholy. For to *Anaxius* he yielded the direction of all. He gave the watch-word, and if any grace were granted, the means were to be made to *Anaxius*. And that night when ſupper was ended, wherein *Amphialus* would needs himſelf wait upon him, he cauſed in boats upon the lake an excellent muſick to be ordered: which, though *Anaxius* might conceive was for his honour, yet indeed he was but the brick-wall to convey it to the ears of the beloved *Philoclea*.

The muſick was of cornets, whereof one anſwering the other, with a ſweet emulation ſtriving for the glory of muſick, and ſtriking upon the ſmooth face of the quiet lake, was then delivered up to the caſtle walls, which with a proud reverberation, ſpreading it into the air, it ſeemed before the harmony came to the ear, that it had enriched it ſelf in travel, the nature of thoſe places adding melody to that melodious inſtrument. And when a while that inſtrument had made a brave proclamation to all poſſeſſed minds of attention, an excellent conſort ſtraight followed of five viols, and as many voices;

which all being but orators of their maſter's paſſions, beſtowed this ſong upon her that thought upon another matter.

THE fire to ſee my wrongs for anger burneth;
The air in rain for my affliction weepeth:
The ſea to ebb for grief his flowing turneth:
The earth with pity dull his center keepeth.
Fame is with wonder blazed;
Time runs away for ſorrow:
Place ſtandeth ſtill amazed,
To ſee my night of evils, which hath no morrow.
Alas all onely ſhe no pity taketh
To know my miſeries, but chaſte and cruel,
My fall her glory maketh;
Yet ſtill her eyes give to my flames their fuel.
Fire, burn me quite, till ſenſe of burning leave me:
Air, let me draw thy breath no more in anguiſh:
Sea, drown'd in thee of tedious life bereave me:
Earth, take this earth wherein my ſpirits languiſh.
Fame, ſay I was not born:
Time, haſte my dying hour:
Place, ſee my grave up torn:
Fire, air, ſea, earth, fame, time, place, ſhew your power.
Alas from all their help I am exiled:
For hers am I, and death fears her diſpleaſure.
Fie death thou art beguiled:
Though I be hers, ſhe makes of me no treaſure.

But *Anaxius*, ſeeming a weary before it was ended, told *Amphialus*, that for his part he liked no muſick, but the neighing of horſes, the ſound of trumpets, and the cries of yielding perſons: and therefore deſired, that the next morning they ſhould iſſue upon the ſame place where they had entred that day, not doubting to make them quickly a weary of being the beſiegers of *Anaxius*. *Amphialus*, who had no whit leſs courage, though nothing blown up with pride, willingly condeſcended: and ſo the next morning (giving

(giving falſe alarm to the other ſide of the camp) *Amphialus* at *Anaxius*'s earneſt requeſt, ſtaying within the town to ſee it guarded, *Anaxius* and his brethren, *Lycurgus* and *Zoilus*, ſallied out with the beſt choſen men. But *Baſilius*, having been the laſt day ſomewhat unprovided, now had better fortified the overthrown ſconce; and ſo well had prepared every thing for defence, that it was impoſſible for any valour from within to prevail. Yet things were performed by *Anaxius* beyond the credit of the credulous: For thrice, valiantly followed by his brothers, did he ſet up his banner upon the rampire of the enemy; though thrice again by the multitude, and advantage of the place, but eſpecially by the coming of three valiant knights, he was driven down again. Numbers there were that day, whoſe deaths and overthrows were excuſed by the well known ſword of *Anaxius*: but the reſt by the length of time and injury of hiſtorians have been wrapped up in dark forgetfulneſs; only *Treſſemius* is ſpoken of, becauſe when all abandoned the place, he only made head to *Anaxius*; till having loſt one of his legs, yet not loſt the heart of fighting, *Lycurgus*, ſecond brother to *Anaxius*, cruelly murthered him; *Anaxius* himſelf diſdaining any farther to deal with him.

But ſo far had *Anaxius* at the third time prevailed, that now the *Baſilians* began to let their courage deſcend to their feet; *Baſilius* and *Philanax* in vain ſtriving with reverence of authority to bridle the flight of aſtoniſhment, and to teach fear, diſcretion: ſo that *Amphialus*, ſeeing victory ſhew ſuch a flattering countenance to him, came out with all his force, hoping that day to end the ſiege.

But that fancy altered quickly, by the ſudden coming to the other ſide of three knights, whereof the one was in white armour, the other in green, and the third by his black armour and device, ſtraight known to be the notable knight, who the firſt day had given fortune ſo ſhort a ſtop with his nota-

notable deeds; fighting hand to hand with the deemed invincible *Amphialus*. For the very cowards no ſooner ſaw him, but as borrowing ſome of his ſpirit, they went like young eagles to the prey, under the wing of their dam. For the three adventurers, not content to keep them from their rampire, leapt down among them, and entred into a brave combat with the three valiant brothers. But to whether ſide fortune would have been partial, could not be determined. For the *Baſilians*, lightened with the beams of their ſtrangers valour, followed ſo thick, that the *Amphialians* were glad with ſome haſte to retire to the wall-ward: though *Anaxius* neither reaſon, fear, nor example, could make him aſſwage the fury of his fight: until one of the *Baſilians* (unworthy to have his name regiſtred, ſince he did it cowardly, ſideward, when he leaſt looked that way) almoſt cut off one of his legs: ſo as he fell down, blaſpheming heaven, that all the influences thereof had power to overthrow him: and there death would have ſeized of his proud heart, but that *Amphialus* took in hand the black knight, while ſome of his ſoldiers conveyed away *Anaxius*, ſo requiting life for life unto him.

And for the love and example of *Amphialus*, the fight began to enter into a new fit of heat: when *Baſilius* (that thought enough to be done for that day) cauſed retreat to be ſounded; fearing leaſt his men following over-earneſtly, might be the loſs of thoſe excellent knights whom he deſired to know. The knights as ſoon as they heard the retreat (though they were eagerly ſet, knowing that *courage without diſcipline, is nearer beaſtlineſs than manhood*) drew back their ſwords, though hungry of more blood: eſpecially the black knight, who knowing of *Amphialus*, could not refrain to tell him, that this was the ſecond time he eſcaped out of his hands, but that he would ſhortly bring him a bill of all the former accounts. *Amphialus* ſeeing it fit to retire alſo

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(moſt of his people being hurt, both in bodies and hearts) withdrew himſelf with ſo well-ſeated a reſolution, that it was as far from anger, as from diſmayedneſs, anſwering no other to the black knight's threats, but that when he brought him his account, he ſhould find a good pay-maſter.

The figlit being ceaſed, and each ſide withdrawn within their ſtrengths, *Baſilius* ſent *Philanax* to entertain the ſtrange knights, and to bring them unto him, that he might acknowledge what honour was due to their virtue. But they excuſed themſelves, deſiring to be known firſt by their deeds, before their names ſhould accuſe their unworthineſs: and though the other replied according as they deſerved, yet (finding that *unwelcome courteſy is a degree of injury*) he ſuffered them to retire themſelves to a tent of their own without the camp, where they kept themſelves ſecret: *Philanax* himſelf being called away to another ſtrange knight; ſtrange not only by the unlooked-for-neſs of his coming, but by the ſtrange manner of his coming.

For he had before him four damſels, and ſo many behind him, all upon palfreys, and all apparelled in mourning weeds; each of them a ſervant on each ſide, with like liveries of ſorrow. Himſelf in an armour, all painted over with ſuch a cunning of ſhaddow, that it repreſented a gaping ſepulchre; the furniture of his horſe was all of cypreſs branches: wherewith in old time, they were wont to dreſs graves. His baſes, which he wore ſo long, as they came almoſt to his ankle, were embroidered only with black worms, which ſeemed to crawl up and down, as ready to devour him. In his ſhield, for *Impreſa*, he had a beautiful child, but having two heads; whereon the one ſhewed, that it was already dead; the other alive, but in that caſe, neceſſarily looking for death. The word was, *No way to be rid from death, but by death.*

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This knight of the tomb (for ſo the ſoldiers termed him) ſent to *Baſilius* to demand leave to ſend a damſel into the town, to call out *Amphialus*, according as before time ſome others had done. Which being granted (as glad any would undertake the charge, which no body elſe in that camp was known willing to do) the damſel went in, and having with tears ſobbed out a brave challenge to *Amphialus*, from the knight of the tomb, *Amphialus* honourably entertaining the gentlewoman, and deſiring to know the knight's name, (which the doleful gentlewoman would not diſcover) accepted the challenge, only deſiring the gentlewoman to ſay thus much to the ſtrange knight from him, that if his mind were like to his title, there were more cauſe of affinity, than enmity between them. And therefore preſently, according as he was wont, as ſoon as he perceived the knight of the tomb, with his damſels and judge, was come into the iſland, he alſo went over in accuſtomed manner: and yet for the courteſy of his nature, deſired to ſpeak with him.

But the knight of the tomb, with ſilence, and drawing his horſe back, ſhewed no will to hear, nor ſpeak: but with launce on thigh, made him know, it was fit for him to go to the other end of the career, whence waiting the ſtart of the unknown knight, he likewiſe made his ſpurs claim haſte of his horſe. But when his ſtaff was in his reſt, coming down to meet with the knight, now very near him, he perceived the knight had miſſed his reſt: wherefore the courteous *Amphialus* would not let his launce deſcend; but with a gallant grace, ran over the head of his therein friended enemy: and having ſtopped his horſe, and with the turning of him, bleſſed his ſight with the window where he thought *Philoclea* might ſtand, he perceived the knight had lighted from his horſe, and thrown away his ſtaff, angry with his misfortune, as of having miſſed his reſt, and

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drawn his ſword, to make that ſupply his fellow's fault; he alſo lighted, and drew his ſword, eſteeming victory with advantage, rather robbed than purchaſed: and ſo the other coming eagerly toward him, he with his ſhield out, and ſword aloft, with more bravery than anger drew unto him, and ſtraight made their ſwords ſpeak for them a pretty while with equal fierceneſs. But *Amphialus*, to whom the earth brought forth few matches, having both much more skill to chuſe the places, and more force to work upon the choſen, had already made many windows in his armour for death to come in at, when in the nobleneſs of his nature abhorring to make the puniſhment overgo the offence, he ſtepped a little back, and withal, Sir knight, ſaid he, you may eaſily ſee, that it pleaſeth god to favour my cauſe; employ your valour againſt them that wiſh you hurt, for my part I have not deſerved hate of you. Thou lieſt, falſe traytor, ſaid the other, with an angry, but weak voice; but *Amphialus*, in whom abuſed kindneſs became ſpiteful rage. Ah barbarous wretch, ſaid he, only couragious in diſcourteſy; thou ſhalt ſoon ſee whether thy tongue hath betrayed thy heart, or no: and with that redoubled his blows, gave him a great wound upon his neck, and cloſing with him, overthrew him, and with the fall thruſt him mortally into the body, and with that went to pull off his helmet, with intention to make him give himſelf the lye, for having ſo ſaid, or to cut off his head.

But the head-piece was no ſooner off, but that there fell about the ſhoulders of the overcome knight the treaſure of fair golden hair, which with the face, (ſoon known by the badge of excellency) witneſſed that it was *Parthenia*, the unfortunately virtuous wife of *Argalus*; her beauty then, even in deſpight of the paſſed ſorrow, or coming death, aſſuring all beholders, that it was nothing ſhort of perfection. For her exceeding fair eyes, having with continual weeping gotten a little redneſs about them, her round

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ſweetly ſwelling lips a little trembling, as though they kiſſed their neighbour death; in her cheeks the whiteneſs ſtriving by little and little to get upon the roſyneſs of them; her neck, a neck indeed of alabaſter, diſplaying the wound, which with moſt dainty blood laboured to drown his own beauties; ſo as here was a river of pureſt red, there an iſland of perfecteſt white, each giving luſtre to the other, with the ſweet countenance, god knows, full of an unaffected languiſhing: though theſe things to a groſly conceiving ſenſe might ſeem diſgraces, yet indeed were they but apparelling beauty in a new faſhion, which all looked upon thorough the ſpectacles of pity, did even increaſe the lines of her natural fairneſs; ſo as *Amphialus* was aſtoniſhed with grief, compaſſion and ſhame, deteſting his fortune that made him unfortunate in victory.

Therefore putting off his head-piece and gauntlet, kneeling down unto her, and with tears teſtifying his ſorrow, he offered his (by himſelf accurſed) hands to help her, proteſting his life and power to be ready to do her honour. But *Parthenia* (who had inward meſſengers of the deſired deaths approach) looking upon him, and ſtraight turning away her feeble ſight, as from a delightleſs object, drawing out her words, which her breath loath to depart from ſo ſweet a body, did faintly deliver: Sir, ſaid ſhe, I pray you, if prayers have place in enemies, to let my maids take my body untouched by you: the only honour I now deſire by your means, is, that I have no honour of you. *Argalus* made no ſuch bargain with you, that the hands which killed him, ſhould help me. I have of them (and I do not only pardon you, but thank you for it) the ſervice which I deſired. There reſts nothing now, but that I go live with him, ſince whoſe death I have done nothing but die. Then pauſing, and a little fainting, and again coming to her ſelf; O ſweet life, welcome, ſaid ſhe, now feel I the bands united of the

the cruel death, which ſo long hath held me. And, O life, O death, anſwer for me, that my thoughts have not ſo much as in a dream taſted any comfort, ſince they were deprived of *Argalus*. I come, my *Argalus*, I come: and, O god, hide my faults in thy mercies, and grant, as I feel thou doſt grant, that in thy eternal love, we may love each other eternally. And this, O lord: ---- but there *Atropos* * cut off her ſentence: for with that, caſting up both eyes and hands to the skies, the noble ſoul departed (one might well aſſure himſelf) to heaven, which left the body in ſo heavenly a demeanour.

But *Amphialus*, with a heart oppreſſed with grief, becauſe of her requeſt, withdrew himſelf: but the judges, as full of pity, had been all this while diſarming her, and her gentlewomen with lamentable cries labouring to ſtanch the remedileſs wounds: and a while ſhe was dead before they perceived it, death being able to divide the ſoul, but not the beauty from that body. But when the infallible tokens of death aſſured them of their loſs, one of the women would have killed her ſelf, but that the ſquire of *Amphialus* perceiving, by force held her. Others that had as ſtrong paſſion, though weaker reſolution, fell to caſt duſt upon their heads, to tear their garments, all falling upon the earth, and crying upon their ſweet miſtreſs, as if their cries could perſuade the ſoul to leave the celeſtial happineſs, to come again into the elements of ſorrow: one time calling to remembrance her virtue, chaſtneſs, ſweetneſs, and goodneſs to them; another time accurſing themſelves, that they had obeyed her; being deceived by her words, who aſſured them, that it was revealed unto her, that ſhe ſhould have her heart's deſire in the battle againſt *Amphialus*, which they wrongly underſtood. Then kiſſing her cold hands and feet, weary of the world, ſince ſhe was gone who was their world, the very heavens ſeemed with

* One of the three ſiſters which are ſaid to cut the thread of life.

a cloudy countenance to lour at the loſs, and fame it ſelf (though by nature glad to tell ſuch rare accidents) yet could not chuſe but deliver it in lamentable accents, and in ſuch ſort went it quickly all over the camp: and as if the air had been infected with ſorrow, no heart was ſo hard, but was as ſubject to that contagion; the rareneſs of the accident, matching together, the rarely matched together, pity with admiration. *Baſilius* himſelf came forth, and brought the fair *Gynecia* with him, who was come into the camp under colour of viſiting her husband, and hearing of her daughters: but indeed *Zelmane* was the ſaint to which her pilgrimage was intended, curſing, envying, bleſſing, and in her heart kiſſing the walls which impriſoned her. But both they, with *Philanax*, and the reſt of the principal nobility, went out to make honour triumph over death, conveying that excellent body (whereto *Baſilius* himſelf would needs lend his ſhoulder) to a church a mile from the camp, where the valiant *Argalus* lay intombed; recommending to that ſepulchre the bleſſed reliques of a faithful and virtuous love, giving order for the making of two marble images, to repreſent them, and each way inriching the tomb; upon which *Baſilius* himſelf cauſed this epitaph to be written,

HIS Being was in her alone.
And he not Being ſhe was none.

They joy'd One joy, One grief they griev'd,
One love they lov'd, One life they liv'd.
The hand was One, One was the ſword
That did his death, her death afford.

As all the reſt; ſo now the ſtone
That tombs the Two is juſtly One.

ARGALUS *and* PARTHENIA.

Then

Then with eyes full of tears, and mouths full of her praiſes, returned they to the camp, with more and more hate againſt *Amphialus*, who, poor gentleman, had therefore greater portion of woe than any of them. For that courteous heart, which would have grieved but to have heard the like adventure, was rent with remembring himſelf to be the author; ſo that his wiſdom could not ſo far temper his paſſion, but that he took his ſword, counted the beſt in the world, (which with much blood he had once conquered of a mighty gyant) and brake it into many pieces, which afterwards he had good cauſe to repent, ſaying, that neither it was worthy to ſerve the noble exerciſe of chivalry, nor any other worthy to feel that ſword, which had ſtrucken ſo excellent a lady: and withal, baniſhing all chearfulneſs of his countenance, he returned home: where he got him to his bed, not ſo much to reſt his reſtleſs mind, as to avoid all company; the ſight whereof was tedious unto him. And then melancholy, only rich in unfortunate remembrances, brought before him all the miſhaps with which his life had wreſtled: taking this, not only as a confirming of the former, but a preſage of following miſery, and to his heart, already overcome by ſorrowfulneſs, even trifling misfortunes came, to fill up the roll of a grieved memory, labouring only his wits to pierce farther and farther into his own wretchedneſs. So as all that night, in deſpite of darkneſs, he held his eyes open; and in the morning, when the light began to reſtore to each body his colour, then with curtains barred he himſelf from the enjoying of it; neither willing to feel the comfort of the day, nor the eaſe of the night, until his mother (who never knew what love meant, but only to him-ward) came to his bed-ſide, and beginning with loving earneſtneſs to lay a kind chiding upon him, becauſe he would ſuffer the weakneſs of ſorrow, to conquer the ſtrength of his virtues; he did with a broken piece-meal ſpeech, as

if the tempeſt of paſſion unorderly blew out his words, remember the miſhaps of his youth, the evils he had been the cauſe of, his rebelling with ſhame, and that ſhame increaſed with ſhameful accidents, the deaths of *Philoxenus* and *Parthenia*, wherein he found himſelf hated of the ever-ruling powers, but eſpecially (and ſo eſpecially, as the reſt ſeemed nothing when he came to that) his fatal love to *Philoclea*: to whom he had ſo governed himſelf, as one that could neither conquer, nor yield; being of the one ſide a ſlave, and of the other a jaylor: and withal almoſt upbraiding unto his mother the little ſucceſs of her large hoping promiſes, he in effect finding *Philoclea* nothing mollified, and now himſelf ſo caſt down, as he thought him unworthy of better. But his mother, as ſhe had plentiful cauſe, making him ſee, that of his other griefs there was little or no fault in himſelf, and therefore there ought to be little or no grief in him; when ſhe came to the head of the ſore, indeed ſeeing that ſhe could no longer patch up her former promiſes, (he taking a deſperate deafneſs to all delaying hopes) ſhe confeſſed plainly, that ſhe could prevail nothing: but the fault was his own, who had marred the young girl by ſeeking to have that by prayer, which he ſhould have taken by authority. That it were an abſurd cunning to make high ladders to go in a plain way; ſo was it an untimely and fooliſh flattery, there to beſeech, where one might command, puffing them up by being beſought, with ſuch a ſelf-pride of ſuperiority, that it was not, forſooth, to be held out but by denial. O god, ſaid *Amphialus*, how well I thought my fortune would bring forth this end of your labours? aſſure your ſelf, mother, I will ſooner pull out theſe eyes, then they ſhould look upon the heavenly *Philoclea*, but as upon a heaven whence they have their light, and to which they are ſubject. If they will pour down any influences of comfort, O happy I: but if by the ſacrifice of a faith-

faithful heart, they will not be called unto me, let me languiſh, and wither with languiſhing, and grieve with withering, but never ſo much as repine with never ſo much grieving. Mother, O mother, *luſt may well be a tyrant, but true love where it is indeed, it is a ſervant.* Accurſed more than I am, may I be, if ever I did approach her, but that I freezed as much in a fearful reverence, as I burned in a vehement deſire. Did ever man's eye look through love upon the majeſty of virtue, ſhining through beauty, but that he became, as it well became him, a captive? and it is the ſtyle of a captive to write, *Our will and pleaſure?*

Tuſh, tuſh, ſon, ſaid *Cecropia*, if you ſay you love, but withal you fear, you fear leaſt you ſhould offend. Offend? and how know you, that you ſhould offend? becauſe ſhe doth deny. Deny? now by my truth, if your ſadneſs would let me laugh, I could laugh heartily, to ſee that yet you are ignorant, that *No is no Negative in a woman's mouth.* My ſon, believe me, a woman, ſpeaking of women: *a lovers modeſty among us is much more praiſed, than liked:* or if we like it, ſo well we like it, that for marring of his modeſty, he ſhall never proceed farther. Each virtue hath his time: if you command your ſoldier to march foremoſt, and he for courteſy put others before him, would you praiſe his modeſty? love is your general, he bids you dare, and will *Amphialus* be a daſtard? let example ſerve: do you think *Theſeus* ſhould ever have gotten *Antiope* with ſighing and croſſing his arms? he raviſhed her, and raviſhed her that was an *Amazon*, and therefore had gotten a habit of ſtoutneſs above the nature of a woman: but having raviſhed her, he got a child of her. And I ſay no more, but that, they ſay, is not gotten without conſent on both ſides. *Iole* had her own father killed by *Hercules*, and her ſelf raviſhed, by force raviſhed, and yet e'er long this raviſhed and unfathered lady could ſportfully put on the lion's ſkin

upon her own fair ſhoulders, and play with the club with her own delicate hands: ſo eaſily had ſhe pardoned the raviſher, that ſhe could not but delight in thoſe weapons of raviſhing. But above all, mark *Helen* daughter to *Jupiter*, who could never brook her mannerly-wooing *Menelaus*, but diſdained his humbleneſs, and loathed his ſoftneſs. But ſo well ſhe could like the force of enforcing *Paris*, that for him ſhe could abide what might be abidden. But what? *Menelaus* takes heart, he recovers her by force, by force carries her home, by force enjoys her; and ſhe who would never like him for ſerviceableneſs, ever after loved him for violence. For what can be more agreeable than upon force to lay the fault of deſire, and in one inſtant to join a dear delight, with a juſt excuſe? or rather the true cauſe is (pardon me, O woman-kind, for revealing to mine own ſon the truth of this myſtery) we think there wants fire, where we find no ſparkles, at leaſt of fury. Truly I have known a great lady, long ſought by moſt great, moſt wiſe, moſt beautiful, and moſt valiant perſons; never won, becauſe they did over-ſuperſtitiouſly ſollicit her: the ſame lady brought under by another, inferior to all them in all thoſe qualities, only becauſe he could uſe that imperious maſterfulneſs, which nature gives to men above women. For indeed, ſon, I confeſs unto you, in our very creation we are ſervants: and *who prayeth his ſervants, ſhall never be well obeyed*: but as a ready horſe ſtraight yields, when he finds one that will make him yield, the ſame falls to bounds when he feels a fearful horſeman. Awake thy ſpirits, good *Amphialus*, and aſſure thy ſelf, that though ſhe refuſeth, ſhe refuſeth but to endear the obtaining. If ſhe weep, and chide, and proteſt before it be gotten, ſhe can but weep, and chide, and proteſt, when it is gotten. Think, ſhe would not ſtrive, but that ſhe means to try thy force; and my *Amphialus*, know thy ſelf a man, and ſhew thy ſelf a man;

and,

and, believe me upon my word, a woman is a woman.

Amphialus was about to anſwer her, when a gentleman of his made him underſtand, that there was a meſſenger come, who had brought a letter unto him from out of the camp: whom he preſently calling for, took, opened, and read the letter, importing this.

TO *thee* Amphialus *of* Arcadia, *the forſaken knight wiſheth health and courage, that by my hand thou mayeſt receive puniſhment for thy treaſon, according to thine own offer; which wickedly occaſioned, thou haſt proudly begun, and accurſedly maintained. I will preſently (if thy mind faint thee not for his own guiltineſs) meet thee in thy iſland, in ſuch order, as hath by the former been uſed: or if thou likeſt not the time, place, or weapon, I am ready to take thy own reaſonable choice in any of them, ſo as thou do perform the ſubſtance. Make me ſuch anſwer as may ſhew that thou haſt ſome taſte of honour: and ſo I leave thee, to live till I meet thee.*

Amphialus read it, and with a deep ſigh (according to the humour of inward affliction) ſeemed even to condemn himſelf, as though indeed his reproaches were true. But howſoever the dulneſs of melancholy would have languiſhingly yielded thereunto, his courage, unuſed to ſuch injuries, deſired help of anger to make him this anſwer.

FOrſaken *knight, though your nameleſs challenge might carry in it ſelf excuſe for a man of my birth and eſtate, yet herein ſet your heart at reſt, you ſhall not be forſaken. I will, without ſtay, anſwer you in the wonted manner, and come both armed in your fooliſh threatnings, and yet the more fearleſs, expecting weak blows, where I find ſo ſtrong words. You ſhall not therefore long attend me in the iſland, before proof teach you, that of my life you have made your ſelf too large a promiſe. In the mean time, farewel.*

This being written, and delivered, the messenger told him that his lord would, if he liked the same, bring two knights with him to be his patrons. Which *Amphialus* accepted, and withal shaking off, with resolution, his mother's importunate persuasions, he furnished himself for the fight, but not in his wonted furniture. For now, as if he would turn his inside outward, he would needs appear all in black; his decking both for himself, and horse, being cut out into the fashion of very rags: yet all so daintily joyned together with precious stones, as it was a brave raggedness, and a rich poverty: and so cunningly had a workman followed his humour in his armour, that he had given it a rusty shew, and yet so, as any man might perceive was by art, and not negligence; carrying at one instant a disgraced handsomness, and a new oldness. In his shield he bare for his device, a Night, by an excellent painter, excellently painted, with a sun with a shadow, and upon the shadow a speech signifying, that it *only was barred from enjoying that, whereof it had his life*: or *from whose I am, banished.* In his crest he carried *Philoclea*'s knives, the only token of her forced favour.

So passed he over into the island, taking with him the two brothers of *Anaxius*, where he found the forsaken knight attired in his own livery, as black as sorrow it self could see it self in the blackest glass: his ornaments of the same hue, but formed into the figures of ravens, which seemed to gape for carrion: only his reins were snakes, which finely wrapping themselves one within the other, their heads came together to the cheeks and bosses of the bit, where they might seem to bite at the horse, and the horse, as he champed the bit, to bite at them, and that the white foam was ingendered by the poisonous fury of the combat. His *Impresa* was a *Catoblepas*, * which so long lies dead, as the moon, whereto it hath so natural a sympathy, wants her light. The

* The *Catoblepas* is a beast, bred near the rise of *Nile*. See *Plin.* nat. hist.

word

word ſignified, that *the moon wanted not the light, but the poor beaſt wanted the moon's light.* He had in his head-piece, a whip to witneſs a ſelf-puniſhing repentance. Their very horſes were coal black too, not having ſo much as one ſtar to give light to their night of blackneſs: ſo as one would have thought they had been the two ſons of ſorrow, and were come hither to fight for their birth-right in that ſorry inheritance.

Which alliance of paſſions ſo moved *Amphialus*, already tender minded by the afflictions of love, that without ſtaff or ſword drawn, he trotted fairly to the forſaken knight, willing to have put off this combat, to which his melancholy heart did, more than ever in like occaſion, miſgive him: and therefore ſaluting him, good knight, ſaid he, becauſe we are men, and ſhould know reaſon why we do things; tell me the cauſe, that makes you thus eager to fight with me. Becauſe I affirm, anſwered the forſaken knight, that thou doſt moſt rebellious injury to thoſe ladies, to whom all men owe ſervice. You ſhall not fight with me, ſaid *Amphialus* upon the quarrel: for I confeſs the ſame too: but it proceeds from their own beauty, to enforce love to offer this force. I maintain then, ſaid the forſaken knight, that thou art not worthy ſo to love. And that I confeſs too, ſaid *Amphialus*, ſince the world is not ſo richly bleſſed, as to bring forth any thing worthy thereof. But no more unworthy than any other, ſince in none can be a more worthy love. Yes, more unworthy than my ſelf, ſaid the forſaken knight, for though I deſerve contempt, thou deſerveſt both contempt and hatred.

But *Amphialus* by that thinking, though wrongly, each indeed miſtaking other, that he was his rival, forgot all mind of reconciliation, and having all his thoughts bound up in choler, never ſtaying either judge, trumpet, or his own launce, drew out his ſword, and ſaying, thou lieſt falſe villain, unto him,

his words and blows came ſo quick together, as the one ſeemed a lightening of the others thunder. But he found no barren ground of ſuch ſeed: for it yielded him his own with ſuch increaſe, that though reaſon and amazement go rarely together, yet the moſt reaſonable eyes that ſaw it, found reaſon to be amazed at the fury of their combat. Never game of death better played; never fury ſet it ſelf forth in greater bravery. The courteous *Vulcan*, when he wrought at his more courteous wife's requeſt *Æneas* an armour, made not his hammer beget a greater ſound, than the ſwords of thoſe noble knights did: they needed no fire to their forge, for they made the fire to ſhine at the meeting of their ſwords and armours, each ſide fetching ſtill new ſpirit from the caſtle-window, and careful of keeping their ſight that way as a matter of greater conſideration in their combat, than either the advantage of ſun or wind; which ſun and wind (if the aſtoniſhed eyes of the beholders were not by the aſtoniſhment deceived) did both ſtand ſtill to be beholders of this rare match. For neither could their amazed eyes diſcern motion of the ſun, and no breath of wind ſtirred, as if either for fear it would not come among ſuch blows, or with delight had eyes ſo buſy, as it had forgot to open his mouth. This fight being the more cruel, ſince both love and hatred conſpired to ſharpen their humours, that hard it was to ſay, whether love with one trumpet, or hatred with another, gave the louder alarm, to their courages. Spite, rage, diſdain, ſhame, revenge, came waiting upon hatred: of the other ſide came with love, longing deſire, both invincible hope, and fearleſs deſpair, with rival-like jealouſy, which (although brought up within doors in the ſchool of *Cupid*) ſhould ſhew themſelves no leſs forward, than the other duſty band of *Mars*, to make themſelves notable in the notableneſs of this combat. Of either ſide confidence, unacquainted with loſs, but aſſuring

aſſuring truſt to overcome, and good experience how to overcome: now ſeconding their terrible blows with cunning labouring the horſes, to win ground of the enemy; now unlooked-for parting one from the other, to win advantages by an advantageous return. But force againſt force, skill againſt skill, ſo interchangeably encountred, that it was not eaſy to determine, whether enterpriſing, or preventing came former: both, ſometimes at one inſtant, doing and ſuffering wrong, and choler no leſs riſing of the doing, than of the ſuffering. But as the fire, the more fuel is put to it, the more hungry ſtill it is to devour more: ſo the more they ſtruck, the more unſatisfied they were with ſtriking. Their very armour by piece-meal fell away from them; and yet their fleſh abode the wounds conſtantly, as though it were leſs ſenſible of ſmart, than the ſenſeleſs armour: their blood in moſt places ſtaining their black colour, as if it would give a more lively colour of mourning, than black can do. And ſo a long ſpace they fought, while neither virtue nor fortune ſeemed partial of either ſide: which ſo tormented the unquiet heart of *Amphialus*, that he reſolved to ſee a quick end: and therefore with the violence of courage, adding ſtrength to his blow, he ſtruck in ſuch wiſe upon the ſide of the other's head, that his remembrance left that battered lodging, ſo as he was quite from himſelf, caſting his arms abroad, and ready to fall down; his ſword likewiſe went out of his hand; but that being faſt by a chain to his arm, he could not loſe. And *Amphialus* uſed the favour of occaſion, redoubling his blows: but the horſe, weary to be beaten, as well as the maſter, carried his maſter away, till he came unto himſelf. But then who could have ſeen him, might well have diſcerned ſhame in his cheeks, and revenge in his eyes: ſo as ſetting his teeth together with rage, he came running upon *Amphialus*, reaching out his arm, which had gathered up his ſword, meaning with that blow

to have cleaved *Amphialus* in two. But *Amphialus* ſeeing the blow coming, ſhunned it with nimble; turning his horſe aſide; wherewith the forſaken knight overſtrake himſelf, ſo as almoſt he came down with his own ſtrength: but the more hungry of his purpoſe, the more he was barred the food of it: diſdaining the reſiſtance, both of force and fortune, he returned upon the ſpur again, and ran with ſuch violence upon *Amphialus*, that his horſe with the force of the ſhock roſe up before, almoſt overturned: which *Amphialus* perceiving, with rein and ſpur put forth his horſe, and withal gave a mighty blow in the deſcent of his horſe, upon the ſhoulder of the forſaken knight, from whence ſliding, it fell upon the neck of his horſe, ſo as horſe and man fell to the ground: but he was ſcarce down before he was upon his feet again, with brave geſture ſhewing riſing of courage, in the falling of fortune. But the courteous *Amphialus* excuſed himſelf, for having, againſt his will, killed his horſe. Excuſe thy ſelf for viler faults, anſwered the forſaken knight, and uſe this poor advantage the beſt thou canſt; for thou ſhalt quickly find thou haſt need of more. Thy folly, ſaid *Amphialus*, ſhall not make me forget my ſelf; and therefore, trotting a little aſide, alighted from his horſe, becauſe he would not have fortune come to claim any part of the victory. Which courteous act would have mollified the noble heart of the forſaken knight, if any other had done it, beſides the jaylor of his miſtreſs: but that was a ſufficient deſeazance for the firmeſt bond of good nature; and therefore he was no ſooner alighted, but that he ran unto him, re-entring into as cruel a fight, as eye did ever ſee, or thought could reaſonably imagine; far beyond the reach of weak words to be able to expreſs it. For what they had done on horſe-back, was but a morſel to keep their ſtomachs in appetite, in compariſon of that, which now, (being themſelves) they did. Nor ever glutton by the

change

change of dainty diet could be brought to freſh feeding (when he might have been ſatisfied before) with more earneſtneſs, than thoſe (by the change of their manner of fight) fell clean to a new fight, though any elſe would have thought they had had their fill already. *Amphialus* being the taller man, for the moſt part ſtood with his right leg before, his ſhield at the uttermoſt length of his arm; his ſword high, but with the point towards his enemy. But when he ſtruck, (which came ſo thick, as if every blow would ſtrive to be foremoſt) his arm ſeemed ſtill a poſtilion of death. The forſaken knight ſhewed with like skill, unlike geſture, keeping himſelf in continual motion, proportioning the diſtance between them to any thing that *Amphialus* attempted; his eye guided his foot, and his foot conveyed his hand; and ſince nature had made him ſomething the lower of the two, he made art follow, and not ſtrive with nature; ſhunning rather than warding his blows; like a cunning maſtiff, who knows the ſharpneſs of the horn, and ſtrength of the bull, fights low to get his proper advantage; anſwering mightineſs with nimbleneſs, and yet at times employing his wonderful force, wherein he was ſecond to none. In ſum, the blows were ſtrong, the thruſts thick, and the avoidings cunning. But the forſaken knight, (that thought it a degree of being conquered to be long in conquering) ſtruck him ſo mighty a blow, that he made *Amphialus* put knee to the ground, without any humbleneſs. But when he felt himſelf ſtricken down, and ſaw himſelf ſtricken down by his rival, then ſhame ſeemed one arm, and diſdain another; fury in his eyes, and revenge in his heart; skill and force gave place, and they took the place of skill and force, with ſo unweariable a manner, that the forſaken knight was driven alſo to leave the ſtern of cunning, and give himſelf wholly to be guided by the ſtorm of fury: there being in both (becauſe hate would not ſuffer admiration) extream diſdain to find themſelves ſo matched. What

What, ſaid *Amphialus* to himſelf, am I *Amphialus*, before whom ſo many monſters and giants have fallen dead, when I only ſought cauſleſs adventures? and can one knight now withſtand me in the preſence of *Philoclea*, and fighting for *Philoclea*, or ſince I loſt my liberty, have I loſt my courage, have I gotten the heart of a ſlave as well as the fortune? If an army were againſt me in the ſight of *Philoclea*, could it reſiſt me? O beaſt, one man reſiſts thee: thy rival reſiſts thee: or am I indeed *Amphialus*? have not paſſions killed him, and wretched I, I know not how, ſucceeded into his place? of the other ſide the forſaken knight with no leſs ſpite, fell out with himſelf; haſt thou broken, ſaid he to himſelf, the commandment of thy only princeſs, to come now into her preſence, and in her preſence to prove thy ſelf a coward? doth *Aſia* and *Ægypt* ſet up trophies unto thee, to be matched here by a traytor? O noble *Barſanes*, how ſhamed will thy ſoul be, that he that ſlew thee, ſhould be reſiſted by this one man? O incomparable *Pyrocles*, more grieved wilt thou be with thy friend's ſhame, than with thine own impriſonment, when thou ſhalt know how little I have been able to do for the delivery of thee, and thoſe heavenly princeſſes. Am I worthy to be friend to the moſt valorous prince that ever was entitled valorous, and ſhew my ſelf ſo weak a wretch? no, ſhamed *Muſidorus*, worthy for nothing, but to keep ſheep, get thee a ſheephook again, ſince thou canſt uſe a ſword no better.

Thus at times did they, now with one thought, then with another, ſharpen their over-ſharp humours; like the lion that beats himſelf with his own tail, to make himſelf the more angry. Theſe thoughts indeed not ſtaying, but whetting their angry ſwords, which now had put on the apparel of cruelty: they bleeding ſo abundantly, that every body that ſaw them, fainted for them, and yet they fainted not in themſelves: their ſmart being more ſenſible to

others

others eyes, than to their own feeling. Wrath and courage barring the common ſenſe from bringing any meſſage of their caſe to the mind: pain, wearineſs, and weakneſs, not daring to make known their caſe, though already in the limits of death, in the preſence of ſo violent fury: which filling the veins with rage, inſtead of blood, and making the mind miniſter ſpirits to the body, a great while held out their fight, like an arrow ſhot upward by the force of the bow, though by his own nature he would go downward. The forſaken knight had the more wounds, but *Amphialus* had the ſorer; which the other, watching time and place, had cunningly given unto him: who ever ſaw a well-manned galley fight with a tall ſhip, might *make unto himſelf ſome kind of compariſon* of the difference of theſe two knights; a better couple than which the world could not brag of. *Amphialus* ſeemed to excel in ſtrength, the forſaken knight in nimbleneſs; and yet did the one's ſtrength excel in nimbleneſs, and the other's nimbleneſs excel in ſtrength: but now ſtrength and nimbleneſs, were both gone, and exceſs of courage only maintained the fight. Three times had *Amphialus*, with his mighty blows driven the forſaken knight to go ſtaggering backward, but every one of theſe times he requited pain with ſmart, and ſhame with repulſe. And now whether he had cauſe, or that over-much confidence (an over-forward ſcholar of unconquered courage) made him think he had cauſe, he began to perſuade himſelf he had the advantage of the combat, though the advantage he took himſelf to have, was only that he ſhould be the later to dye: which hope, hate, as unſecret as love, could not conceal, but drawing himſelf a little back from him, brake out in theſe manner of words.

Ah *Amphialus*, ſaid the forſaken knight, this third time thou ſhalt not eſcape me, but thy death ſhall ſatisfy thy injury, and my malice, and pay for the cruelty thou ſhewedſt in killing the noble *Argalus*,

and

and the fair *Parthenia*. In troth, ſaid *Amphialus*, thou art the beſt knight that ever I fought withal, which would make me willing to grant thee thy life, if thy wit were as good as thy courage; that, beſides other follies, layeſt that to my charge, which moſt againſt my will was committed. But whether my death be in thy power, or no, let this tell thee; and upon the word waited a blow, which parted his ſhield in two pieces; and deſpiſing the weak reſiſtance of his already broken armour, made a great breach into his heart ſide, as if he would make a paſſage for his love to get out at.

But pain rather ſeemed to increaſe life, than to weaken life in thoſe champions. For the forſaken knight coming in with his right leg, and making it guide the force of the blow, ſtruck *Amphialus*, upon the belly ſo horrible a wound, that his guts came out withal. Which *Amphialus* perceiving (fearing death, only becauſe it ſhould come with overthrow) he ſeemed to conjure all his ſtrength for one moment's ſervice; and ſo lifting up his ſword with both hands, hit the forſaken knight upon the head, a blow, wherewith his ſword brake. But, as if it would do a notable ſervice before it died, it prevailed ſo, even in the inſtant of breaking, that the forſaken knight fell to the ground, quite for that inſtant forgetting both love and hatred: and *Amphialus* (finding himſelf alſo in ſuch weakneſs, as he looked for ſpeedy death) glad of the victory, though little hoping to enjoy it, pulled up his vizor, meaning with his dagger to give him death; but inſtead of death, he gave him life: for the air ſo revived his ſpirits, that coming to himſelf, and ſeeing his preſent danger, with a life conquering death, he took *Amphialus* by the thigh, and together roſe himſelf, and overturned him. But *Amphialus* ſcrambled up again, both now ſo weak indeed, as their motions rather ſeemed the after-drops of a ſtorm, than any matter of great fury.

But

But *Amphialus* might repent himſelf of his wilful breaking his ſword: for the forſaken knight (having with the extremity of juſtly conceived hate, and the unpitifulneſs of his own near threatning death, blotted out all compliments of courteſy) let fly at him ſo cruelly, that though the blows were weak, yet weakneſs upon a weakened ſubject, proved ſuch ſtrength, that *Amphialus* having attempted in vain, once or twice to cloſe with him, receiving wound upon wound, ſent his whole burthen to ſtrike the earth with falling, ſince he could ſtrike his foe no better in ſtanding: giving no other tokens of himſelf, than as of a man even ready to take his oath to be death's true ſervant.

Which when the hardy brothers of *Anaxius* perceived, not reckoning law of arms, nor uſe of chivalry, they flew in to defend their friend, or revenge their loſs of him. But they were forthwith encountered with the two brave companions of the forſaken knight, whereof the one being all in green, both armour and furniture, it ſeemed a pleaſant garden, wherein grew orange trees; which with their golden fruits, cunningly beaten in and embroidered, greatly enriched the eye-pleaſing colour of green. In his ſhield was a ſheep feeding in a pleaſant field, with this word, *without fear or envy*. And therefore was called the knight of the ſheep. The other knight was all in milk white, his attiring elſe all cut in ſtars, which made of cloth of ſilver, and ſilver ſpangles, each way ſeemed to caſt many aſpects. His device was the very pole it ſelf, about which many ſtars ſtirring, but the place it ſelf left void. The word was, *the beſt place yet reſerved*. But theſe four knights inheriting the hate of their friends, began a moſt fierce combat: the forſaken knight himſelf not able to help his ſide, but was driven to ſit him down, with the extream faintneſs of his more and more fainting body. But thoſe valiant couples ſeeking honour by diſhonouring, and to build ſafety upon

ruin,

ruin, gave new appetites to the almost glutted eyes of the beholders; and now blood began to put sweat from the full possession of their outsides, no advantage being yet to be seen, only the knight of the sheep seeming most inclined to deliver, and effecting most of all that viewed him, when a company of soldiers sent by *Cecropia*, came out in boats to the island, and all came running to the destruction of the three knights, whereof one was utterly unable to defend himself.

But then did the other two knights shew their wonderful courage and fidelity, for turning back to back, and both bestriding the black forsaken knight (who had fainted so long till he had lost the feeling of faintness) they held play against the rest, though the two brothers unknightly helped them; till *Philanax*, who watchfully attended such trayterous practices, sent likewise over, both by boat and swimming, so choice a number, as did put most of the other to the sword. Only the two brothers, with some of the bravest of them, carrying away the body of *Amphialus*, which they would rather have died, than have left behind them.

So was the forsaken knight, laid upon cloaks, carried home to the camp. But his two friends knowing his earnest desire not to be known, covering him from any body's eyes, conveyed him to their own tent: *Basilius* himself conquering his earnest desire to see him, with fear to displease him, who had fought so notably in his quarrel. But fame set the honour upon his back, which he would not suffer to shine in his face: no man's mouth being barren of praises to the noble knight, that had battered the most esteemed knight in the world; every body praying for his life, and thinking that therein they prayed for themselves. But he himself, when by the diligent care of friends, and well applied cunning of surgeons, he came to renew again the league between his mind and body; then fell he to a fresh

war

war with his own thoughts, wrongfully condemning his manhood, laying cowardiſe to himſelf, whom the impudenteſt backbiter would not have ſo wronged. For his courage (uſed to uſe victory as an inheritance) could brook no reſiſtance at any time: but now that he had promiſed himſelf not only the conqueſt of him, but the ſcaling of the walls, and delivery of *Pamela*, though he had done beyond all others expectation, yet ſo ſhort was he of his own, that he hated to look upon the ſun, that had ſeen him do ſo weakly: and ſo much abhorred all viſitation or honour, whereof he thought himſelf unworthy, that he beſought his two noble friends to carry him away to a caſtle not far off, where he might cure his wounds, and never be known till he made ſucceſs excuſe this, as he thought, want in him. They lovingly obeyed him, leaving *Baſilius* and all the camp very ſorry for the parting of theſe three unknown knights, in whoſe proweſs they had repoſed the greateſt truſt of victory.

But they being gone, *Baſilius* and *Philanax* gave good order to the ſtrengthening of the ſiege, fortifying themſelves, ſo as they feared no more any ſuch ſudden onſet, as that of *Anaxius*. And they within (by reaſon of *Anaxius's* hurt, but eſpecially of *Amphialus* his) gave themſelves only to a diligent watch and ward, making no ſallies out, but committing the principal truſt to *Zoilus* and *Lycurgus*. For *Anaxius* was yet forced to keep his chamber. And as for *Amphialus*, his body had ſuch wounds, and he gave ſuch wounds to his mind, as eaſily it could not be determined, whether death or he made the greater haſt one to the other: for when the diligent care of cunning chirurgions had brought life to the poſſeſſion of his own right, ſorrow and ſhame, like two corrupted ſervants, came waiting of it, perſuading nothing but the giving over of it ſelf to deſtruction. They laid before his eyes his preſent caſe, painting every piece of it in moſt ugly colours: they ſhewed

him his love wrapped in deſpair, his fame blotted by overthrow; ſo that if before he languiſhed, becauſe he could not obtain his deſiring, he now lamented, becauſe he durſt not deſire the obtaining. Recreant *Amphialus*, would he ſay to himſelf, how dareſt thou entitle thy ſelf the lover of *Philoclea*, that haſt neither ſhewed thy ſelf a faithful coward, or a valiant rebel, but both rebellious and cowardly, which no law can quit, nor grace have pity of? alas life, what little pleaſure thou doſt me, to give me nothing but ſenſe of reproach, and exerciſe of ruin? I would, ſweet *Philoclea*, I had died, before thy eyes had ſeen my weakneſs: and then perchance with ſome ſigh thou wouldeſt have confeſſed, thou hadſt loſt a worthy ſervant. But now, caytife that I am, what ever I have done, ſerves but to build up my rival's glory. To theſe ſpeeches he would couple ſuch geſtures of vexation, and would fortify the geſtures with ſuch effects of fury, as ſometimes offering to tear up his wounds, ſometimes to refuſe the ſuſtenance of meat, and counſel of phyſicians, that his perplexed mother was driven to make him by force to be tended, with extream courteſy to her ſelf, and annoyance to him: till in the end he was contented to promiſe her, he would attempt no violence upon himſelf, upon condition he might be troubled by no body but only his phyſicians: his melancholy deteſting all company, ſo as not the very chyrurgions nor ſervants durſt ſpeak unto him in doing him ſervice: only he had prayed his mother, as ſhe tendered his life, ſhe would procure him grace, and that without that ſhe would never come at him more.

His mother, who had confined all her love only unto him, ſet only ſuch about him, as were abſolutely at her commandment, whom ſhe forbad to let him know any thing that paſſed in the caſtle, till his wounds were cured, but as ſhe from time to time ſhould inſtruct them: ſhe, for her ſelf, being reſolved,

ſolved, now ſhe had the government of all things in her own hands, to ſatisfy her ſon's love by their yielding, or ſatisfy her own revenge in their puniſhment. Yet firſt, becauſe ſhe would be the freer from outward force, ſhe ſent a meſſenger to the camp to denounce unto *Baſilius*, that if he did not preſently raiſe his ſiege, ſhe would cauſe the heads of the three ladies, priſoners, to be cut off before his eyes. And to make him the more fear a preſent performance, ſhe cauſed his two daughters and *Zelmane* to be led unto the walls, where ſhe had made a ſcaffold, eaſy to be ſeen by *Baſilius*: and there cauſed them to be kept, as ready for the ſlaughter, till anſwer came from *Baſilius*. A ſight full of pity it was, to ſee thoſe three (all excelling in all thoſe excellencies, wherewith nature can beautify any body: *Pamela* giving ſweetneſs to majeſty; *Philoclea* enriching nobleneſs with humbleneſs, *Zelmane* ſetting in womanly beauty manlike valour) to be thus ſubjected to the baſeſt injury of unjuſt fortune. One might ſee in *Pamela* a willingneſs to dye, rather than to have life at others diſcretion; though ſometimes a princely diſdain would ſparkle out of her princely eyes, that it ſhould be in others power to force her to dye. In *Philoclea* a pretty fear came up, to endamask her roſy cheeks: but it was ſuch a fear, as rather ſeemed a kindly child to her innate humbleneſs, than any other diſmayedneſs: or if ſhe were diſmayed, it was more for *Zelmane*, than for her ſelf; or if more for her ſelf, it was becauſe *Zelmane* ſhould loſe her. As for *Zelmane*, as ſhe went with her hands bound (for they durſt not adventure on her well known valour, eſpecially among a people, which perchance might be moved by ſuch a ſpectacle to ſome revolt) ſhe was the true image of overmaſtered courage, and of ſpight, that ſees no remedy. For her breaſt ſwelled with ire, the blood burſt out at her noſe, and ſhe looked paler than accuſtomed, with her eyes caſt upon the ground, with

ſuch a grace, as if ſhe were fallen out with the heavens, for ſuffering ſuch an injury. The lookers on were ſo moved withal, as they miſliked what themſelves did, and yet ſtill did what themſelves miſliked. For ſome glad to rid themſelves of the dangerous annoyance of this ſiege, ſome willing to ſhorten the way to *Amphialus*'s ſucceſſion, whereon they were dependants, ſome, and the greateſt ſome, doing becauſe others did, and ſuffering becauſe none durſt begin to hinder, did in this ſort ſet their hands to this, in their own conſcience, wicked enterpriſe.

But when this meſſage was brought to *Baſilius*, and that this pitiful preparation was a ſufficient letter of credit for him to believe it, he called unto him his chief counſellors: among which, thoſe he chiefly truſted were *Philanax* and *Kalander*, lately come to the camp at *Baſilius*'s commandment, and in himſelf weary of his ſolitary life, wanting his ſon's preſence, and never having heard from his beloved gueſts ſince they departed from him. Now in this doubt what he ſhould do, he willed *Kalander* to give him his advice: who ſpoke much to this purpoſe. You command me, Sir, ſaid he, to ſpeak, rather becauſe you will keep your wonted grave and noble manner, to do nothing of importance without counſel, than that in this cauſe, which indeed hath but one way, your mind needs to have any counſel: ſo as my ſpeech ſhall rather be to confirm what you have already determined, than to argue againſt any poſſibility of other determination. For what ſophiſtical ſcholar can find any queſtion in this, whether you will have your incomparable daughters live or dye? whether, ſince you be here to cauſe their deliverance, you will make your being here the cauſe of their deſtruction? for nothing can be more inſenſible, than to think what one doth, and to forget the end why it is done. Do therefore as I am ſure you mean to do, remove the ſiege, and after ſeek by practice, or other

other gentle means, to recover that which by force you cannot: and therefore is indeed, when it pleaſeth you, more counſel to be taken. Once, *in extremities the winning of time is the purchaſe of life*, and worſe by no means than their deaths can befal unto you. A man might uſe more words, if it were to any purpoſe to gild gold, or that I had any cauſe to doubt of your mind: but you are wiſe, and are a father. He ſaid no more, for he durſt not attempt to perſuade the marrying of his daughter to *Amphialus*, but left that to bring in at another conſultation. But *Baſilius* made ſign to *Philanax*, who ſtanding a while in a maze as inwardly perplexed, at laſt thus delivered his opinion.

If ever I could wiſh my faith untried, and my counſel untruſted, it ſhould be at this time, when in truth I muſt confeſs I would be content to purchaſe ſilence with diſcredit. But ſince you command, I obey: only let me ſay thus much, that I obey not to theſe excellent ladies father, but to my prince: and a prince it is to whom I give counſel. Therefore as to a prince I ſay, that the grave, and, I well know, true-minded counſel of my lord *Kalander* had come in good time when you firſt took arms, before all your ſubjects got notice of your intention, before ſo much blood was ſpent, and before they were driven to ſeek this ſhift for their laſt remedy. But if now, this force you away, why did you take arms, ſince you might be ſure when ever they were in extremity they would have recourſe to this threatning? and for a wiſe man to take in hand that which his enemy may with a word overthrow, hath in my conceit great incongruity, and no great, nor to forethink what his enemy in reaſon will do. But they threaten they will kill your daughters. What if they promiſed you, if you removed your ſiege, they would honourably ſend home your daughters? would you be angled at their promiſes? truly no more ought you to be terrified by their threatnings. For

yet of the two, *promiſe binds faith more than threatning*: But indeed a prince of judgment ought not to conſider what his enemies promiſe, or threaten, but what the promiſers and threatners in reaſon will do; and the neareſt conjecture thereunto, is what is beſt for their own behoof to do. They threaten, if you remove not, they will kill your daughters: and if you do remove, what ſurety have you but that they will kill them? ſince if the purpoſe be to cut off all impediments of *Amphialus*'s ambition, the ſame cauſe will continue when you are away; and ſo much the more encouraged, as the revenging power is abſent, and they have the more opportunity to draw their factious friends about them; but if it be for their ſecurity only, the ſame cauſe will bring forth the ſame effect: and for their ſecurity they will preſerve them. But it may be ſaid, no man knows what deſperate folks will do: it is true, and as true that no reaſon nor policy can prevent what deſperate folks will do: and therefore they are among thoſe dangers, which wiſdom is not to reckon. Only let it ſuffice to take away their deſpair, which may be by granting pardon for what is paſt; ſo as the ladies may be freely delivered. And let them that are your ſubjects truſt you that are their prince; do not you ſubject your ſelf to truſt them, who are ſo untruſty as to be manifeſt traytors. For if they find you ſo baſe minded, as by their threatning to remove your force, what indignity is it, that they would not bring you [illegible] ſtill by the ſame threatning? ſince then if love ſtir them, love will keep them from murthering what they love: and if ambition provoke them, ambitious they will be when you are away, as well as while you are here: take not away your force which bars not the one, and bridles the other. For as for their ſhews and words, they are but fear-babes, not worthy once to move a worthy man's conceit, which muſt ſtill conſider what in reaſon they are like to do. Their deſpair, I grant,

grant, you ſhall do well to prevent: which as it is the laſt of all reſolutions, ſo no man falls into it, while ſo good a way as you may offer, is open unto them. In ſum, you are a prince, and a father of people, who ought with the eye of wiſdom, the hand of fortitude, and the heart of juſtice, to ſet down all private conceits, in compariſon of what for the publick is profitable.

He would have proceeded on, when *Gynecia* came running in amazed for her daughter *Pamela*, but mad for *Zelmane*: and falling at *Baſilius's* feet, beſought him to make no delay, uſing ſuch geſtures of compaſſion inſtead of ſtopped words, that *Baſilius*, otherwiſe enough tender-minded, eaſily granted to raiſe the ſiege, which he ſaw dangerous to his daughters; but indeed more careful for *Zelmane*, by whoſe beſieged perſon, the poor old man was ſtraightly beſieged: ſo as to rid him of the famine of his mind, he went in ſpeed away, diſcharging his ſoldiers: only leaving the authority, as before, in *Philanax* his hands, he himſelf went with *Gynecia* to a ſtrong caſtle of his, where he took counſel how firſt to deliver *Zelmane*, whom he called the poor ſtranger, as though only law of hoſpitality moved him; and for that purpoſe ſent divers meſſengers to traffick with *Cecropia*.

But ſhe by this means rid of the preſent danger of the ſiege (deſiring *Zoilus* and *Lycurgus* to take the care, till their brother recovered) of revictualling and furniſhing the city, both with men, and what elſe wanted, against any new occaſion ſhould urge them; ſhe her ſelf diſdaining to hearken to *Baſilius*, without he would grant his daughter in marriage to her ſon, which by no means he would be brought unto, bent all the ſharpneſs of her malicious wit, how to bring a comfortable grant to her ſon, whereupon ſhe well found no leſs than his life depended. Therefore for a while ſhe attempted all means of eloquent praying, and flattering perſuaſions, ming-

ling ſometimes gifts, ſometimes threatnings, as ſhe had cauſe to hope, that either open force, or undermining, would beſt win the caſtle of their reſolution. And ever as much as ſhe did to *Philoclea*, ſo much did ſhe to *Pamela*, though in manner ſometimes differing, as ſhe found fit to level at the one's noble height, and the other's ſweet lowlineſs. For though ſhe knew her ſon's heart had wholly given it ſelf to *Philoclea*, yet ſeeing the equal gifts in *Pamela*, ſhe hoped, a fair grant would recover the ſorrow of a fair refuſal; cruelly intending the preſent impoyſoning the one, as ſoon as the other's affection were purchaſed.

But in vain was all her vain oratory imployed. *Pamela*'s determination was built upon ſo brave a rock, that no ſhot of hers could reach unto it: and *Philoclea*, though humbly ſeated, was ſo invironed with ſweet rivers of clear virtue, as could neither be battered, nor undermined: her witty perſuaſions had wiſe anſwers; her eloquence recompenſed with ſweetneſs; her threatnings repelled with diſdain in the one, and patience in the other; her gifts either not accepted, or accepted to obey, but not to bind. So as *Cecropia* in nature violent, cruel, becauſe ambitious; hateful, for old rooted grudge to their mother, and now ſpiteful, becauſe ſhe could not prevail with girls, as ſhe counted them; laſtly, drawn on by her love to her ſon, and held up by a tyrannical authority, forthwith followed the byaſs of her own crooked diſpoſition, and doubling and redoubling her threatnings, fell to confirm ſome of her threatned effects: firſt withdrawing all comfort, both of ſervants and ſervice from them. But that thoſe excellent ladies had been uſed unto, even at home, and then found in themſelves how much good the hardneſs of education doth to the reſiſtance of miſery. Then diſhonourably uſing them both in diet, and lodging, by a contempt to pull down their thoughts to yielding. But as before, the

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conſideration of a priſon had diſgraced all ornaments, ſo now the ſame conſideration made them attend all diſeaſefulneſs. Then ſtill as ſhe found thoſe not prevail, would ſhe go forward with giving them terrors, ſometimes with noiſe of horror, ſometimes with ſudden frightings in the night, when the ſolitary darkneſs thereof might eaſier aſtoniſh the diſarmed ſenſes. But to all virtue and love reſiſted, ſtrengthened one by the other, when each found it ſelf over vehemently aſſaulted; *Cecropia* ſtill ſweetning her fierceneſs with fair promiſes, if they would promiſe fair, that feeling evil, and ſeeing a way far better, their minds might the ſooner be mollified. But they that could not taſte her behaviour, when it was pleaſing indeed, could worſe now, when they had loſt all taſte by her injuries.

She reſolving all extremities, rather than fail of conqueſt, purſued on her rugged way: letting no day paſs, without new and new perplexing the poor ladies minds, and troubling their bodies; and ſtill ſwelling the more ſhe was ſtopped, and growing hot with her own doings; at length abominable rage carried her to abſolute tyrannies, ſo that taking with her certain old women (of wicked diſpoſitions, and apt for envy-ſake to be cruel to youth and beauty), with a countenance impoiſoned with malice, flew to the ſweet *Philoclea*, as if ſo many kites ſhould come about a white dove, and matching violent geſtures with miſchievous threatnings, ſhe having a rod in her hand (like a fury that ſhould carry wood to the burning of *Diana's* temple) fell to ſcourge that moſt beautiful body: love in vain holding the ſhield of beauty againſt her blind cruelty. The ſun drew clouds up to hide his face from ſo pitiful a ſight, and the very ſtone wall did yield drops of ſweat for agony of ſuch a miſchief: each ſenſleſs thing had ſenſe of pity; only they that had ſenſe were ſenſleſs. Virtue rarely found her worldly weakneſs more, than by the oppreſſion of that day: and

weeping

weeping *Cupid* told his weeping mother, that he wa ſorry he was not deaf as well as blind, that he might never know ſo lamentable a work. *Philoclea*, with tearful eyes, and ſobbing breaſt (as ſoon as her wearineſs rather than compaſſion gave her reſpite) kneeled down to *Cecropia*, and making pity in her face honourable, and torment delightful, beſought her ſince ſhe hated her (for what cauſe ſhe took god to witneſs ſhe knew not) that ſhe would at once take away her life, and not pleaſe her ſelf with the tormenting of a poor gentlewoman. If, ſaid ſhe, the common courſe of humanity cannot move you, nor the having me in your own walls cannot claim pity, nor womanly mercy, nor near alliance, nor remembrance, how miſerable ſoever now, that I am a prince's daughter, yet let the love, you have often told me, your ſon bears me ſo much procure, that for his ſake one death may be thought enough for me. I have not lived ſo many years, but that one death may be able to conclude them. Neither have my faults, I hope, been ſo many, but that one death may ſatisfy them. It is no great ſuit to an enemy, when but death is deſired. I crave but that. As for the granting your requeſt, know for certain you loſe your labours, being every day farther off minded from becoming his wife, who uſeth me like a ſlave. But that, inſtead of getting grace, renewed again *Cecropia's* fury; ſo that, excellent creature, ſhe was newly again tormented by thoſe helliſh monſters: *Cecropia* uſing no other words, but that ſhe was a proud and ungrateful wench, and that ſhe would teach her to know her own good, ſince of her ſelf ſhe would not conceive it. So that with ſilence and patience (like a fair gorgeous armour, hammered upon by an ill-favoured ſmith) ſhe abode her pitileſs dealing with her; till, rather reſerving her for more, than meaning to end, they left her to an uncomfortable leiſure, to conſider with her ſelf her fortune; both helpleſs, her ſelf being a priſoner;

er; and hopeleſs, ſince *Zelmane* was a priſoner; who therein only was ſhort of the bottom of miſery; that ſhe knew not how unworthily her angel, by theſe devils was abuſed: but wanted, god wot, no ſtings of grief, when thoſe words did but ſtrike upon her heart, that *Philoclea* was a captive, and ſhe not able to ſuccour her. For well ſhe knew the confidence *Philoclea* had in her, and well ſhe knew *Philoclea* had cauſe to have confidence, and all trodden under foot by the wheel of ſenſleſs fortune. Yet if there be that imperious power in the ſoul, as it can deliver knowledge to another, without bodily organs; ſo vehement were the working of their ſpirits, as one met with the other, though themſelves perceived it not, but only thought it to be the doubling of their own loving fancies. And that was the only worldly thing, whereon *Philoclea* reſted her mind, that ſhe knew ſhe ſhould dye beloved of *Zelmane*, and would dye rather than to be falſe to *Zelmane*. And ſo this moſt dainty nymph, eaſing the pain of her mind with thinking of another's pain; and almoſt forgetting the pain of her body, through the pain of her mind, ſhe waſted even longing for the concluſion of her tedious tragedy.

But for a while ſhe was unviſited, *Cecropia* employing her time in uſing the like cruelty upon *Pamela*, her heart growing not only to deſire the fruit of puniſhing them, but even to delight in the puniſhing them. But if ever the beams of perfection ſhined through the clouds of affliction, if ever virtue took a body to ſhew his (ſelf unconceivable) beauty, it was in *Pamela*. For when reaſon taught her there was no reſiſtance, (for to juſt reſiſtance firſt her heart was inclined) then with ſo heavenly a quietneſs, and ſo graceful a calmneſs, did ſhe ſuffer the divers kinds of torments ſhe uſed to her, that while they vexed her fair body, it ſeemed that ſhe rather directed than obeyed the vexation: when *Cecropia* ended, and asked whether her [illegible] would

would yield; ſhe a little ſmiled, but ſuch a ſmiling as ſhewed no love, and yet could not but be lovely. And then, beaſtly woman, ſaid ſhe, follow on, do what thou wilt, and canſt, upon me: for I know thy power is not unlimited. Thou mayeſt well wrack this ſilly body, but thou canſt never overthrow. For my part, I will not do thee the pleaſure to deſire death of thee: but aſſure thy ſelf, both my life and death ſhall triumph with honour, laying ſhame upon thy deteſtable tyranny.

And ſo, in effect, conquering their doing with her ſuffering, while *Cecropia* tryed as many ſorts of pains, as might rather vex them than ſpoil them (for that ſhe would not do while ſhe was in any hope to win either of them for her ſon) *Pamela* remained almoſt as much content with trial in her ſelf, what virtue could do, as grieved with the miſery wherein ſhe found her ſelf plunged; only ſometimes her thoughts ſoftened in her, when with open wings they flew to *Muſidorus*. For then ſhe would think with her ſelf, how grievouſly *Muſidorus* would take this her miſery; and ſhe, that wept not for her ſelf, wept yet *Muſidorus*'s tears which he would weep for her. For gentle love did eaſier yield to lamentation, than the conſtancy of virtue would elſe admit. Then would ſhe remember the caſe wherein ſhe had left her poor ſhepherd, and ſhe that wiſhed death for her ſelf, feared death for him; and ſhe that condemned in her ſelf the feebleneſs of ſorrow, yet thought it great reaſon to be ſorry for his ſorrow: and ſhe that long had prayed for the virtuous joyning themſelves together, now thinking to dye her ſelf, heartily prayed, that long time their fortunes might be ſeperated. Live long, my *Muſidorus*, would ſhe ſay, and let my name live in thy mouth, in thy heart my memory. Live long, that thou mayeſt love long the chaſte love of thy dead *Pamela*. Then ſhe would wiſh to her ſelf, that no other woman might ever poſſeſs his heart: and yet

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ſcarcely the wiſh was made a wiſh, when her ſelf would find fault with it, as being too unjuſt, that ſo excellent a man ſhould be baniſhed from the comfort of life. Then would ſhe fortify her reſolution, with bethinking the worſt, taking the counſel of virtue, and comfort of love.

So theſe diamonds of the world, whom nature had made to be preciouſly ſet in the eyes of men, to be the chief works of her workmanſhip, the chief ornaments of the world, and princeſſes of felicity, by rebellious injury were brought to the uttermoſt diſtreſs that an enemies heart could wiſh, or a woman's ſpite invent: *Cecropia* daily in one or other ſort puniſhing them, ſtill with her evil torments giving them fear of worſe, making the fear it ſelf the ſoreſt torment of all, that in the end, weary of their bodies, they ſhould be content to beſtow them at her appointment.

But as in labour, the more one doth exerciſe it, the more by the doing one is enabled to do, ſtrength growing upon the work; ſo as what at firſt would have ſeemed impoſſible, after grows eaſy; ſo theſe princeſſes, ſecond to none, and far from any ſecond, only to be matched by themſelves, with the uſe of ſuffering, their minds got the habit of ſuffering ſo, as all fears and terrors were to them but ſummons to a battle, whereof they knew beforehand they ſhould be victorious, and which in the ſuffering was painful, being ſuffered was a trophey to it ſelf: whereby *Cecropia* found her ſelf ſtill farther off: for whereat firſt ſhe might perchance have perſuaded them to have viſited her ſon, and have given him ſome comfort in his ſickneſs, drawing near to the confines of death's kingdom, now they proteſted, that they would never otherwiſe ſpeak to him, than as to the enemy, of moſt unjuſt cruelty towards them, that any time or place could ever make them know.

This

This made the poiſon ſwell in her cankered breaſt, perceiving, that, as in water, the more ſhe graſped the leſs ſhe held, but yet now having run ſo long the way of rigour, it was too late in reaſon, and too contrary to her paſſion, to return to a courſe of meekneſs. And therefore, taking counſel of one of her old aſſociates (who ſo far excelled in wickedneſs, as that ſhe had not only loſt all feeling of conſcience, but had gotten a very glory in evil) in the end they determined, that beating, and other ſuch ſharp dealing did not ſo much pull down a woman's heart, as it bred anger, and that nothing was more enemy to yielding, than anger; making their tender hearts take on the armour of obſtinacy: (for thus did their wicked minds, blind to the light of virtue, and owly-eyed in the night of wickedneſs, interpret it) and that therefore was no more to be tried. And for fear of death (which no queſtion would do moſt with them) they had been ſo often threatened, as they began to be familiarly acquainted with it, and learned to eſteem threatning words to be but words. Therefore the laſt, but the beſt way now was, that the one ſeeing indeed the other's death, ſhould perceive, there was no dallying meant: and then there was no doubt, that a woman's ſoul would do ſo much, rather then leave ſo beautiful a body.

This being concluded, *Cecropia* went to *Philoclea* and told her, that now ſhe was to come to the laſt part of the play, for her part though ſhe found her heard-hearted obſtinacy ſuch, that neither the ſweetneſs of loving means, nor the force of hard means could prevail with her, yet before ſhe would paſs to a farther degree of extremity, ſhe had ſought to win her ſiſter; in hopes that her ſon might be in time ſatisfied with the love of ſo fair a lady; but finding her alſo rather more than leſs wilful, ſhe was now minded that one of their deaths ſhould ſerve for an example to the other, that deſpiſing

worthy

worthy folks, was more hurtful to the deſpiſer, than the deſpiſed: that yet becauſe her ſon eſpecially affected her, and that in her own ſelf ſhe was more inclinable to pity her, than ſhe had deſerved, ſhe would begin with her ſiſter, who that afternoon ſhould have her head cut off before her face; if in the mean time one of them did not pull out their ill-wrought ſtitches of unkindneſs, ſhe bad her look for no other, nor longer time than ſhe told her. There was no aſſault given to the ſweet *Philoclea's* mind, that entred ſo far, as this: for where to all pains and dangers of her ſelf, fore-ſight, with his lieutenant reſolution, had made ready defence, now with the love ſhe bare her ſiſter, ſhe was driven to a ſtay, before ſhe determined: but long ſhe ſtayed not, before this reaſon did ſhine unto her, that ſince in her ſelf ſhe preferred death before ſuch a baſe ſervitude, love did teach her to wiſh the ſame to her ſiſter. Therefore croſſing her arms, and looking a ſideward, upon the ground, do what you will, ſaid ſhe, with us: for my part heaven ſhall melt before I be removed. But if you will follow my counſel, for your own ſake (for as for prayers for my ſake I have felt how little they prevail) let my death firſt ſerve for example to win her, who perchance is not ſo reſolved againſt *Amphialus*, and ſo ſhall you not only juſtly puniſh me, who indeed do hate both you and your ſon, but, if that may move you, you ſhall do more virtuouſly in preſerving one moſt worthy of life, and killing another moſt deſirous of death: laſtly, in winning her, inſtead of a peeviſh unhappy creature, that I am, you ſhall bleſs your ſon with the moſt excellent woman in all praiſeworthy things, that the world holdeth. But *Cecropia*, who had already ſet down to her ſelf what ſhe would do, both with bitter terms and countenance, told her, that ſhe ſhould not need to woo death over-eagerly: for if her ſiſter going before her did not teach her wit, her ſelf ſhould quickly follow.

For

For since they were not to be gotten, there was no way for her son's quiet, but to know that they were past getting. And so since no entreating, nor threatning might prevail, she bad her prepare her eyes for a new play, which she should see within few hours in the hall of that castle.

A place indeed over-fit for so unfit a matter: for being so stately made, that the bottom of it being even with the ground, the roof reached as high as any part of the castle, at either end it had convenient lodgings. In the one end was, one story from the ground, *Philoclea's* abode; in the other of even height, *Pamela's*, and *Zelmane's* in a chamber above her: but also vaulted of strong and thickly built stone, as one could no way hear the other, each of these chambers had a little window to look into the hall, but because the sisters should not have so much comfort, as to look one to another, there was, of the outsides, curtains drawn, which they could not reach with their hands, so barring the reach of their sight. But when the hour came that the tragedy should begin, and curtains were withdrawn from before the windows of *Zelmane*, and of *Philoclea:* a sufficient challenge to call their eyes to defend themselves in such an encounter. And by and by came in at one end of the hall, with about a dozen armed soldiers, a lady, led by a couple, with her hands bound before her: from above her eyes to her lips muffled with a fair kerchief, but from her mouth to her shoulders all bare: and so was led on to a scaffold raised a good deal from the floor, and all covered with crimson velvet. But neither *Zelmane*, nor *Philoclea* needed to be told who she was: for the apparel she wore, made them too well assured that it was the admirable *Pamela.* Whereunto the rare whiteness of her naked neck gave sufficient testimony to their astonished senses. But the fair lady being come to the scaffold, and then made to kneel down, and so left by her unkind supporters, as it seemed

ſeemed that ſhe was about to ſpeak ſomewhat (whereunto *Philoclea*, poor ſoul, earneſtly liſtened, according to her ſpeech, even minding to frame her mind, her heart never till then almoſt wavering to ſave her ſiſter's life) before the unfortunate lady could pronounce three words, the executioner cut off the one's ſpeech, and the other's attention, with making his ſword do his cruel office upon that beautiful neck. Yet the pittileſs ſword had ſuch pity of ſo precious an object, that at firſt it did but hit flatlong. But that little availed, ſince the lady falling down aſtoniſhed withal, the cruel villain forced the ſword with another blow, to divorce the fair marriage of the head and body.

And this was done ſo in an inſtant, that the very act did over-run *Philoclea's* ſorrow (ſorrow not being able ſo quickly to thunderbolt her heart through her ſenſes, but firſt only oppreſt her with a ſtorm of amazement) but when her eyes ſaw that they did ſee, as condemning themſelves to have ſeen it, they became weary of their own power of ſeeing, and her ſoul then drinking up woe with great draughts, ſhe fell down to deadly trances: but her waiting jaylors with cruel pity brought loathed life unto her; which yet many times took his leave, as though he would indeed depart: but when he was ſtayed by force, he kept with him deadly ſorrow, which thus exerciſed her mourning ſpeech: *Pamela*, my ſiſter, my ſiſter, *Pamela*, woe is me for thee, I would I had died for thee. *Pamela* never more ſhall I ſee thee; never more ſhall I enjoy thy ſweet company, and wiſe counſel. Alas, thou art gone to beautify heaven, and haſt left me here, who have nothing good in me, but that I did ever love thee, and ever will lament thee. Let this day be noted of all virtuous folks for moſt unfortunate; let it never be mentioned, but among curſes, and curſed be they that did this miſchief, and moſt curſed be mine eyes that beheld it. Sweet *Pamela*, that head is

ſtricken off, where only wiſdom might be ſpoken withall; that body is deſtroyed, which was the living book of virtue. Dear *Pamela*, how haſt thou left me to all wretchedneſs and miſery? yet while thou livedſt, in thee I breathed, of thee I hoped. O *Pamela*, how much did I for thy excellency honour thee, more than my mother; and love thee more than my ſelf! never more ſhall I lye with thee; never more ſhall we bathe in the pleaſant river together; never more ſhall I ſee thee in thy ſhepherd's apparel. But thou art gone, and where am I? *Pamela* is dead, and live I? O my god! and with that ſhe fell again in a ſwoon, ſo as it was a great while before they could bring her to her ſelf again; but being come to her ſelf. Alas, ſaid ſhe, unkind women, ſince you have given me ſo many deaths, torment me not now with life: for god's ſake let me go, and excuſe your hands of more blood. Let me follow my *Pamela*, whom ever I ſought to follow. Alas, *Pamela*, they will not let me come to thee. But if they keep promiſe I ſhall tread thine own ſteps after thee. For to what am I born, miſerable ſoul! but to be moſt unhappy in my ſelf, and yet more unhappy in others? but O that a thouſand more miſeries had chanced unto me, ſo thou hadſt not dyed: *Pamela*, my ſiſter *Pamela*. And ſo like a lamentable *Philomela*, complained ſhe the horrible wrong done to her ſiſter, which if ſtirred not in the wicked'ſt cloſed minds of her tormentors, a pity of her ſorrow, yet bred it a wearineſs of her ſorrow: ſo as by leaving one to prevent any harm ſhe ſhould do her ſelf, the reſt went away, conſulting again with *Cecropia*, how to make profit of this their late bloody act.

In the end, that woman that uſed moſt to keep company with *Zelmane*, told *Cecropia* that ſhe found by many more ſenſible proofs in *Zelmane*, that there was never woman ſo loved another, as ſhe loved *Philoclea*: which was the cauſe that ſhe, farther than

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the commandment of *Cecropia*, had cauſed *Zelmane*'s curtains to be alſo drawn: becauſe having, the ſame ſpectacle that *Philoclea* had, ſhe might ſtand in the greater fear for her, whom ſhe loved ſo well: and that indeed ſhe had hit the needle in that device: for never ſaw ſhe creature ſo aſtoniſhed as *Zelmane*, exceeding ſorry for *Pamela*, but exceedingly exceeding that exceedingneſs in fear for *Philoclea*. Therefore her advice was, ſhe ſhould cauſe *Zelmane* to come and ſpeak with *Philoclea*. For there being ſuch vehemency of friendſhip between them, it was moſt likely both to move *Zelmane* to perſuade, and *Philoclea* to be perſuaded. *Cecropia* liked well of the counſel, and gave order to the ſame woman to go deal therein with *Zelmane*, and to aſſure her with oath, that *Cecropia* was determined *Philoclea* ſhould paſs the ſame way that *Pamela* had done, without ſhe did yield to ſatisfy the extremity of her ſon's affection: which the woman did, adding thereunto many, as ſhe thought, good reaſons to make *Zelmane* think *Amphialus* a fit match for *Philoclea*.

But *Zelmane* (who had from time to time underſtood the cruel dealing they had uſed to the ſiſters, and now had her own eyes wounded with the ſight of one's death) was ſo confuſed withal (her courage ſtill rebelling againſt her wit, deſiring ſtill with force to do impoſſible matters) that as her deſire was ſtopped with power, ſo her conſ[illegible] was darkened with a miſt of deſire. For blind love and invincible valour ſtill would cry out, that it could not be, *Philoclea* ſhould be in ſo miſerable eſtate, and ſhe not relieve her: and ſo while ſhe haled her wit to her courage, ſhe drew it from his own limits. But now *Philoclea*'s death, a word able to marſhal all his thoughts in order, being come to ſo ſhort a point, either with ſmall delay to be ſuffered, or by the giving her ſelf to another to be prevented, ſhe was driven to think and to deſire ſome leiſure of thinking; which the woman granted for that night unto

her. A night that was not half ſo black, as her mind; nor half ſo ſilent, as was fit for her muſing thoughts. At laſt, he that would fain have deſperately loſt a thouſand lives for her ſake, could not find in his heart, that ſhe ſhould loſe any life for her own ſake; and he that deſpiſed his own death in reſpect of honour, yet could well nigh diſpence with honour it ſelf in reſpect of *Philoclea*'s death; for once the thought could not enter into his heart, nor the breath iſſue out of his mouth, which could conſent to *Philoclea*'s death for any bargain. Then how to prevent the next degree to death, which was her being poſſeſſed by another, was the point of his mind's labour: and in that he found no other way, but that *Philoclea* ſhould pretend a yielding unto *Cecropia*'s requeſt; and ſo by ſpeaking with *Amphialus*, and making fair, but delaying, promiſes, procure liberty for *Zelmane*; who only wiſhed but to come by a ſword, not doubting then to deſtroy them all, and deliver *Philoclea*: ſo little did both the men, and their forces ſeem in her eyes, looking down upon them from the high top of affection's tower.

With that mind therefore, but firſt well bound, ſhe was brought to *Philoclea*, having already plotted out in her conceit, how ſhe would deal with her: and ſo came ſhe with heart and eyes, which did each ſacrifice either love upon the altar of ſorrow: and there had the pleaſing diſpleaſing ſight of *Philoclea*: *Philoclea*, whom already the extream ſenſe of ſorrow had brought to a dulneſs therein, her face not without tokens that beauty had been by many miſeries cruelly battered, and yet ſhewed it moſt the perfection of that beauty, which could remain unoverthrown by ſuch enemies. But when *Zelmane* was ſet down by her, and the woman gone away (becauſe ſhe might be the better perſuaded when no body was by, that had heard her ſay ſhe would not be perſuaded) then began firſt the eyes to ſpeak, and

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the hearts to cry out: ſorrow a while would needs ſpeak his own language, without uſing their tongues to be their interpreters. At laſt *Zelmane* brake ſilence, but ſpake with the only eloquence of amazement: for all her long methodized oration was inherited only by ſuch kind of ſpeeches. Dear lady, in extream neceſſities we muſt not. But alas unfortunate wretch that I am, that I live to ſee this day. And I take heaven and earth to witneſs, that nothing, and with that her breaſt ſwelled ſo with ſpite and grief, that her breath had not leiſure to turn it ſelf into words. But the ſweet *Philoclea* that had already died in *Pamela*, and of the other ſide had the heavineſs of her heart ſomething quickened in the moſt beloved ſight of *Zelmane*, gueſſed ſomewhat at *Zelmane*'s mind, and therefore ſpake unto her in this ſort: My *Pyrocles*, ſaid ſhe, I know this exceeding comfort of your preſence, is not brought unto me for any good will that is owed unto me: but, as I ſuppoſe, to make you perſuade me to ſave my life with the ranſom of mine honour: although no body ſhould be ſo unfit a pleader in that cauſe as your ſelf, yet perchance you would have me live. Your honour? God forbid, ſaid *Zelmane*, that ever, for any cauſe, I ſhould yield to any touch of it. But a while to pretend ſome affection, till time, or my liberty might work ſomething for your ſervice, this if my aſtoniſhed ſenſes would give me leave, I would fain have perſuaded you.

To what purpoſe, my *Pyrocles*, ſaid *Philoclea*? of a miſerable time what gain is there? hath *Pamela*'s example wrought no more in me? is a captive life ſo much worth? can it ever go out of theſe lips, that I love any other but *Pyrocles*? ſhall my tongue be ſo falſe a traytor to my heart, as to ſay I love any other but *Pyrocles*? and why ſhould I do all this to live? O *Pamela*, ſiſter *Pamela*, why ſhould I live? only for thy ſake *Pyrocles*, I would live: but to thee I know too well I ſhall not live; and if not

to thee hath thy love ſo baſe allay, my *Pyrocles*, as to wiſh me to live? for diſſimulation, my *Pyrocles*, my ſimplicity is ſuch, that I have hardly been able to keep a ſtraight way, what ſhall I do in a crooked? But in this caſe there is no mean of diſſimulation, not for the cunningeſt; preſent anſwer is required, and preſent performance upon the anſwer. Art thou ſo terrible, O death? no my *Pyrocles*; and for that I do thank thee, and in my ſoul thank thee: for I confeſs the love of thee is herein my chiefeſt virtue. Trouble me not therefore dear *Pyrocles*, nor double not my death by tormenting my reſolution: ſince I cannot live with thee, I will dye for thee. Only remember me, dear *Pyrocles*, and love the remembrance of me: and if I may crave ſo much of thee, let me be thy laſt love; for though I be not worthy of thee, who indeed art the worthieſt creature living, yet remember that my love was a worthy love. But *Pyrocles* was ſo overcome with ſorrow (which wiſdom and virtue made juſt in ſo excellent a lady's caſe, full of ſo excellent kindneſs) that words were aſhamed to come forth, knowing how weak they were to expreſs his mind, and her merit: and therefore ſo ſtayed in a deadly ſilence, forſaken of hope, and forſaking comfort: till the appointed guardians came in, to ſee the fruits of *Zelmane*'s labour: and then *Zelmane* warned by their preſence, fell again to perſuade, though ſcarcely her ſelf could tell what; but in vain, deſirous of delays. But *Philoclea*, ſweetly continuing conſtant, and in the end, punishing importunity with ſilence, *Zelmane* was fain to end. Yet craving another time's conference, ſhe obtained it, and divers others; till at the laſt *Cecropia* found it to no purpoſe, and therefore determined to follow her own way. *Zelmane* yet ſtill deſirous to win, by any means, reſpite, even waſted with ſorrow and uncertain, whether in worſe caſe in her preſence, or abſence, being able to do nothing for *Philoclea*'s ſuccour, but by ſubmitting

ting the greateſt courage of the earth to fall at the feet of *Cecropia*, and crave ſtay of their ſentence till the uttermoſt was ſeen, what her perſuaſions might do.

Cecropia ſeemed much to be moved by her importunity, ſo as divers days were won of painful life to the excellent *Philoclea*: while *Zelmane* ſuffered ſome hope to cheriſh her mind, eſpecially truſting upon the help of *Muſidorus*, who, ſhe knew, would not be idle in this matter; till one morning a noiſe awaked *Zelmane*, from whoſe over-watchful mind, the tired body had ſtolen a little ſleep: and ſtraight with the firſt opening of her eyes, care taking his wonted place, ſhe ran to the window which looked into the hall (for that way the noiſe guided her) and there might ſhe ſee (the curtain being left open ever ſince the laſt execution) ſeven or eight perſons in a cluſter upon the ſcaffold: who by and by retiring themſelves, nothing was to be ſeen thereupon, but a baſon of gold pitifully enamelled with blood, and in the midſt of it, the head of the moſt beautiful *Philoclea*. The horribleneſs of the miſchief was ſuch, as *Pyrocles* could not at firſt believe his own ſenſes, but bent his woful eyes to diſcern it better: where too well he might ſee it was *Philoclea*'s ſelf, having no veil, but beauty over her face, which ſtill appeared to be alive, ſo did thoſe eyes ſhine, even as they were wont, and they were wont more then any other: and ſometimes as they moved, it might well make the beholder think, that death therein had borrowed her beauty, and not they any way diſgraced by death, ſo ſweet and [illegible] a grace they carried with them.

It was not a pity, it was not amazement, it was not a ſorrow which then laid hold on *Pyrocles*, but a wild fury of deſperate agony: ſo that he cryed out, O tyrant heaven, traytor earth, blind providence, no juſtice, how is this done? how is this ſuffered? hath this world a government? if it have, let it pour out all his miſchiefs upon me, and ſee

whether it have power to make me more wretched than I am. Did she excel for this? have I prayed for this? abominable hand that did it; detestable devil that commanded it; cursed light that beheld it: and if the light be cursed, what are then mine eyes that have seen it? and have I seen *Philoclea* dead; and do I live? and have I lived not to help her, but to talk of her? and stand I still talking? and with that, carried by the madness of anguish, not having a readier way to kill himself, he ran as hard as ever he could with his head against the wall, with intention to brain himself: but the haste to do it made the doing the slower. For as he came to give the blow, his foot tript, so as it came not with the full force: yet forcible enough to strike him down, and withal to deprive him of his sense, so that he lay a while comforted by the hurt, in that he felt not his discomfort.

And when he came again to himself, he heard, or he thought he heard a voice which cryed, Revenge, Revenge, unto him; whether indeed it were his good angel which used that voice to stay him from unnatural murdering of himself, or that his wandering spirits lighted upon that conceit, and by their weakness, subject to apprehensions, supposed they heard. But that indeed helped with virtue and her valiant servant anger, stopped him from present destroying of himself: yielding in reason and manhood, first to destroy man, woman, and child, that were any way of kin to them that were accessary to this cruelty; then to raze the castle, and to build a sumptuous monument for her sister, and a most sumptuous one for her self, and then himself to dye upon her tomb. This determining in himself to do, and to seek all means how, for that purpose, to get out of prison, he was content a while to bear the thirst of death; and yet went he again to the window, to kiss the beloved head with his eyes; but there saw he nothing but the scaffold, all covered over with scar-

ſcarlet, and nothing but ſolitary ſilence to mourn this miſchief. But then, ſorrow having diſperſed it ſelf from his heart, into his noble parts, it proclaimed his authority, in cries and tears, and with a more gentle dolefulneſs could pour out his inward evil.

Alas, ſaid ſhe, and is that head taken away too, ſo ſoon from my eyes? What, mine eyes, perhaps they envy the excellency of your ſorrow? indeed, there is nothing now left to become the eyes of all mankind, but tears: and woe be to me, if any exceed me in wofulneſs. I do conjure you all my ſenſes, to accept no object but of ſorrow, be aſhamed, nay abhor to think of comfort. Unhappy eyes, you have ſeen too much, that ever the light ſhould be welcome to you: unhappy ears, you ſhall never hear the muſick of muſick in her voice: unhappy heart that haſt lived to feel theſe pangs. Thou haſt done thy worſt, world, and curſed be thou, and curſed art thou, ſince to thine own ſelf thou haſt done the worſt thou couldſt do. Exiled beauty, let only now thy beauty be blubbered faces. Widdowed muſick, let now thy tunes be roarings, and lamentations. Orphan virtue, get thee wings, and fly after her into heaven: here is no dwelling place for thee. Why lived I, alas? alas, why loved I? to dye wretched, and to be the example of the heavens hate? and hate and ſpare not, for your worſt blow is ſtricken. Sweet *Philoclea*, thou art gone, and haſt carried with thee my love, and haſt left thy love alone, and I wretchman do live; I live, to dye continually, till thy revenge do give me leave to dye; and then dye I will, my *Philoclea*, my heart willingly makes this promiſe to it ſelf. Surely he did not look on thee when he gave the cruel blow, for no eye could have abiden to ſee ſuch beauty overthrown by ſuch miſchief. Alas, why ſhould they divide ſuch a head from ſuch a body? no other body is worthy of that head; no other head is worthy of that body: O yet if I had taken my laſt leave, if I might have

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taken a holy kiſs from that dying mouth! where art thou hope, which promiſeſt never to leave a man while he liveth? tell me, what canſt thou hope for? nay tell me, what is there that I would willingly hope after? wiſhing power, which is accounted infinite, what now is left to wiſh for? ſhe is gone, and gone with her all my hope, all my wiſhing. Love be aſhamed to be called love. Cruel hate, unſpeakable hate is victorious over thee. Who is there now left that can juſtify thy tyranny, and give reaſon to thy paſſion? O cruel divorce of the ſweeteſt marriage that ever was in nature: *Philoclea* is dead, and dead is with her all goodneſs, all ſweetneſs, all excellency. *Philoclea* is dead, and yet life is not aſhamed to continue upon the earth. *Philoclea* is dead: O deadly word, which containeth in it ſelf the uttermoſt of all misfortunes. But happy word when thou ſhalt be ſaid of me, and long it ſhall not be, before it be ſaid.

Then ſtopping his words with ſighs, drowning his ſighs in tears, and drying again his tears in rage, he would ſit a while in a wandering muſe, which repreſented nothing but vexations unto him; then throwing himſelf ſometime upon the floor, and ſometimes upon the bed: then up again, till walking was weariſome, and reſt loathſome: and ſo neither ſuffering food, nor ſleep to help his afflicted nature, all that day and night he did nothing but weep *Philoclea*, ſigh *Philoclea*, and cry out *Philoclea*; till I, as it happened (at that time upon his bed) toward the dawning of the day he heard one ſtir in his chamber, by the motion of garments; and with an angry voice asked, Who was there? a poor gentlewoman, anſwered the party, that wiſh long life unto you. And I ſoon death to you, ſaid he, for the horrible curſe you have given me. Certainly, ſaid ſhe, an unkind anſwer, and far unworthy the excellency of your mind, but not unſuitable to the reſt of your behaviour. For moſt part of this night I have heard you (being let into your chamber, you never

never perceiving it, ſo was your mind eſtranged from your ſenſes) and have heard nothing of *Zelmane*, in *Zelmane*, nothing but weak wailing, fitter for ſome nurſe of a village, then ſo famous a creature as you are. O god, cryed out *Pyrocles*, that thou wert a man that uſeſt theſe words unto me. I tell thee I am ſorry, I tell thee I will be ſorry, in the deſpite of thee, and all them that would have me joyful. And yet replied ſhe, perchance *Philoclea* is not dead, whom you ſo much bemoan. I would we were both dead, on that condition, ſaid *Pyrocles*. See the folly of your paſſion, ſaid ſhe, as though you ſhould be nearer to her, you being dead and ſhe alive, than ſhe being dead, and you alive? and if ſhe be dead, was ſhe not born to dye? what then do you cry out for? not for her, who muſt have dyed one time or other; but for ſome few years: ſo as it is time and this world, that ſeem ſo lovely things, and not *Philoclea* unto you. O noble ſiſters, cryed *Pyrocles*, now you be gone, who were the only exalters of all womankind, what is left in that ſex, but babling and buſineſs? and truly, ſaid ſhe, I will yet a little longer trouble you. Nay, I pray you do, ſaid *Pyrocles*, for I wiſh for nothing in my ſhort life but miſchiefs and cumbers: and I am content you ſhall be one of them. In truth, ſaid ſhe, you would think your ſelf a greatly privileged perſon, if ſince the ſtrongeſt building, and laſtingeſt monarchies are ſubject to end, only your *Philoclea*, becauſe ſhe is yours, ſhould be exempted. But indeed you bemoan your ſelf, who have loſt a friend; you cannot her, who hath in one act both preſerved her honour, and left the miſeries of this world. O woman's philoſophy, childiſh folly, ſaid *Pyrocles*, as though I do bemoan my ſelf: I have not reaſon ſo to do, having loſt more than any monarchy, nay than my life can be worth unto me. Alas, ſaid ſhe, comfort your ſelf; nature did not forget her skill, when ſhe made them: you ſhall find many their ſuperiours, and perchance

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ſuch, as when your eyes ſhall look abroad, your ſelf will like better.

But that ſpeech put all good manners out of the conceit of *Pyrocles*; inſomuch, that leaping out of his bed, he ran to have ſtricken her: but coming near her (the morning then winning the field of darkneſs) he ſaw, or he thought he ſaw, indeed, the very face of *Philoclea*; the ſame ſweetneſs, the ſame grace, the ſame beauty: with which carried into a divine aſtoniſhment; he fell down at her feet. Moſt bleſſed angel, ſaid he, well haſt thou done to take that ſhape, ſince thou wouldeſt ſubmit thy ſelf to mortal ſenſe; for a more angelical form could not have been created for thee. Alas, even by that excellent beauty, ſo beloved of me, let it be lawful for me to ask of thee, what is the cauſe that ſhe, that heavenly creature, whoſe form you have taken, ſhould by the heavens be deſtined to ſo unripe an end? why ſhould injuſtice ſo prevail? why was ſhe ſeen to the world ſo ſoon to be raviſhed from us? why was ſhe not ſuffered to live, to teach the world perfection? Do not deceive thy ſelf, anſwered ſhe, I am no angel; I am *Philoclea*, the ſame *Philoclea*, ſo truly loving you, ſo truly beloved of you. If it be ſo, ſaid he, that you are indeed the ſon of *Philoclea*, you have done well to keep your own figure; for no heaven could have given you a better. Then alas why have you taken the pains to leave your bliſsful ſeat to come to this place moſt wretched, to me who am wretchedneſs it ſelf, and not rather obtain for me, that I might come where you are, there eternally to behold, and eternally to love your beauties? You know, I know, that I deſire nothing but death, which I only ſtay to be juſtly revenged of your unjuſt murtherers. Dear *Pyrocles*, ſaid ſhe, I am thy *Philoclea*, and as yet living: not murdered as you ſuppoſed, and therefore be comforted. And with that gave him her hand. But the ſweet touch of that hand ſeemed to his eſtrayed powers

powers ſo heavenly a thing, that it rather for a while confirmed him in his former belief: till ſhe with vehement proteſtations (and deſire that it might be ſo, helping to perſuade that it was ſo) brought him to yield; yet doubtfully to yield to this height of all comfort that *Philoclea* lived: which witneſſing with tears of joy; Alas, ſaid he, how ſhall I believe mine eyes any more? or do you yet but appear thus unto me, to ſtay me from ſome deſperate end? for alas, I ſaw the excellent *Pamela* beheaded: I ſaw your head (the head indeed, and chief part indeed of all nature's works) ſtanding in a diſh of gold, to mean a ſhrine, god wot, for ſuch a relique. How can this be, my only dear, and you live? or if this be not ſo, how can I believe mine own ſenſes? and if I cannot believe them, why ſhould I believe theſe bleſſed tidings they bring me?

The truth is, ſaid ſhe, my *Pyrocles*, that neither I, as you find, nor yet my dear ſiſter is dead: although the miſchievouſly ſubtle *Cecropia* uſed ſleights to make either of us think ſo of other. For, having in vain attempted the fartheſt of her wicked eloquence to make either of us yield to her ſon: and ſeeing that neither it, accompanied with great flatteries and rich preſents, could get any ground of us, nor yet the violent way ſhe fell into of cruelty tormenting our bodies, could prevail with us, at laſt, ſhe made either of us think the other dead, and ſo hoped to have wreſted our minds to the forgetting of virtue: and firſt ſhe gave to mine eyes the miſerable ſpectacle of my ſiſter's, as I thought, death: but indeed it was not my ſiſter; it was only *Arteſia*, ſhe, who ſo cunningly brought us to this miſery. Truly I am ſorry for the poor gentlewoman, though juſtly ſhe be puniſhed for her double falſhood: but *Arteſia* muffled ſo, as you could not eaſily diſcern her, and in my ſiſter's apparel, which they had taken from her under colour of giving her other, did they execute: and when I, for thy ſake eſpecially dear

Pyrocles, could by no force, nor fear be won, they aſſayed the like with my ſiſter, by bringing me down under the ſcaffold, and, making me thruſt my head up through a hole they had made therein, they did put about my poor neck a diſh of gold, whereout they had beaten the bottom, ſo as having ſet blood in it, you ſaw how I played the part of death (god knows even willing to have done it in earneſt) and ſo they had ſet me, that I reached but on tip-toes to the ground, ſo as I ſcarcely could breath, much leſs ſpeak: and truly if they had kept me there any whit longer, they had ſtrangled me, inſtead of beheading me: but then they took me away, and ſeeking to ſee their iſſue of this practice, they found my noble ſiſter, for the dear love ſhe vouchſafeth to bear me, ſo grieved withal, that ſhe willed them to do their uttermoſt cruelty unto her: for ſhe vowed never to receive ſuſtenance of them that had been the cauſers of my murther: and finding both of us, even given over, not likely to live many hours longer, and my ſiſter *Pamela* rather worſe than my ſelf, (the ſtrength of her heart worſe bearing thoſe indignities) the good woman *Cecropia* (with the ſame pity as folks keep fowls, when they are not fat enough for their eating) made us know her deceit, and let us come one to another; with that joy you can well imagine, who I know feel the like, ſaving that we only thought our ſelves reſerved to miſeries, and therefore fitter for condoling, then congratulating. For my part I am fully perſuaded, it is but with a little reſpite, to have a more feeling ſenſe of the torment ſhe prepares for us. True it is, that one of my guardians would have me to believe; that this proceeds from my gentle couſin *Amphialus*: who having heard ſome inkling that we were evil intreated, had called his mother to his bedſide, from whence he never roſe ſince his laſt combat, and beſought, and charged her upon all the love ſhe bore him, to uſe us with all kindneſs:

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vowing with all imprecations he could imagine, that if ever he underſtood, for his ſake that I received farther hurt than the want of liberty, he would not live an hour longer. And the good woman ſwore to me that he would kill his mother, if he knew how I had been dealt with, but that *Cecropia* keeps him from underſtanding things how they paſs, only having heard a whiſpering, and my ſelf named, he had (of abundance forſooth, of honourable love) given this charge for us; whereupon this enlargement of mine was grown: for my part, I know too well their cunning, who leave no money unoffered that may buy mine honour, to believe any word they ſay, but, my dear *Pyrocles*, even look for the worſt, and prepare thy ſelf for the ſame. Yet I muſt confeſs, I was content to rob from death, and borrow of my miſery the ſweet comfort of ſeeing my ſweet ſiſter, and moſt ſweet comfort of thee my *Pyrocles*. And ſo having leave, I came ſtealing into your chamber: where, O lord, what a joy it was unto me, to hear you ſolemnize the funerals of the poor *Philoclea*. That I my ſelf might live to hear my death bewailed? and by whom? by my dear *Pyrocles*. That I ſaw death was not ſtrong enough to divide thy love from me? O my *Pyrocles*, I am too well payed for my pains. I have ſuffered: joyful is my woe for ſo noble a cauſe; and welcome be all miſeries, ſince to thee I am ſo welcome. Alas how I pitied to hear thy pity of me; and yet a great while I could not find in my heart to interrupt thee, but often had even pleaſure to weep with thee: and ſo kindly came forth thy lamentations, that they enforced me to lament too, as if indeed I had been a looker on, to ſee poor *Philoclea* dye. Till at laſt I ſpoke with you, to try whether I could remove thee from ſorrow, till I had almoſt procured my ſelf a beating. And with that ſhe prettily ſmiled; which mingled with her tears, one could not tell whether it was a mourning pleaſure, or a delightful ſorrow: but like

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when a few *April* drops are ſcattered by a gentle *Zephirus* among fine coloured flowers. But *Pyrocles*, who had felt, with ſo ſmall diſtance of time, in himſelf the overthrow both of hope and deſpair, knew not to what key he ſhould frame his mind, either of joy or ſorrow. But finding perfect reaſon in neither, ſuffered himſelf to be carried by the tide of his imagination, and his imaginations to be raiſed even by the ſway, which hearing or ſeeing might give unto them: he ſaw her alive, he was glad to ſee her alive; he ſaw her weep, he was ſorry to ſee her weep; he heard her comfortable ſpeeches, nothing more gladſome; he heard her prognoſticating her own deſtruction, nothing more doleful. But when he had a little taken breath from the panting motion of ſuch contraries in paſſions, he fell to conſider with her of her preſent eſtate, but comforting her, that certainly the worſt of this ſtorm was paſt, ſince already they had done the worſt, which man's wit could imagine, and that if they had determined to have killed her, now they would have done it, and alſo earneſtly counſelling her, and enabling his counſels with vehement prayers, that ſhe would ſo far ſecond the hopes of *Amphialus*, as that ſhe might but procure him liberty; promiſing then as much to her, as the liberality of loving courage durſt promiſe to himſelf.

But who could lively deſcribe the manner of theſe ſpeeches, ſhould paint out the lightſome colours of affection, ſhaded with the deepeſt ſhadows of ſorrow, finding them between hope and fear, a kind of ſweetneſs in tears; till *Philoclea* content to receive a kiſs, and but a kiſs of *Pyrocles*, ſealed up his moving lips, and cloſed them up in comfort: and her ſelf (for the paſſage was left between them open) went to her ſiſter; with whom ſhe had ſtayed but a while, fortifying one another while *Philoclea* tempered *Pamela*'s juſt diſdain, and *Pamela* ennobled *Philoclea*'s ſweet humbleneſs, when *Amphialus* came unto them: who never ſince he had heard *Philoclea* named,

med, could be quiet in himſelf, although none of them about him (fearing more his mother's violence than his power) would diſcover what had paſſed: and many meſſengers he ſent to know her eſtate, which brought anſwer back, according as it pleaſed *Cecropia* to indite them, till his heart full of unfortunate affection, more and more miſgiving him, having impatiently born the delay of the night's unfitneſs, this morning he got up, and though full of wounds, which not without danger could ſuffer ſuch exerciſe, he apparelled himſelf, and with the countenance, that ſhewed ſtrength in nothing but in grief, he came where the ſiſters were; and weakly kneeling down, he beſought them to pardon him: if they had not been uſed in that caſtle according to their worthineſs, and his duty, beginning to excuſe ſmall matters, poor gentleman, not knowing in what ſort they had been handled.

But *Pamela*'s high heart, (having conceived mortal hatred for the injury offered to her and her ſiſter) could ſcarcely abide his ſight, much leſs hear out his excuſes, but interrupted him wirh theſe words. Traytor, ſaid ſhe, to thine own blood, and falſe to the profeſſion of ſo much love as thou haſt vowed, do not defile our eares with thy excuſes, but purſue on thy cruelty, that thou and thy godly mother have uſed towards us: for my part, aſſure thy ſelf, and ſo do I anſwer for my ſiſter, whoſe mind I know, I do not more deſire mine own ſafety then thy deſtruction. Amazed with this ſpeech, he turned his eye full of humble ſorrowfulneſs, to *Philoclea*: and is this, moſt excellent Lady, your doom of me alſo: ſhe, ſweet Lady, ſat weeping: for as her moſt noble kinſman, ſhe had ever favoured him, and loved his love, though ſhe could not be in love with his perſon; and now partly unkindneſs of his wrong, partly pity of his caſe, made her ſweet mind yield ſome tears, before ſhe could anſwer; and her anſwer was no other, but that ſhe had the ſame cauſe as her ſiſter

had. He replied no further, but delivering from his heart two or three (untaught) ſighs, roſe, and with moſt low reverence, went out of their chamber, and ſtraight by threatning torture, learned of one of the women in what terrible manner thoſe princeſſes had been uſed. But when he heard it, crying out, O god! and then not able to ſay any more, for his ſpeech went back to rebound woe upon his heart, he needed no judge to go upon him; for no man could ever think any other worthy of greater puniſhment, then he thought himſelf. Full therefore of the horribleſt deſpair, which a moſt guilty conſcience could breed, with wild looks promiſing ſome terrible iſſue, underſtanding his mother was upon the top of the leads, he caught one of his ſervant's ſwords from him, and none of them daring to ſtay him, he went up, carried by fury, inſtead of ſtrength, where ſhe was at that time, muſing how to go through with this matter, and reſolving to make much of her nieces in ſhew, and ſecretly to impoyſon them; thinking ſince they were not to be won, her ſon's love would no otherwiſe be mitigated.

But when ſhe ſaw him come in with a ſword drawn, and a look more terrible than the ſword; ſhe ſtraight was ſtricken with the guiltineſs of her own conſcience: yet the well-known humbleneſs of her ſon ſomewhat animated her, till he coming near her, and crying to her, Thou damnable creature, only fit to bring forth ſuch a monſter of unhappineſs as I am; ſhe fearing he would have ſtricken her (though indeed he meant it not, but only intended to kill himſelf in her preſence) went back ſo far, till e'er ſhe were aware, ſhe overthrew her ſelf from over the leads, to receive her death's kiſs at the ground: and yet was ſhe not ſo happy as preſently to dye, but that ſhe had time with helliſh agony to ſee her ſon's miſchief, whom ſhe loved ſo well, before her end, when ſhe confeſſed (with moſt deſperate, but not repenting mind) the purpoſe ſhe had

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to impoyſon the princeſſes, and would then have had them murdered. But every body ſeeing, and glad to ſee her end, had left obedience to her tyranny. And, if it could be, her ruin increaſed woe in the noble heart of *Amphialus*, who when he ſaw her fall, had his own rage ſtayed a little with the ſuddenneſs of her deſtruction; and was I not miſerable enough before, ſaid he, but that before my end I muſt be the death of my mother? who, how wicked ſoever, yet I would ſhe had received her punishment by ſome other. O *Amphialus*, wretched *Amphialus*, thou haſt lived to be the death of thy moſt dear companion and friend *Philoxenus*, and of his father, thy moſt careful foſter-father. Thou haſt lived to kill a lady with thine own hands, and ſo excellent and virtuous a lady as the fair *Parthenia* was; thou haſt lived to ſee thy faithful *Iſmenus* ſlain in ſuccouring thee, and thou not able to defend him; thou haſt lived to ſhew thy ſelf ſuch a coward, as that one unknown knight could overcome thee in thy lady's preſence: thou haſt lived to bear arms againſt thy rightful prince, thine own uncle: thou haſt lived to be accounted, and juſtly accounted a traytor, by the moſt excellent perſons that this world holdeth: thou haſt lived to be the death of her, that gave thee life. But ah wretched *Amphialus*, thou haſt lived for thy ſake, and by thy authority, to have *Philoclea* tormented. O heavens, in *Amphialus*'s caſtle, where *Amphialus* commanded, tormented, tormented: Torment of my ſoul, *Philoclea* tormented, and thou haſt had ſuch comfort in thy life, as to live all this while. Perchance this hand, uſed only to miſchievous acts, thinks it were too good a deed to kill me; or elſe filthy hand, only worthy to kill women, thou art afraid to ſtrike a man. Fear not cowardly hand, for thou ſhalt kill but a cowardly traytor: and do it gladly; for thou ſhalt kill him whom *Philoclea* hateth. With that furiouſly he tore open his doublet, and ſetting the

pommel of the sword to the ground, and the point to his breast, he fell upon it. But the sword more merciful than he to himself, with the slipping of the pommel, the point swerved, and razed him but upon the side: yet with the fall his other wounds opened so, as he bled in such extremity, that *Charon*'s boat might very well be carryed in that flood: which yet he sought to hasten by this means. As he opened his doublet, and fell, there fell out *Philoclea*'s knives which *Cecropia* at the first had taken from her, and delivered to her son; and he had ever worn them next his heart, as the only relique he had of his saint: now seeing them by him (his sword being so, as weakness could not well draw it out from his doublet) he took the knives, and pulling one of them out, and many times kissing it, and then, first with the passions of kindness and unkindness melting in tears. O dear knives, you are come in good time to revenge the wrong I have done you all this while, in keeping you from her blessed side; and wearing you without your mistress's leave. Alas, be witness with me, yet before I dye (and well you may, for you have lain next my heart) that but my consent, your excellent mistress should have had as much honour as this poor place could have brought forth for so high an excellency; and now I am condemned to dye by her mouth. Alas, other, far other hope would my desire often have given me by other event it hath pleased her to lay upon me. Ah *Philoclea* (with that his tears gushed out, as tho' they would strive to overflow his blood) I would yet thou knowest how I love thee. Unworthy I am, unhappy I am, false I am; but to thee alas, I am not false. But what a traytor am I, any way to excuse him, whom she condemneth? since there is nothing left me, wherein I may do her service, but in punishing him, who hath so offended her. Dear knife, then do your noble mistress's commandment. With that, he stabbed himself into divers places of his

his breaſt and throat, until thoſe wounds, with the old, freſhly bleeding, brought him to the ſenſleſs gate of death. By which time, his ſervants, having, with fear of his fury, abſtained a while from coming unto him, one of them (preferring dutiful affection before fearful duty) came in, and there found him ſwimming in his own blood, giving a pitiful ſpectacle, where the conqueſt was the conqueror's overthrow, and himſelf ruin the only triumph of a battle, fought between him and himſelf. The time full of danger, the perſon full of worthineſs, the manner full of horrour, did greatly aſtoniſh all the beholders: ſo as by and by all the town was full of it, and then of all ages came running up to ſee the beloved body; every body thinking their ſafety bled in his wounds, and their honour died in his deſtruction.

But when it came (and quickly it came to the ears of his proud friend *Anaxius*, who by that time was grown well of his wound, but never had come abroad, diſdaining to abaſe himſelf to the company of any other but of *Amphialus*) he was exceedingly vexed either with kindneſs, or, if a proud heart be not capable thereof, with diſdain, that he, who had the honour to be called the friend of *Anaxius*, ſhould come to ſuch an unexpected ruin. Therefore then coming abroad, with a face red in anger, and engrained in pride, with lids raiſed, and eyes levelling from top to toe of them that met him, treading as though he thought to make the earth ſhake under him, with his hand upon his ſword; ſhort ſpeeches, and diſdainful anſwers, giving ſtraight order to his two brothers, to go take the oath of obedience, in his name, of all the ſoldiers and citizens in the town: and withal, to ſwear them to revenge the death of *Amphialus* upon *Baſilius*; he himſelf went to ſee him, calling for all the ſurgeons and phyſicians there, ſpending ſome time in viewing the body, and threatning them all to be hanged, if they did not heal him. But they, taking view of his wounds,

and falling down at *Anaxius*'s feet, aſſured him that they were mortal, and no poſſible means to keep him above two days alive: and he ſtood partly in doubt, to kill, or ſave them, between his own fury, and their humbleneſs. But vowing with his own hands to kill the two ſiſters, as cauſers of his friend's death: when his brothers came to him, and told him they had done his commandment, in having received the oath of allegiance, with no great difficulties, the moſt part terrified by their valour, and force of their ſervants; and many that had been forward actors in the rebellion, willing to do any thing, rather than come under the ſubjection of *Baſilius* again; and ſuch few as durſt gainſay, being cut off by preſent ſlaughter.

But withal, as the chief matter of their coming to him, they told *Anaxius*, that the fair queen *Helen* was come, with an honourable retinue, to the town: humbly deſiring leave to ſee *Amphialus*, whom ſhe had ſought in many places of the world: and laſtly, being returned into her own country, ſhe heard together of the late ſiege, and of his combat with the ſtrange knight, who had dangerouſly hurt him. Whereupon, full of loving care (which ſhe was content even to publiſh to the world, how ungratefully ſoever he dealt with her) ſhe had gotten leave of *Baſilius*, to come by his frontiers, to carry away *Amphialus* with her, to the excelleteſt ſurgeon then known, whom ſhe had in her country, but ſo old, as not able to travail: but had given her ſoveraign annointments, to preſerve his body withal, till he might be brought unto him: and that *Baſilius* had granted leave; either natural kindneſs prevailing over all the offences done, or rather glad to make any paſſage which might lead him out of his country, and from his daughters. This diſcourſe *Lycurgus* underſtanding of *Helen*, delivered to his brother, with her vehement deſire to ſee the body, and take her laſt farewel of him. *Anaxius*, though he

he were fallen out with all womankind (in reſpect of the hate he bore the ſiſters, whom he accounted murtherers of *Amphialus*) yet at his brother's requeſt, granted her leave. And ſhe, poor lady, with grievous expectation, and languiſhing deſire, carried her faint legs to the place where he lay, either not breathing, or in all appearance breathing nothing but death.

In which piteous plight when ſhe ſaw him, though ſorrow had ſet before her mind the pittifulleſt conceit thereof that it could paint, yet the preſent ſight went beyond all former apprehenſions: ſo that beginning to kneel by the body, her ſight ran from her ſervice, rather than abide ſuch a ſight; and ſhe fell in a ſwoon upon him, as if ſhe could not chuſe but dye of his wounds. But when her breath, a weary to be cloſed up in woe, broke the priſon of her fair lips, and brought memory (with his ſervant ſenſes) to his natural office, ſhe made yet the breath convey theſe doleful words with it. Alas, ſaid ſhe, *Amphialus*, what ſtrange diſaſters be theſe, that having ſought thee ſo long, I ſhould be now ſorry to find thee? that theſe eyes ſhould look upon *Amphialus*, and be grieved withal? that I ſhould have thee in my power without glory, and embrace thee without comfort? how often have I bleſt the means that might bring me near thee? now woe worth the cauſe that brings me ſo near thee. Often, alas, often haſt thou diſdained my tears: but now, my dear *Amphialus*, receive them: theſe eyes can ſerve for nothing elſe, but to weep for thee; ſince thou wouldeſt never vouchſafe them thy comfort, yet diſdain not them thy ſorrow. I would they had been more dear unto thee; for then hadſt thou lived. Woe is me that thy noble heart could love who hated thee, and hate who loved thee. Alas why ſhould not my faith to thee cover my other defects, who only ſought to make my crown thy foot-ſtool, my ſelf thy ſervant, that was all my ambition;

and alas thou diſdaineſt it, to ſerve them, by whom thy incomparable ſelf wert diſdained. Yet, O *Philoclea*, whereſoever you are, pardon me if I ſpeak in the bitterneſs of my ſoul, excellent may you be in all other things, and excellent ſure you are ſince he loved you, your want of pity, where the fault only was infiniteneſs of deſert, cannot be excuſed. I would, O god, I would that you had granted his deſerved ſuit of marrying you, and that I had been your ſerving-maid, to have made my eſtate the foil of your felicity, ſo he had lived. How many weary ſteps have I trodden after thee, while my only complaint was, that thou wert unkind? Alas, I would now thou wert to be unkind. Alas, why wouldeſt thou not command my ſervice, in perſuading *Philoclea* to love thee? who could, or, if every one could, who would have recounted thy perfection ſo well as I? who with ſuch kindly paſſions could have ſtirred pity for thee as I? who ſhould have delivered not only the words, but the tears I had of thee: and ſo ſhouldeſt thou have exerciſed the diſdain in me, and yet uſed my ſervice for thee.

With that the body moving ſomewhat, and giving a groan, full of death's muſick, ſhe fell upon his face, and kiſſed him, and withal cried out; O miſerable I, that have only favour by miſery; and then would ſhe have returned to a freſh career of complaints, when an aged and wiſe gentleman came to her, and beſought her, to remember what was fit for her greatneſs, wiſdom, and honour: and withal, that it was fitter to ſhew her love, in carrying the body to her excellent ſurgeon, firſt applying ſuch excellent medicines as ſhe had received of him for that purpoſe, rather than only ſhew her ſelf a woman-lover in fruitleſs lamentations. She was ſtraight warned with the obedience of an overthrown mind, and therefore leaving ſome ſurgeons of her own to dreſs the body, went her ſelf to *Anaxius*, and humbling her ſelf to him, as low as his own pride could wiſh,

wiſh, beſought him, that ſince the ſurgeons there had utterly given him over, that he would let her carry him away in her litter with her, ſince the worſt he could have ſhould be to dye, and to dye in her arms that loved him above all things; and where he ſhould have ſuch monuments erected over him, as were fit for her love, and his worthineſs: beſeeching him withal, ſince ſhe was in a country of enemies, where ſhe truſted more to *Anaxius's* valour, then *Baſilius's* promiſe, that he would convey them ſafely out of thoſe territories. Her reaſons ſomething moved him, but nothing throughly perſuaded him, but the laſt requeſt of his help: which he ſtraight promiſed: warranting all ſecurity, as long as that ſword had his maſter alive. She as happy therein as unhappineſs could be (having received as ſmall comfort of her own ſurgeons as of the others) cauſed yet the body to be eaſily conveyed into the litter: all the people then beginning to roar and cry, as though never till then they had loſt their lord. And if the terror of *Anaxius* had not kept them under, they would have mutinied, rather then ſuffered his body to be carried away.

But *Anaxius* himſelf riding before the litter, with the choice men of that place, they were afraid even to cry, though they were ready to cry for fear; but (becauſe that they might do) every body forced, even with harming themſelves, to do honour to him: ſome throwing themſelves upon the ground; ſome tearing their clothes, and caſting duſt upon their heads, and ſome even wounding themſelves, and ſprinkling their own blood in the air.

The general conſort of whoſe mourning, performed ſo the natural tunes of ſorrow; that even to them, if any ſuch were, that felt not the loſs, yet others grief taught them grief; having before both their compaſſionate ſenſe ſo paſſionate a ſpectacle of a young man, of great beauty; beautifyed with great honour, honoured by great valour, made of ineſtimable

mable value by the noble uſing of it, to lie there languiſhing under the arreſt of death, and a death where the manner could be no comfort to the diſcomfortableneſs of the matter. But when the body was carried through the gate, and the people, having ſuch as were appointed, not ſuffered to go farther, then was ſuch an univerſal cry, as if they had all had but one life, and all received but one blow.

Which ſo moved *Anaxius* to conſider the loſs of his friend, that, his mind apter to revenge, than tenderneſs, he preſently giving order to his brothers to keep the priſoners ſafe, and unviſited till his return from conveying *Helen*, he ſent a meſſenger to the ſiſters, to tell them this courteous meſſage; that at his return, with his own hands, he would cut off their heads, and ſend them for tokens to their father.

This meſſage was brought unto the ſiſters, as they ſat at that time together with *Zelmane* conferring how to carry themſelves, having heard of the death of *Amphialus*. And as no expectation of death is ſo painful, as where the reſolution is hindered by the intermixing of hopes, ſo did this new alarm, though not remove, yet move ſomewhat the conſtancy of their minds, which were ſo unconſtantly dealt with. But within a while, the excellent *Pamela* had brought her mind again to his old acquaintance: and then as careful for her ſiſter, whom ſhe moſt dearly loved, Siſter, ſaid ſhe, you ſee how many acts our tragedy hath: fortune is not yet a weary of vexing us: but what? a ſhip is not counted ſtrong by biding one ſtorm: it is but the ſame trumpet of death, which now perhaps gives the laſt ſound: and let us make that profit of our former miſeries, that in them we learned to dye willingly. Truly, ſaid *Philoclea*, dear ſiſter, I was ſo beaten with the evils of life, that though I had not virtue enough to deſpiſe the ſweetneſs of it, yet my weakneſs bred that ſtrength, to be weary of the pains of it: only I muſt confeſs, that

that little hope, which by theſe late accidents was awaked in me, was at the firſt angry withal. But even in the darkneſs of that horrour, I ſee a light of comfort appear; and how can I tread amiſs, that ſee *Pamela's* ſteps? I would only, O that my wiſh might take place, that my ſchool-miſtreſs might live, to ſee me say my leſſon truly. Were that a life, my *Philoclea*, ſaid *Pamela*? No, no, ſaid ſhe, let it come, and put on his worſt face: for at the worſt it is but a bug-bear. Joy it is to me to ſee you ſo well reſolved, and ſince the world will not have us, let it loſe us. Only (with that ſhe ſtayed a little, and ſighed) only my *Philoclea*, then ſhe bowed down, and whiſpered in her ear, only *Muſidorus*, my ſhepherd, comes between me and death, and makes me think I ſhould not dye, becauſe I know he would not I ſhould dye. With that *Philoclea* ſighed alſo, ſaying no more, but looking upon *Zelmane*; who was walking up and down the chamber, having heard this meſſage from *Anaxius*, and having in time paſt heard of his nature, thought him like enough to perform it, which winded her again into the former maze of perplexity. Yet debating with her ſelf of the manner how to prevent it, ſhe continued her muſing humour, little ſaying, or indeed, little finding in her heart to ſay, in a caſe of ſuch extremity, where peremptorily death was threatned: and ſo ſtayed they; having yet that comfort, that they might tarry together. *Pamela* nobly, *Philoclea* ſweetly, and *Zelmane* ſadly and deſperately; none of them entertaining ſleep, which they thought ſhould ſhortly begin never to awake.

But *Anaxius* came home, having ſafely conducted *Helen*; and ſafely he might well do it; for though many of *Baſilius's* knights would have attempted ſomething upon *Anaxius*, by that means to deliver the ladies, yet *Philanax* having received his maſter's commandment, and knowing his word was given, would not conſent unto it. And the black knight, who

who by then was able to carry abroad his wounds, did not know thereof; but was bringing force, by force to deliver his lady. So as *Anaxius*, interpreting it rather fear than faith, and making even chance an argument of his virtue, returned: and as ſoon as he was returned, with a felon heart calling his brothers up with him, he went into the chamber, where they were all three together; with full intention to kill the ſiſters with his own hands, and ſend their heads for tokens to their father: though his brothers, who were otherwiſe inclined, diſſwaded him; but his reverence ſtayed their perſuaſions. But when he was come into the chamber, with the very words of cholerick threatning climing up his throat, his eyes firſt lighted upon *Pamela*; who hearing he was coming, and looking for death, thought ſhe would keep her own majeſty in welcoming it; but the beams thereof ſo ſtrake his eyes, with ſuch a counterbuff unto his pride, that of his anger could not ſo quickly love, nor his pride ſo eaſily honour, yet both were forced to find a worthineſs.

Which while it bred a pauſe in him, *Zelmane*, who had already in her mind both what and how to ſay, ſtept out unto him, and with a reſolute ſtaydneſs, void either of anger, kindneſs, diſdain or humbleneſs, ſpoke in this ſort. *Anaxius*, ſaid ſhe, if fame hath not been over-partial to thee, thou art a man of exceeding valour. Therefore I do call thee even before that virtue, and will make it the judge between us. And now I do affirm, that to the eternal blot of all the fair acts that thou haſt done, thou doſt weakly, in ſeeking without danger to revenge his death, whoſe life with danger thou mighteſt perhaps have preſerved: thou doſt cowardly in going about by the death of theſe excellent ladies, to prevent the juſt puniſhment that hereafter they by the powers, which they better than their father, or any other could make, might lay upon thee, and doſt moſt baſely, in once preſenting thy ſelf as an executioner;

tioner; a vile office upon men, and in a juſt cauſe; beyond the degree of any vile word, in ſo unjuſt a cauſe, and upon ladies, and ſuch ladies. And therefore, as a hangman, I ſay, thou art unworthy to be counted a knight, or to be admitted into the company of knights. Neither for what I ſay, will I alledge other reaſons of wiſdom, or juſtice, to prove my ſpeech, becauſe I know thou doſt diſdain to be tyed to their rules, but even in thine own virtue, whereof thou ſo much glorieſt, I will make my tryal: and therefore defy thee, by the death of one of us two, to prove or diſprove theſe reproaches. Chuſe thee what arms thou likeſt: I only demand that theſe ladies, whom I defend, may in liberty ſee the combat.

When *Zelmane* began her ſpeech, the excellency of her beauty and grace made him a little content to hear. Beſides that, a new leſſon he had read in *Pamela*, had already taught him ſome regard. But when ſhe entered into bravery of ſpeech, he thought at firſt, a mad and railing humour poſſeſſed her; till finding the ſpeeches hold well together, and at length come to flat challenge of combat, he ſtood leaning back with his body and head, ſometimes with bent brows looking upon the one ſide of her, ſometimes of the other, beyond marvel marvelling, that he, who had never heard ſuch ſpeeches from any knight, ſhould be thus rebuffed by a woman, and that marvel made him hear out her ſpeech: which ended, he turned his head to his brother *Zoilus*, and ſaid nothing, but only lifting up his eyes, ſmiled. But *Zelmane* finding his mind, *Anaxius*, ſaid ſhe, perchance thou diſdaineſt to anſwer me, becauſe, as a woman, thou thinkeſt me not fit to be fought withal. But I tell thee that I have been trained up in martial matters, with ſo good ſucceſs, that I have many times overcome braver knights than thy ſelf: and am well known to be equal in feats of arms, to the famous *Pyrocles*, who ſlew thy valiant uncle, the gyant

gyant *Evardes*. The remembrance of his uncle's death ſomething nettled him, ſo as he anſwered thus.

Indeed, ſaid he, any woman may be as valiant as that coward, and trayterly boy, who ſlew my uncle trayterouſly, and after ran from me in the plain field. Five thouſand ſuch could not have overcome *Evardes*, but by falſhood. But I ſought him all over *Aſia*, following him ſtill from one of his coney-holes to another, till coming into this country, I heard of my friend's being beſieged, and ſo came to blow away the wretches that troubled him. But whereſoever the miſerable boy fly, heaven, nor hell, ſhall keep his heart from being torn by theſe hands. Thou lieſt in thy throat, ſaid *Zelmane*, that boy, whereever he went, did ſo noble acts, as thy heart, as proud as it is, dares not think of, much leſs perform. But to pleaſe thee the better with my preſence, I tell thee, no creature can be nearer of kin to him than my ſelf: and ſo well we love, that he would not be ſorrier for his own death than for mine: I being begotten by his father, of an *Amazon* lady. And therefore, thou canſt not deviſe to revenge thy ſelf more upon him, than by killing me: which if thou dareſt do, manfully do it, otherwiſe, if thou harm theſe incomparable ladies, or my ſelf without daring to fight with me, I proteſt before theſe knights, and before heaven and earth, that will reveal thy ſhame, that thou art the beggerlieſt daſtardly villain that diſhonoreth the earth with his ſteps: and if thou letteſt me over-live them, ſo will I blaze thee. But all this could not move *Anaxius*, but that he only ſaid, evil ſhould it become the terror of the world to fight, much worſe to ſcold with thee.

But ſaid he, for the death of theſe ſame, pointing to the princeſſes, of my grace I give them life. And withal going to *Pamela*, and offering to take her by the chin, and as for you, minion, ſaid he, yield but gently to my will, and you ſhall not only live, but live ſo happily: he would have ſaid farther, when *Pamela*, diſpleaſed

both

both with words, matter and manner, putting him away with her fair hand; proud beaſt, ſaid ſhe, yet thou playeſt worſe thy comedy, than thy tragedy. For my part, aſſure thy ſelf, ſince my deſtiny is ſuch, that each moment my life and death ſtand in equal ballance, I had rather have thee, and think thee far fitter to be my hangman, than my husband. Pride and anger would fain have cruelly revenged ſo bitter an anſwer, but already *Cupid* had begun to make it his ſport, to pull his plumes: ſo that unuſed to a way of courteſy, and put out of his byaſs of pride, he haſtily went away, grumbling to himſelf; between threatning and wiſhing; leaving his brothers with them: the elder of whom *Lycurgus*, liked *Philoclea*, and *Zoilus* would needs love *Zelmane*, or at leaſt entertain themſelves with making them believe ſo. *Lycurgus* more bragged, and near his brothers humour, began, with ſetting forth their blood, their deeds, how many they had deſpiſed of moſt excellent women, how much they were bound to them, that would ſeek that of them. In ſum, in all his ſpeeches, more like the beſtower than the deſirer of felicity. Whom it was an excellent paſtime, to thoſe that would delight in the play of virtue, to ſee with what a witty ignorance ſhe would not underſtand: and how, acknowledging his perfections, ſhe would make that one of his perfections; not to be injurious to ladies. But when he knew not how to reply, then would he fall to touching and toying, ſtill viewing his graces in no glaſs but ſelf-liking. To which *Philoclea's* ſhamefaceneſs and humbleneſs, were as ſtrong reſiſters as choler and diſdain: for though ſhe yielded not, he thought ſhe was to be overcome: and that thought a while ſtayed him from farther violence. But *Zelmane* had eye to his behaviour, and ſet it in her memory upon the ſcore of revenge, while ſhe her ſelf was no leſs attempted by *Zoilus*; who leſs full of brags was forwardeſt in offering, indeed, diſhonourable violence.

But

But when after their fruitleſs labours they had gone away, called by their brother, (who began to be perplexed between new conceived deſires, and diſdain to be diſdained) *Zelmane*, who with moſt aſſured quietneſs of judgment looked into their preſent eſtate, earneſtly perſuaded the two ſiſters, that to avoid the miſchiefs of proud outrage, they would only ſo far ſuit their behaviour to their eſtates, as they might win time, which, as it could not bring them to worſe caſe than they were, ſo it might bring forth unexpected relief. And why, ſaid *Pamela*, ſhall we any longer flatter adverſity? why ſhould we delight to make our ſelves any longer balls to injurious fortune, ſince our own parents are content to be tyrants over us, ſince our own kin are content trayterouſly to abuſe us? certainly in miſhap it may be ſome comfort to us that we are lighted in theſe fellows hands, who yet will keep us from having cauſe of being miſerable by our friend's means. Nothing gives me more, than that you, noble lady *Zelmane*, to whom the world might have made us able to do honour, ſhould receive only hurt by the contagion of our miſery. As for me and my ſiſter, undoubtedly it becomes our birth to think of dying nobly, while we have done or ſuffered nothing, which might make our ſoul aſhamed at the parture from theſe bodies. Hope is the fawning traytor of the mind, while under colour of friendſhip, it robs it of his chief force of reſolution. Virtuous and fair lady, ſaid *Zelmane*, what you ſay is true, and that truth may well make up a part in the harmony of your noble thoughts. But yet the time, which ought always to be one, is not tuned for it, while that may bring forth any good, do not bar your ſelf thereof: for then will be the time to dye nobly, when you cannot live nobly. Then ſo earneſtly ſhe perſuaded with them both, to refer themſelves to their father's conſent, in obtaining whereof they knew ſome while would be ſpent, and by that means

to

to temper the minds of their proud woers; that in the end *Pamela* yielded to her, becauſe ſhe ſpake reaſon; and *Philoclea* yielded to her reaſon, becauſe ſhe ſpake it.

And ſo when they were again ſolicited in that little pleaſing petition, *Pamela* forced her ſelf to make anſwer to *Anaxius*, that if her father gave his conſent, ſhe would make her ſelf believe, that ſuch was the heavenly determination, ſince ſhe had no means to avoid it. *Anaxius*, who was the moſt frank promiſer to himſelf of ſucceſs, nothing doubted of *Baſilius's* conſent, but rather aſſured himſelf, he would be his orator in that matter: and therefore he choſe out an officious ſervant, whom he eſteemed very wiſe, becauſe he never found him but juſt of his opinion, and willed him to be his ambaſſador to *Baſilius*, and to make him know that if he meant to have his daughter both ſafe and happy, and deſired himſelf to have ſuch a ſon-in-law, as would not only protect him in his quiet courſe, but, if he liſted to accept it, would give him the monarchy of the world, that then he ſhould receive *Anaxius*, who never before knew what it was to pray any thing. That if he did not, he would make him know, that the power of *Anaxius* was in every thing beyond his will, and yet his will not to be reſiſted by any other power. His ſervant with ſmiling and caſt-up look, deſired god to make his memory able to contain the treaſure of that wiſe ſpeech; and therefore beſought him to repeat it again, that by the oftner hearing it, his mind might be the better acquainted with the divineneſs thereof; and that being graciouſly granted, he then doubted not by carrying with him in his conceit, the grace wherewith *Anaxius* ſpake it, to perſuade rocky minds to their own harm; ſo little doubted he to win *Baſilius* to that, which he thought would make him think the heavens opened, when he heard but the proffer thereof. *Anaxius* gravely allowed the probability of his conjecture: and there-

fore ſent him away, promiſing him he ſhould have the bringing up of his ſecond ſon by *Pamela*.

The meſſenger with ſpeed performed his lord's commandment to *Baſilius*; who by nature quiet, and by ſuperſtition made doubtful, was loth to take any matter of arms in hand, wherein already he hath found ſo flow ſucceſs; though *Philanax* vehemently urged him thereunto, making him ſee that his retiring back did encourage injuries. But *Baſilius* betwixt the fear of *Anaxius*'s might, the paſſion of his love, and jealouſy of his eſtate, was ſo perplexed, that not able to determine, he took the common courſe of men, to fly only then to devotion, when they want reſolution: therefore detaining the meſſenger with delays, he deferred the directing of his courſe to the counſel of *Apollo*, which becauſe himſelf at that time could not well go to require, he entruſted the matter to his beſt truſted *Philanax*; who (as one in whom obedience was ſufficient reaſon unto him) went with diligence to *Delphos*; where being entred into the ſecret place of the temple, and having performed the ſacrifices uſual, the ſpirit that poſſeſſed the prophecying woman, with a ſacred fury attended not his demand, but as if it would argue him of incredulity, told him, not in dark wonted ſpeeches, but plainly to be underſtood, what he came for, and that he ſhould return to *Baſilius*, and will him to deny his daughters to *Anaxius* and his brothers; for that they were reſerved for ſuch as were better beloved of the gods. That he ſhould not doubt, for they ſhould return unto him ſafely and ſpeedily. And that he ſhould keep on his ſolitary courſe, till both *Philanax* and *Baſilius* fully agreed in the underſtanding of the former prophecy: withal, commanding *Philanax* from thence forward to give tribute, but not oblation to human wiſdom.

Philanax then finding that reaſon cannot ſhew it ſelf more reaſonable, than to leave reaſoning in things above reaſon, returns to his lord, and like

one

one that preferred truth before the maintaining of an opinion, hid nothing from him, nor from thenceforth durſt any more diſſwade him from that which he found by the celeſtial providence directed; but he himſelf looking to repair the government as much as in ſo broken an eſtate by civil diſſention, he might, and fortifying with notable art, both the lodges, ſo as they were almoſt made unapproachable, he left *Baſilius* to bemoan the abſence of his daughters, and to bewail the impriſonment of *Zelmane*: yet wholly given holily to obey the oracle, he gave a reſolute negative unto the meſſenger of *Anaxius*, who all this while had waited for it, yet in good terms deſiring him to ſhew himſelf in reſpect of his birth and profeſſion, ſo princely a knight, as without forcing him to ſeek the way of force, to deliver in noble ſort thoſe ladies unto him, and ſo ſhould the injury have been in *Amphialus*, and the benefit in him.

The meſſenger went back with this anſwer, yet having ever uſed to ſugar any thing which his maſter was to receive, he told him, that when *Baſilius* firſt underſtood his deſires, it did over-reach ſo far all his moſt hopeful expectations, that he thought it were too great a boldneſs to hearken to ſuch a man, in whom the heavens had ſuch intereſt, without asking the gods counſel; and therefore had ſent his principal counſellor to *Delphos*, who although he kept the matter never ſo ſecret, yet his diligence inſpired by *Anaxius's* privilege over all wordly things, had found out the ſecret, which was, that he ſhould not preſume to marry his daughter to one, who already was enrolled among the demi-gods, and yet much leſs he ſhould dare the attempting to take them out of his hands.

Anaxius, who till then had made fortune his creator, and force his god, now began to find another wiſdom to be above, that judged ſo rightly of him: and where in this time of his ſervant's waiting for *Baſilius's* reſolution, he and his brothers had courted

their ladies, as whom they vouchſafed to have for their wives; he reſolved now to dally no longer in delays, but to make violence his orator, ſince he had found perſuaſions had gotten nothing but anſwers. Which intention he opened to his brothers, who having all this while wanted nothing to take that away but his authority, gave ſpurs to his runnings; and, worthy men, neither feeling virtue in themſelves, nor tendering it in others, they went headlong to make that evil conſort of love and force, when *Anaxius* had word, that from the tower there were diſcried ſome companies of armed men, marching towards the town; wherefore he gave preſent order to his ſervants and ſoldiers, to go to the gates and walls, leaving none within but himſelf and his brothers: his thoughts then ſo full of their intended prey, that *Mars* his loudeſt trumpet could ſcarcely have awaked him.

But while he was directing what he would have done, his youngeſt brother *Zoilus*, glad that he had the commiſſion, went in the name of *Anaxius*, to tell the ſiſters, that ſince he had anſwer from their father, that he and his brother *Lycurgus* ſhould have them in what ſort it pleaſed them, that they would now grant them no longer time, but preſently to determine, whether they thought it more honourable comfort to be compelled, or perſuaded. *Pamela* made him anſwer, that in a matter whereon the whole ſtate of her life depended, and wherein ſhe had ever anſwered ſhe would not lead, but follow her parents pleaſure, ſhe thought it reaſon ſhe ſhould either by letter, or particular meſſenger, underſtand ſomething from themſelves, and not have their belief bound to the report of their partial ſervant: and therefore as to their words, ſhe and her ſiſter had ever a ſimple and true reſolution, ſo againſt their unjuſt force, god they hoped, would either arm their lives, or take away their lives. Well ladies, ſaid he, I will leave my brothers, who by

and

and by will come unto you to be their own ambaſſadors: for my part I muſt now do my ſelf ſervice: and with that turning up his muſtachoes, and marching as if he would begin a paven, * he went toward *Zelmane*. But *Zelmane*, having had all this while of the meſſenger's being with *Baſilius*, had much to do to keep thoſe excellent ladies from ſeeking by the paſsport of death, to eſcape thoſe baſe dangers, whereunto they found themſelves ſubject, ſtill hoping that *Muſidorus* would find ſome means to deliver them; and therefore had often, both by her own example and comfortable reaſons, perſuaded them to overpaſs many inſolent indignities of their proud ſuiters, who thought it was a ſufficient favour not to do the uttermoſt injury, now come again to the ſtraight ſhe moſt feared for them, either for death or diſhonour, if heroical courage would have let her, ſhe had been beyond her ſelf amazed: but that yet held up her wit, to attend the uttermoſt occaſion, which even then brought his hairy forehead unto her: for *Zoilus* ſmacking his lips, as for the prologue of a kiſs, and ſomething advancing himſelf. Darling, ſaid he, let thy heart be full of joy, and let thy fair eyes be of counſel with it, for this day thou ſhalt have *Zoilus*, whom many have longed for; but none ſhall have him, but *Zelmane*. And oh! how much glory I have to think what a race will be between us? the world, by the heavens, the world will be too little for them. And with that he would have put his arm about her neck; but ſhe withdrawing her ſelf from him. My lord, ſaid ſhe, much good may your thoughts do you: but that I may not diſſemble with you, my nativity being caſt by one that never failed in any of his prognoſtications, I have been aſſured, that I ſhould never be apt to bear children. But ſince you will honour me with ſo high favour, I muſt only deſire that I may perform a vow which I made among my country-women, the famous *Amazons*,

* i. e. A dance.

that I would never marry none, but ſuch one as was able to withſtand me in arms: therefore, before I make mine own deſire ſerviceable to yours, you muſt vouchſafe to lend me armour and weapons, that at leaſt with a blow or two of the ſword, I may not find my ſelf perjured to my ſelf. But *Zoilus*, laughing with a hearty loudneſs, went by force to embrace her; making no other anſwer, but ſince ſhe had a mind to try his knighthood, ſhe ſhould quickly know what a man of arms he was; and ſo without reverence to the ladies, began to ſtruggle with her.

But in *Zelmane* then diſdain became wiſdom, and anger gave occaſion. For abiding no longer abode in the matter, ſhe that had not put off, though ſhe had diſguiſed *Pyrocles*, being far fuller of ſtronger nimbleneſs, tript up his feet, ſo that he fell down at hers. And withal, meaning to purſue what ſhe had begun, pulled out his ſword which he wore about him: but before ſhe could ſtrike him withal, he got up, and ran to a fair chamber; where he had left his two brethren, preparing themſelves to come down to their miſtreſſes. But ſhe followed at his heels, and even as he came to throw himſelf into their arms for ſuccour, ſhe hit him with his own ſword, ſuch a blow upon the waſte, that ſhe almoſt cut him aſunder: once, ſhe ſundred his ſoul from his body, ſending it to *Proſerpina*, an angry goddeſs againſt raviſhers. But *Anaxius*, ſeeing before his eyes the miſerable end of his brother, fuller of deſpite than wrath, and yet fuller of wrath than ſorrow, looking with a woeful eye upon his brother *Lycurgus*; brother, ſaid he, chaſtiſe this vile creature, while I go down, and take order leſt farther miſchief ariſe: and ſo went down to the ladies, whom he viſited, doubting there had been ſome farther practice than yet he conceived. But finding them only ſtrong in patience, he went and locked a great iron gate, by which only any body might mount to that part of the caſtle; rather to conceal the ſhame of his brother,

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ſlain by a woman, than for doubt of any other annoyance: and then went up to receive ſome comfort of the execution, he was ſure his brother had done of *Zelmane*. But *Zelmane* no ſooner ſaw thoſe brothers, of whom reaſon aſſured her ſhe was to expect revenge, but that ſhe leapt to a target, as one that well knew the firſt mark of valour to be defence. And then accepting the opportunity of *Anaxius* going away, ſhe waited not the pleaſure of *Lycurgus*, but without any words, which ſhe ever thought vain, when reſolution took the place of perſuaſion, gave her own heart the contentment to be the aſſailer. *Lycurgus*, who was in the diſpoſition of his nature hazardous, and by the lucky paſſing through many dangers, grown confident in himſelf, went toward her, rather as to a ſpoil than to fight; ſo far from fear, that his aſſuredneſs diſdained to hope. But when her ſword made demonſtrations above all flattery of arguments, and that he found ſhe preſſed ſo upon him, as ſhewed that her courage ſprang not from blind deſpair, but was guarded both with cunning and ſtrength: ſelf-love then firſt in him divided it ſelf from vain-glory, and made him find that the world of worthineſs had not his whole globe compriſed in his breaſt, but that it was neceſſary to have ſtrong reſiſtance againſt ſo ſtrong aſſailing. And ſo between them for a few blows, *Mars* himſelf might have been delighted to look on. But *Zelmane*, who knew that in her caſe ſlowneſs of victory was little better than ruin, with the bellows of hate, blew the fire of courage; and he ſtriking a main blow at her head, ſhe warded it with the ſhield, but ſo warded, that the ſhield was cut in two pieces while it protected her: and withal ſhe ran in to him, and thruſting at his breaſt, which he put by with his target, as he was liſting his ſword to ſtrike again, ſhe let fall the piece of her ſhield, and with her left hand catching his ſword of the inſide of the pommel, with nimble and

strong slight, she had gotten his sword out of his hand, before his sense could convey to his imagination what was to be doubted. And having now two swords against one shield, meaning not foolishly to be ungrateful to good fortune, while he was no more amazed with his being unweaponed, than with the suddenness thereof, she gave him such a wound upon his head, in despite of the shield's over-weak resistance, that withal he fell to the ground astonished with the pain, and aghast with fear. But seeing *Zelmane* ready to conclude her victory in his death, bowing up his head to her with a countenance that had forgotten all pride, Enough, excellent lady, said he, the honour is yours; whereof you shall want the best witness, if you kill me. As you have taken from men the glory of manhood, return so now again to your own sex, for mercy. I will redeem my life of you with no small services; for I will undertake to make my brother obey all your commandments. Grant life, I beseech you, for your own honour, and for the person's sake that you love best. *Zelmane* repress a while her great heart, either disdaining to be cruel or pitiful, and therefore not cruel; and now the image of human condition began to be an orator unto her of compassion, when she saw, as if he lifted up his arms with a suppliant's grace, about one of them, unhappily tied a garter with a jewel, which, given to *Pyrocles* by his aunt of *Thessalia*, and greatly esteemed by him, he had presented to *Philoclea*, and with inward rage promising extreme hatred, had seen *Lycurgus* with a proud force, and not without some hurt unto her, pull away from *Philoclea*, because at intreaty she would not give it him. But the sight of that was like a cypher, signifying all the injuries which *Philoclea* had of him suffered, and that remembrance feeding upon wrath, trod down all conceits of mercy. And therefore saying no more, but, No villain, dye; it is *Philoclea* that sends thee this token

ken for thy love. With that ſhe made her ſword drink the blood of his heart, though he wreſting his body, and with a countenance prepared to excuſe, would fain have delayed the receiving of death's ambaſſadors. But neither that ſtayed *Zelmane*'s hand, nor yet *Anaxius*'s cry unto her; who having made faſt the iron gate, even then came to the top of the ſtairs, when contrary to all his imaginations, he ſaw his brother lie at *Zelmane*'s mercy. Therefore crying, promiſing, and threatning to her to hold her hand: the laſt groan of his brother was the only anſwer he could get to his unreſpected eloquence. But when pity would have fain drawn tears, which fury in their ſpring dried; and anger would fain have ſpoken, but that diſdain ſealed up his lips; but in his heart he blaſphemed heaven, that it could have ſuch power over him, no leſs aſhamed of the victory he ſhould have of her, than of his brother's overthrow: and no more ſpited that it was yet unrevenged, than that the revenge ſhould be no greater then a woman's deſtruction. Therefore with no ſpeech, but ſuch a groaning cry as often is the language of ſorrowful anger, he came running at *Zelmane*; uſe of fighting then ſerving inſtead of patient conſideration what to do. Guided wherewith, though he did not with knowlege, yet he did according to knowlege, preſſing upon *Zelmane* in ſuch a well defended manner, and that in all the combats that ever ſhe had fought, ſhe had never more need of quick ſenſes, and ready virtue. For being one of the greateſt men of ſtature then living; as he did fully anſwer that ſtature in greatneſs of might; ſo did he exceed both in greatneſs of courage, which with a countenance formed by the nature both of his mind and body, to an almoſt horrible fierceneſs, was able to have carried fear to any mind that was not privy to it ſelf of a true and conſtant worthineſs. But *Pyrocles*, whoſe ſoul [illegible] well be ſeparated from his body, but never a[illegible]

ted from the remembring of what was comely, if at the firſt he did a little apprehend the dangerouſneſs of his adverſary, whom once before he had ſomething tried, and now perfectly ſaw, as the very picture of forcible fury; yet was that apprehenſion quickly ſtayed in him, rather ſtrengthening then weakning his virtue by that wreſtling, like wine, growing the ſtronger by being moved. So that they both prepared in hearts, and able in hands, did honour ſolitarineſs there with ſuch a combat, as might have demanded, as a right of fortune, whole armies of beholders. But no beholders needed there, where manhood blew the trumpet, and ſatisfaction did whet as much as glory. There was ſtrength againſt nimbleneſs: rage againſt reſolution; fury againſt virtue; confidence againſt courage; pride againſt nobleneſs: love in both breeding mutual hatred, and deſire of revenging the injuries of his brother's ſlaughter, to *Anaxius*, being like *Philoclea's* captivity to *Pyrocles*. Who had ſeen the one, would have thought nothing could have reſiſted: who had marked the other, would have marvelled that the other had ſo long reſiſted. But like two contrary tides, either of which are able to carry worlds of ſhips, and men upon them, with ſuch ſwiftneſs, as nothing ſeems able to withſtand them: yet meeting one another, with mingling their watry forces, and ſtruggling together; it is long to ſay whether ſtream gets the victory; ſo between theſe, if *Pallas* had been there, ſhe could ſcarcely have told, whether ſhe had nurſed better in the feats of arms. The *Iriſh* greyhound againſt the *Engliſh* maſtiff; the ſword-fiſh againſt the whale; the rhinoceros againſt the elephant, might be models, and but models of this combat. *Anaxius* was better armed defenſively: for (beſide a ſtrong cask bravely covered, wherewith he covered his head) he had a huge ſhield, ſuch perchance, as *Achilles* ſhewed to the pale walls of *Troy*, wherewithal that great body was covered. But *Pyrocles* utterly unarmed for de-

defence, to offend had the advantage, for, in either hand he had a ſword, and with both hands nimbly performed that office. And according as they were diverſly furniſhed, ſo they did differ in the manner of fighting: for *Anaxius* moſt by warding, and *Pyrocles* ofteneſt by avoiding, reſiſted the adverſary's aſſault. Both haſty to end, yet both often ſtaying for advantage. Time, diſtance and motion, cuſtom made them ſo perfect in, that as if they had been fellow counſellors, and not enemies, each knew the other's mind, and knew how to prevent it. So as their ſtrength failed them ſooner then their skill, and yet their breath failed them ſooner then their ſtrength. And breathleſs indeed they grew, before either could complain of any loſs of blood.

So that conſenting by the mediation of neceſſity, to a breathing time of truce, being withdrawn a little one from the other, *Anaxius* ſtood leaning upon his ſword with his grim eye ſo ſettled upon *Zelmane*, as is wont to be the look of an earneſt thought. Which *Zelmane* marking, and according to the *Pyroclean* nature, fuller of gay bravery in the midſt, then in the beginning of danger: what is it, ſaid ſhe, *Anaxius*, that thou ſo deeply muſeſt on? doth thy brother's example make thee think of thy fault paſt, or of thy coming puniſhment? I think, ſaid he, what ſpiteful god it ſhould be, who envying my glory, hath brought me to ſuch a wayward caſe, that neither thy death can be a revenge, nor thy overthrow a victory. Thou doſt well indeed, ſaid *Zelmane*, to impute thy caſe to the heavenly providence, which will have thy pride find it ſelf, even in that whereof thou art moſt proud, puniſhed by the weak ſex which thou moſt contemneſt.

But then having ſufficiently reſted themſelves, they renewed again their combat far more terrible than before: like nimble vaulters, who at the firſt, and ſecond rap do but ſtir, and, as it were, awake the fiery and airy parts, which after in the other leaps

leaps they do with more excellency exerciſe. For in this pauſing, each had brought to his thoughts the manner of the other's fighting, and the advantages, which by that, and by the quality of their weapons they might work themſelves, and ſo again repeated the leſſon they had ſaid before, more perfectly by the uſing of it; *Anaxius* oftener uſed blows, his huge force, as it were, more delighting therein, and the large protection of his ſhield animating him unto it. *Pyrocles*, of a more fine and deliberate ſtrength, watching his time, when to give fit thruſts, as, with the quick obeying of his body, to his eye's quick commandment, he ſhunned any harm *Anaxius* could do to him: ſo would he ſoon have made an end of *Anaxius*, if he had not found him a man of wonderful, and almoſt matchleſs excellency in matters of arms. *Pyrocles* uſed divers feinings to bring *Anaxius* on into ſome inconvenience. But *Anaxius* keeping a ſound manner of fighting, never offered but ſeeing fair cauſe, and then followed it with well-governed violence. Thus ſpent they a great time, ſtriving to do, and with ſtriving to do, wearying themſelves more than with the very doing: *Anaxius* finding *Zelmane* ſo near unto him, that with little motion he might reach her, knitting all his ſtrength together, at that time manly foined at her face. But *Zelmane* ſtrongly putting it by with her right hand ſword, coming in with her left foot and hand, would have given a ſharp viſitation to his right ſide, but that he was fain to leap away. Whereat aſhamed, as having never done ſo much before in his life. * The fire of rage then burning contempt out of his breaſt, did burſt forth in flames through his eyes, and in ſmoak from his mouth; ſo that he was returning with a terrible madneſs (all the ſtrength of his whole body transferred to the one hand for a ſingular ſervice) which the reſolute *Zelmane*

* A chaſm being occaſioned in this place, by the loſs of ſome of the Author's invaluable papers; it was excellently ſupplied, as follows, by Sir *W. A.*

mane did earneſtly obſerve with a providently all-deſpiſing courage, whilſt the ears of *Anaxius* were ſuddenly arreſted by a ſound, whereof they were only capable, which, ſince in conſort with his own humour, could only of him with authority have challenged a due attendance: ſtraight a martial noiſe (raiſed by the violence of invaders; and diſtractedneſs of others, dreadfully tumultuous) giving him intelligence what a bloody ſcene was acting without in the court of the caſtle, where he was expected a ſpecial actor; though his eye, as harbinger of his blow, had already marked the room, where his bended arm threatned to lodge it; yet his feet did ſo ſuddenly raviſh away the reſt of his body, that even his own thoughts, much more *Zelmane's*, were prevented by the ſuddenneſs of his flight, a flight indeed, not from the fighting with one, but to the fighting with many, where he did look for an object worthy of the wrath of *Anaxius*. So that vaniſhing away, as carried in a cloud of whirlwind, *Zelmane* either could not, or elſe would not reach him: as diſdaining the baſe advantage of thoſe diſhonourable wounds, which though greateſt ſhame to the flying receiver, can give no glory to the unreſiſted giver.

The impetuous ſtorm that tranſported the ſpirit of *Anaxius*, had quickly blown him down the ſtairs, and up the door, his ſword uſhering his way, till his eyes were encountered with the beams of the lightning weapons of a ſmall number, which rather ſeemed ſurprized within the caſtle, then to have ſurprized the caſtle. Yet they had ſpeedily purchaſed a great room for ſo ſmall a company, challenging as their own all the bounds that their ſwords could compaſs: and in effect their enemies proved their fewneſs many, reckoning the black knight and his ſecond (as cyphers are eſteemed when valued by others, over which they are raiſed) but for the number which indeed they were, but for the num-

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ber which they were worth. Thoſe three were quickly known by their wonted arms; but more by their wonted valour. The court had been a fitter liſt for two, than a fieſd for ſo many, where the narrowneſs of the place, not giving place to ſleight, there was no way but plain force; ſo that greateſt cowards were as forward as the moſt couragious, fear making them bold, who ſaw no refuge but by fighting; which made the conflict exceeding cruel, either of the parties having more ſpurs than one to draw the blood.

The *Amphialians*, beſides their rage for being abuſed by an unexpected ſtratagem, and their deſire to defend the place, being bound both by private intereſt and publick vows; they had added farther, to make up the accompliſhment of a juſt wrath, the means of revenge, as they thought, on their maſter's murtherer; looking no otherwiſe on the black knight, than as on him who had buried all their hopes in the ruines of *Amphialus*, whereof to their farther grief, they had been idle witneſſes. All this made them deſperately endeavour, that the eyes of *Anaxius* might be entertained with their victory, before his ears could be burthened with their error; chiefly at his coming, thoſe of his own train kindled their courage at the torches of his eyes, prodigious comets of a deluge of blood. As for the purſued purſuers, like thoſe who landing to make war in an iſland, burn the ſhips which brought them thither, by the impoſſibility of their return, to ſhew the deſperate neceſſity of their victory; they were aſſured they could neither advance nor retire, but over the bellies of their enemies; yet were they not ſo deſperate of their retreat, as confident of their victory. The black knight, though all the gyants that fought againſt the gods had been there, he thought they could not hinder him from going where his heart was already, nor from prevailing where the prize was the delivery of his lady, and friend,

friend, the double treaſures of his ſoul, whereof any was valued above his life, yea, both were ballanced with his honour; ſo that he did ſhew the not only height of valour, but a raviſhing of his ſoul, and a tranſportation of magnanimity, far from the level of ordinary aims, and even ſcarce within the proſpect of more lofty thoughts. Yet neither love nor courage could blind his judgment, in ſeeing his advantage: marching with his company over the next wall, to prevent being compaſſed; though ſometimes making brave ſallies. Which *Anaxius* at his firſt approach eſpying, upbraided his own troop, as unworthy of his attendance, and all as traytors in receiving, or daſtards in not expelling that, in his eyes, contemned crew, oftentimes urging them by their retiring to make way for him, and he alone would either beat them over the walls, or in the walls: For the truth is, they ſeemed all too ſmall a ſacrifice to appeaſe his high indignation. It was ſuperfluous labour for *Alecto* to inflame his ſoul with poiſonous inſpirations; for his ſoul might have furniſhed all the infernal furies with fury, and yet have continued the moſt furious of all it ſelf. Rage and diſdain, burning his boſom, made him utter a roaring voice, as if his breath had been able to have blown away the world, which for the ſound that his ſword made, could not diſtinctly be underſtood.

The firſt whom he encountered, lifting up his hand to ſtrike, and withal opening his mouth, as if intending ſome ſpeech, his propoſition was prevented by an active anſwer, cutting him from the lips to the ears, ſo by opening his mouth, reſtraining his ſpeech. The knight of the ſheep ſucceeding in his place, a vindictive heir, was exchanging blows with *Anaxius* with no diſadvantage, when ſuddenly a dart, none knew to whoſe hand the honour of it was due, did wound him in the thigh, which he doubtful to whom he ſtood debtor, did pay back to many,

many, an extraordinary intereſt, with the death of ſome one ſtriving to defray every drop of his blood.

The black knight, black indeed to all his adverſaries, when viewing the wonderful valour of *Anaxius*, with whom then rival in fame he entertained a terrible emulation, what bred terror in others, bred in him contentment; that his conqueſt, whereof he never doubted, might be endeared by the difficulty, and his victory be honoured by ſo honourable an enemy, with whom, above all others, he laboured to meet, by the ruin of many making a room where they might fight.

But in the mean time, the torrent of the violence of *Anaxius* was interrupted by a ſudden tumult; ſeeming to proceed from an ambuſhment broken forth from the houſes behind them. And no wonder though all thought ſo: the two ſwords of *Zelmane* being riotous in their charges, were ſo covetous to extend their confines. She following, or rather, as a faulcon in an earneſt chaſe, flying down the ſtairs after him, did not overtake *Anaxius* but with her eyes, till he was walled about with the armed multitude, and then, like a lioneſs lately enlarged, that had been long famiſhed in priſon, ſhe ranged over all for her prey: but yet like a cunning hound, that out of a whole herd of deer, doth only ſingle him out, with whom ſhe entered firſt in hoſtility (a little drop of his blood having betrayed all the reſt) ſhe diſdained to fight with any other, but would be reſiſted by none till ſhe might unbend all her forces on *Anaxius*, whoſe ſight as ſoon as her eyes had greedily ſwallowed, ſhe burſt forth: baſe daſtard, who haſt abuſed the world with ſhadows of worth, yet art void of all valour, having doubly forfeited the uſurped title of honour, in offering injurious violence to a woman, and yet flying the juſt violence of a woman; to hide thy ſelf (being protected by the ſhield of ſome truſted attender)

der) where the ſufficiency of others may conceal thy cowardiſe: but all this ſhall not defraud my wrath, nor prevent thy puniſhment.

Anaxius, more troubled with thoſe words, than if all the ſwords of the enemies had lighted upon him (who for the higheſt of all his wiſhes, would have but wiſhed her a man, yea an army of men) looked over his ſhoulder with an eye burning with diſdain, as if one of his looks might have ſerved to conſume a woman, and at the ſame inſtant, uttering his rage another way, with a blow worthy of his arm, he did cleave one before him through the helmet to the ſhoulders, making him ſo, by being two headed, headleſs. But ſeeing *Zelmane* preſs near him, tho' he hoped for no honour from her, yet to prevent diſhonour from her (ſhame kindling rage, and rage quenching reaſon) he commanded *Armagines* his nephew, a youth of great valour, to take thoſe fooliſh fellows priſoners, who durſt adventure within that caſtle without his leave, and to ſhut all the gates, that none of them might eſcape; and therewith whirling about, and caſting a ſide-ward look on *Zelmane*, made an imperious ſign with a threatning allurement (a diſ-inviting inviting of her) to follow, which ſhe performed with a countenance witneſſing as great contentment, as ever *Venus* did to meet with *Mars*; *Mars* and *Venus* at the ſame time having met within her mind, to make, though a leſs loving, yet a more martial meeting.

The clouds of people in their way, were quickly diſperſed by the tempeſtuous breath of *Anaxius*, ſo that they had no hinderance: he being feared of all, and ſhe hated of none. Neither was their ſolitary retiring, in reſpect of their different ſeeming ſex, ſuſpiciouſly cenſured by any: the diſdainfulneſs of their countenance bearing witneſs, that they were led by hate to honour, and not by love to the contrary.

The place appointed by fortune to be famous by the famouſneſs of this combat, was a back court, which they found out at that time emptied of inhabitants; the ſtronger being gone to purſue others, and the weaker being run to hide themſelves: mediocrity being no more a virtue, where all was at height, to make excellency eminent in extremity.

They two came here alone, for they would have no ſeconds, or rather were ſo far firſt as they could have no ſeconds, and every one of them being confident in his own worth could not miſtruſt another's. As if words had been too weak meſſengers of their wrath, and ſwords only worthy to utter their minds, they began with that wherewith they hoped to end; none of them now could flatter himſelf ſo far againſt the proof of his own experienced knowledge, as to contemn his fellow.

Anaxius at the firſt, rioting in rage, and burning with a voluptuous appetite of blood, did abandon his hands to their accuſtomed prodigality, which contrary to the nature of that vice, was hurtful to the receiver, and profitable for the ſpender. But *Zelmane*, well weighing with whom ſhe had to deal, was more wary in her charges, and circumſpectly managing the treaſure of her ſtrength, would not idly beſtow it, but was liberal when occaſion offered. It was hard to ſay, whether the one was more frank, or the other more thankful: the guerdon never deferred, oft preventing the gift, above the deſire of the receiver, yet ſhort of the giver's mind. Their thought, eye, hand, and foot ſeemed chained to one motion, as all being turned by violence, to make up a harmony in horror. Never was courage better ſupported by skill and ſtrength, nor skill and ſtrength better accompanied by courage; the blows of every one of them ſeemed not only to ſtrive with the others, but even amongſt themſelves, for ſingularity; the latter ſtill (by being more obſervable) ſeeking to bury the remembrance of the former.

It

It ſeemed that thoſe two were not retired from the battle, but that the battle was transferred where they were. The eye might well have taken them to be two, but the ear would never have been perſuaded that ſo mighty ſounds could be ſent but from the weapons of a number; the environing windows with a ſad ſolitarineſs ſeemed to bewail their want of eyes, which defrauded them the entertainment of that delectable terror, tranſporting ſport.

Anaxius more angry with himſelf than with his enemy, that he ſhould be ſo long in vanquiſhing, where, when victorious, he would be but aſhamed of the victory, all his active powers being highly bended, both by choler and courage, he thus diſcharged his tongue: What ſpiteful god, jealous of my greatneſs, or envying my glory, hath ſent this devil in a woman's ſhape (as a cloud for *Juno* to *Ixion*) to mock me? but all this is one: though thou be a devil in a woman, or all the devils in one devil, I ſwear by this blow, I will beat thee hence to the hells, to the eternal terror of all the dark region; and with that lighted on *Zelmane* with ſuch a huge force, that all ſhe could procure by the mediation of one of her ſwords, was, that what was intended wholly at her head, by the wrying of her body, did but wound her a little on the ſhoulder. This was ſo far from diſmaying her, that it did confirm, increaſe it could not, her reſolution already at a height: Yet, though not more courage, ſhe pretended more fury, compaſſing him about to eſpy advantages, and oft giving him feigned alarms, as bragging to make a breach in his breaſt, advanced her right-hand ſword, which *Anaxius* beat down, and withal encroached to uſurp a room in her right ſide: but *Zelmane* ſuddenly inclining to the left, gave him a flat blow with that hand's ſword, which returned back clad with the ſpoils of that part of the body which it had forced.

Both thus being already allied by blood, yet did ſtrive for a more ſtrict affinity: wounds, in regard of their frequency, being no more reſpected than blows were before. Though they met in divers colours, now both were clad in one livery, as moſt ſuitable to their preſent eſtate: being ſervants to one maſter, and rivals in preferment. Neither could ſhowers of blood quench the winds of their wrath, which did blow it forth in great abundance, till faintneſs would have fain perſuaded both that they were mortal, and though neither of them by another, yet both overcomable by death. Then deſpair came to re-inforce the fight, joyning with courage, not as a companion, but as a ſervant: for courage never grew deſperate, but deſpair grew courageous; both being reſolved, if not conquering, none of them ſhould ſurvive the other's conqueſt, nor owe trophy but to death.

The greateſt grief of the one was to die by a woman; and of the other, to die as a woman: both in reſpect of her apparel, and, as ſhe thought, action; being matched by one man, who had o'ermatched multitudes of men. At laſt the great ſtorm of blows being paſt, ſhe reſted one of her ſwords on the earth, either forced by faintneſs, or intending art, offering a thruſt with the other, which *Anaxius* perceiving, did ſpeedily repel: and with that (gathering his diſtreſſed ſtrength together, as ready to remove, but firſt bent to give a gallant farewel) ran forward with ſuch a violent violence on *Zelmane*, (nought being able to reſiſt his unreſiſtable force) that ſhe preſently interpoſing her repoſed ſword, though it ran him through the heart, or rather he his heart upon it, it could not hinder him from running her through the body, and both to the earth, a brave flaſh of a dying light! a mighty thunder of a quenched lightning! Thus did he overthrow his overthrower; not falling till none was able to ſtand before him; whilſt though he were vanquiſhed, none could

could vaunt of the victory. His breaſt fell above the hand with the ſword, as if he would needs die embracing it, even after death adoring that idol of his life, and his dead weight ſtriving with *Zelmane's* weak life, whilſt ſhe ſtruggling to riſe did break the ſword, a part remaining under him, and the reſt within her; thus hard it was to force *Anaxius*, though he was dead, and impoſſible while he lived.

Zelmane, after her riſing, did draw the other ſword out of him, as bent to return not intereſted in any thing. She was ſtepping forward with a ſword in every hand, and a part of one in her breaſt: a trophy of victory, yet a badge of ruin; never better weaponed, never more unfit for fighting; when lo all the followers of *Anaxius*, diſcomforted by his abſence, but more by the black knight's preſence, *Armagines* having his death honoured by his hand, the reſt were quickly diſcomfited, and, deſpairing to ſave the caſtle, ſought to ſave themſelves.

The black knight committed the following of their flight to others, as a dangerous action, and therefore not worthy of him; then fearing that elſewhere for another which he could no more find there for himſelf, he went by the direction of his eyes, and the information of his ears, to ſeek out the two retired champions, when ſuddenly he encountered his other ſelf, marching like *Pallas* from the giant's overthrow.

As ſoon as the eyes of *Pyrocles*, no, his ſoul was raviſhed with the ſight of *Muſidorus*, it having infuſed a freſh vigour in his feeble members, and that phyſick applied to his mind, triumphing over the infirmity of his body; he threw away his ſword, only conquerable by kindneſs, and pulled out that which was in his body, that nothing might hinder him from embracing the image of his ſoul, which reflected his own thoughts. Their ſouls by a divine

ſympathy did firſt join, preventing the elemental maſſes of the bodies: but ah! whilſt they were claſped in each others arms (like two grafts grafted in one ſtock) the high tide of over-flowing affection reſtraining their tongues with aſtoniſhment, as unable to expreſs an unexpreſſible paſſion.

Pyrocles weakened with the loſs of blood, the effects of hate, and in that weakneſs ſurcharged with kindneſs, the fruits of love, not able to abide the interchoaking of ſuch extremities, the paleneſs of his face witneſſed the parting of his ſpirits, ſo that not able to ſtand, *Muſidorus* was forced to fall with him, or elſe would not ſtand after him. And at the ſuddenneſs of this unexpected adventure, or vehemently reſpectable miſadventure; like one (who unawares ſlipping from a great height) is choaked betwixt the height and the lowneſs, e'er he can conſider, either whence he fell, or where he falls. Being thrown from the top of contentment, to be drowned in the depths of miſery, he had his reaſonable part ſo haſtily overwhelmed with confuſion, that he remained dead alive, as the other was living in death. At laſt, re-aſſembling his confounded ſenſes from the rocks of ruin, grief had gathered ſo much ſtrength through weakneſs, as to attempt an impoſſibility in manifeſting it ſelf.

O what a monſter of miſery am I! even when moſt fortunate, moſt unfortunate, who never had a lightning of comfort, but that it was ſuddenly followed with a thunder of confuſion. Twice was my felicity by land (that it might be waſhed for ever away) made a prey to the inexorable waves, whilſt the relenting deſtinies pitying the rigour of their own decrees, to prevent their threatned effects, would have drowned me in (reſpecting the ocean of ſorrow prepared to ſwallow me) that little drop of the ſea. And, O thrice happy I, if I had periſhed whilſt I was altogether unhappy; then, when a dejected ſhepherd offenſive to the perfection of the world,

world, I could hardly, being oppreſſed by contempt, make my ſelf worthy to be diſdained, diſdain to be deſpiſed, being a degree of grace. O would to god that I had died obſcurely, whilſt my life might ſtill have lived famous with others, and my death have died with my ſelf; whilſt my not being known might have kept my diſhonour unknown, even then when matched, matched by one, and in the preſence of many fighting for one, who was more dear to me then all the world. Ah me! moſt miſerable, in not being more miſerable. Such a peſtilentious influence poiſoned the time of my nativity, that I have had a ſpark of happineſs, to clear me the way to deſtruction. I was carried high to be fit for a precipice, and that from that height I might behold how low the dungeons were wherein I was to fall. Even now I was ſo far from fear, as I was higher then hope, being in imagination maſter of all my wiſhes; yet at an inſtant, as if all that could be inflicted on my ſelf, were not ſufficient to afflict me, being armed with reſolution, both to brave the terrors of death, and to contemn the flatteries of life, I am tormented in another, whoſe ſufferings could only make me tenderly ſenſible. And with that, ſorrow, as it were ſorry to be interrupted by utterance, did damn it ſelf up to ſwell higher, feeding on the contemplation of it ſelf within; where, when abſolute tyrant of the breaſt, it might rather burſt him, than burſt out.

Then he was lying down ſenſleſly on his ſenſleſs friend, as in all eſtates ſtriving to be ſtill like him, when lo he felt his breaſt beat, and thereafter ſaw his unclouded eyes weakly ſtrive to ſhine again; thus firſt re-ſaluting the light, Oh where am I? *Muſidorus* replied: with him who is haſting to die with you. No, ſaid he, I have haſted to live with you. Death or life, ſaid *Muſidorus*; either of them muſt join us, but neither of them is able to part us. With that *Pyrocles*, weakly riſing, entruſted his feet with their

own burthen, but *Musidorus*, jealous of the carriage of so precious a treasure, would needs aid them with his arm, his strength strengthening *Pyrocles*, and the weakness of *Pyrocles* weakening him.

Thus, whilst guided by one, who was acquainted with the castle, they were seeking out a room, where *Pyrocles* reposing might cause take trial of the estate of his body, and repair the bloody breaches of the late battery; it being, though evil fortified, yet well defended: as they were walking along a gallery, they heard, from a chamber neighbouring the side of it, a dolorous sound, but so heavily delivered with a disordered convoy, that choaked with sobs, else drowned with tears, the pains of the bearer had so spoiled the birth, that it could not be known; yet a secret sympathy, by an expressible working, did more wound the mind of *Pyrocles*, than it was wounded by all the wound of the body, he pitying his complaint, though not knowing from whom, nor for what: O how the soul, apt for all impressions transcending reason, can comprehend unapprehensible things; this was the lamentation of the lamentable *Philoclea*.

The ladies, after the departure of *Zelmane*, by the inundation in their ears of horrible sounds, were violently invited to come fearfully to a window, over-looking the court, where they beheld the bloody effects of that, whereof they were the innocent causes. At first the lillies of their cheeks, over growing the roses, paleness had almost displaced beauty, were it not beauty was so powerful as to make paleness beautiful; yet their often travelled memory instructed their judgment, that misery being at height could not but of force either work the end of it self, or a beginning of comfort, and they could expect no worse estate than that in which they were.

Pamela would fain have flattered her ſelf to think that it was *Muſidorus* come to deliver her, but ſhe had rather have ſtill remained captive, than to have drawn him to ſuch a danger for her delivery; and having once apprehended that he was there, never a blow was given but that ſhe was wounded with it, being ever ſorry for the overthrown, never glad for the overthrower; either pity prevailing with the tenderneſs of her ſex, or becauſe ſhe knew no danger could come by overcoming.

As for *Philoclea*, ſhe who through the gentleneſs of her own nature would have ſmarted for any other, who had been in danger, when ſhe remembred the hazard of her treaſure *Zelmane*, who, as ſhe knew, did not uſe to be an idle ſpectator of ſo earneſt a game; a multitude of thoughts, without art artificial, did paint fear in her face, and engrave grief in her boſom. Whilſt they continued thus, *Pamela*, in vain ſtriving to match majeſty with affection, ſtood with a diſtracted ſtatelineſs, and with ſuch a ſtately aſtoniſhment, where grief and fear in *Philoclea* made eaſily a conſort in ſorrow, with watry eyes, like the ſun ſhining in a ſhower, weakly clearing a cloudy countenance; when ſuddenly they heard one cry, ſince the caſtle was won to ſet the ladies at liberty; but they who were well acquainted both with the frowns and ſmiles of fortune, as they had ever triumphed over the one, would not ſuffer themſelves to be led captives by the other; neither could this accompliſh their contentment, till they had the lords of that pleaſant bondage, which they did value more than unvaluable liberty; the conſtrained captivity of the body, having nothing diminiſhed the voluntary thraldom of the mind.

But ah! this ſmooth calm came only to make them the more ſenſible of the ſucceeding tempeſt, which the breath of one from below, roaring forth the death of *Zelmane*, did thunder up upon them.

Pamela

Pamela (like a rock amidſt the ſea, beaten both with the winds and with the waves, yet it ſelf immoveable) did receive this rigorous charge with a conſtant, though ſad countenance, and with fixed eyes witneſſing the moving of her mind, yet neither utterring word, nor ſtear, as diſdaining to imploy their weakneſs in ſo great a grief. Such might have been the geſture of *Niobe* hearing the news of her children's death, e're ſhe was metamorphoſed into a ſtone; like one, majeſty triumphing over miſery, who would rather burſt ſtrongly within, than be disburdened by burſting out in an abject manner.

But, ah me, the confounded *Philoclea*, who, being the weaker, had received the ſharpeſt aſſault, an affectionate fury forcing from her an abſolute paſſion, which a dutiful kindneſs through compaſſion only provoked in her ſiſter, ſhe, ſmothered with ſo monſtrous a weight, did ſink down under it to the earth.

This made *Pamela* forget her other grief without any comfort, transferring her affection from her friend to her more than friendly ſiſter; from whom ſhe ſaw at that time her care might be more ſerviceable, wherewith ſhe brought her to her ſelf, and ſhe her ſelf to ſorrow. At firſt, the tongue and the eyes, being too feeble inſtruments to ſo violent a paſſion, ſhe uſed her hands, beating that breaſt which the moſt barbarous creature elſe in the world could not have done; offering thoſe torn hairs as oblations to him after death, which had been the delights of his life; and deforming that face, the regiſter of nature's wonders, confirmed by the admiration of men. Which when *Pamela*, of a patient became a phyſician, ſought to hinder, ſhe thus ſaid: Alas, ſiſter, you do not know what a treaſure I have loſt, even a treaſure more worth than all the world was worthy to enjoy. Ah, pardon me thou, whom even death is not able to kill in my ſoul:

pardon

pardon me, who have ever concealed thy ſecret, now to diſcover mine own, for while my life laſts, ſhort may it be, and long it ſhall not be, I will ſhew to all the world that, which, whilſt thou livedſt, I would have been aſhamed to have ſhewn to thy ſelf, even thy perfection and mine affection. Neither do I regard how the conceits of others cenſure my carriage in this: for there is no eye now, wherein I deſire to appear precious, nor no opinion, whereof I crave to make a purchaſe; death may end my life, but not my love, which, as it is infinite, muſt be immortal. I would gladly uſe means to diſpatch this miſerable life; but it were a ſhame for me, if, after ſo great a diſaſter, ſorrow only were not ſufficient to kill me. And with that beauty in the heaven of her face, two ſuns eclipſed, being wrapped up in paleneſs, ſhe fell down groveling on the ground.

Pyrocles, imagining what report might be made, and not doubting what effect it would work, bent to furniſh phyſick for her mind, e'er he ſought any for his own body, came in at the door, whom *Pamela*, her arms and her tongue rivals in kindneſs, embracing, ſaid: Never more welcome, though ever welcome, *Zelmane*; thou, who ever art victorious, haſt thou likewiſe brought thy ſelf away a trophy from death? Sweet ladies, replied ſhe, who would faint to fight for ſuch divine creatures, as you are? and who could have force to fight againſt you?

Philoclea, who at firſt, either dull through exceſſive dolor, did not conceive her ſiſter's words; or elſe ſuſpecting, as ſhe thought, her impoſſible deſire to pleaſe her, all being doubtful to truſt what they do extremely affect, did miſconceive her meaning. She was raiſing her eyes to examine her ears: but the moſt truſty of her ſenſes preventing both, by a palpable proof, gave her an abſolute aſſurance; ſo that e'er ſhe could think *Zelmane* was at all to be embraced, finding her ſelf embraced by *Zelmane*;

ſhe

ſhe was lifted up to a heaven of joy, as before ſhe had been ſunk down in a hell of grief; never abſolutely her own; but either raviſhed or ruined. Spying the blood on *Zelmane*'s garment, not knowing whether her own, or her enemies, ſhe grew pale; and then, looking on her ſiſter, ſhe bluſhed, ſuſpecting that ſhe ſuſpected the cauſe of her paleneſs, conferring it with her former plaints, to be more than a friendly kindneſs: but *Zelmane*, fearing what might be the effects of her fear, ſaid, that ſhe expected a congratulation of her victory, and not condoling of paſſed danger, which was acquitted with the ſpeechleſs anſwer of an affectionate look, and a paſſionate preſſing of her hand.

Then *Pamela*, inquiring the perilous courſe of her ſhort progreſs, ſhe told how fortified with their fortune, truſting more to it, than to her own valor, which, like their beauty, could not but prevail, ſhe had firſt overthrown the two brethren of *Anaxius*; and thereafter, fighting with himſelf, it was her chance, God ſtrenghning her weakneſs to puniſh his injuſtice, to kill him; ſhe could not ſay overcome him: no, ſhe was not aſhamed to affirm, that though he was killed, ſhe thought him not overcome, ſeeing both he died with opinion, and in action of victory; death preventing the knowledge of his laſt ſucceſs. A rare happineſs, his life and fortune having both but one bound.

Both highly praiſing her valor, and admiring her modeſty, and glad of their own delivery, whereof they thought her the author, thoughts ſtriving to expreſs themſelves the more powerfully without words, they were acknowledging, the ſame with a grateful countenance, and kindly affecting looks, when *Zelmane*, not complementally hunting that which ſhe fled, but like one who with a glaſs reflects the force of the ſun ſome where elſe, earneſtly proteſted that ſhe would be loath to uſurp that which was due to another, eſpecially in the owner's

owner's preſence. And, turning towards the black knight, who all the time ſtood aſide as her attender, though armed, trembling for fear of one unarmed, who unarmed, would not have been ſo afraid of an army in arms, ſhe freely affirmed, There is the deliverer of us all, from whom we receive our liberty, to whom we owe our ſelves, ſince it is that which makes us our ſelves.

Then the black knight, invited by the willing countenance of the princeſs, abaſing his helmet, advanced, more fearfully than to a battel, to kiſs her hand: when *Zelmane*, courteouſly retired *Philoclea* a little diſtance from thence, as glad to confer with her, as to give her friend occaſion to confer with *Pamela*, who preſently, whilſt the roſes of his lips made a flower of affection with the lillies of her hands, knowing her own *Dorus*, at the ſuddenneſs of the aſſault, the moving of her mind was betrayed by the changes of her countenance, the blood of her face ebbing and flowing according to the tide of affection; yet borrowing a mask from hate, wherewith to hide love, ſhe thus charged him, who already had yielded: How durſt you thus preſume to preſent your ſelf in my preſence, being diſcharged it, when you deſerved the uttermoſt that reaſon could deviſe, or fury execute? Hath my dejected eſtate emboldened you to exalt your ſelf againſt me? Then he, gathering courage from the extremity of deſpair, thus cleared his intention: True it is, lady of my life, and ſhall be of my death, I was worthy then to have been baniſhed from the world. But what of a world of worlds? I was baniſhed from your ſight, and, which is worſt of all, deſervedly. Neither come I now of contempt, but only to teſtify my obedience, which otherwiſe at this time might have been conſtrued to a cowardiſe. Such a love as mine, wedded to virtue, can never be ſo adulterated by any accident, no, nor yet raviſhed by paſſion, as to bring forth a baſtard diſobedience,

bedience, whereof, my very conſcience not being able to accuſe my thoughts, I came to clear my ſelf. But now, having performed all that was within the compaſs of my power, a part of my blood witneſſing my affection, which I wiſh were confirmed by the reſt: you may ſee, directreſs of my deſtiny, that no force can force me to any thing, much leſs from your ſight, ſave only your own will, which is unto me a law, yea, an oracle. And now when you ſee I do it not for fear of others, but only out of a reverence to you; if not for your ſatisfaction, yet for my puniſhment, ſo to perſecute him whom you hate, I will go waſte the remnant of my wretched days in ſome remote wilderneſs, as not worthy to be ſeen of any, ſince odious in your ſight: having, I hope, by many proofs prevailed thus much with your opinion, that after my death you will think there was ſome worth in me; though not worthy of your love. When he, full of humble affection, was retiring himſelf with a courteſy as low as his thoughts; ſhe, thinking enough done to try him, yet without ſeeming to truſt him, whilſt, though guilty of grief, her countenance could accuſe her of no care, as out of a freſh remembrance, ſaid, That ſhe would not have *Dametas* to loſe a ſervant, nor *Mopſa* a ſuitor, by her means; and if he would needs return towards the lodges, that he ſhould expect ſome employment homewards from her. Then he, as one, who faln in the bottom of ſome deep water, coming to flote above, in ſight of land, receiveth ſome comfort, though ſtill in danger, began to re-aſſemble his diſperſed ſpirits again, looking more cheerfully. But e'er his thoughts, every one of them over-flowing another, could ſettle themſelves in words, ſhe, preventing the violence of ſo ſudden a change, did call to her ſiſter, by accuſing their indiſcretion, in holding thoſe two ſo long by talking with them, from looking to themſelves. Which *Philoclea* allowed,

lowed, trembling with an earneſt fear, to know in what eſtate *Zelmane* ſtood.

They two, injured by this courteſy, with an unwilling obedience accepted of it; more reſpecting the pleaſure of others, than their own neceſſity. *Pamela*, as only affecting *Zelmane* offered her either all, or a part of their chamber: and ſhe, her tongue rebelling againſt her heart, refuſed what ſhe deſired, pretending a loathneſs to trouble them. Then the ſiſters offered to accompany them; but, after they had a while coloured true kindneſs with ordinary complements, *Zelmane* prevailed againſt her ſelf, to go accompanied as ſhe came: yet both looking as if they would have left their eyes behind them, as well as their hearts; as ſoon as they were by themſelves in a chamber, *Zelmane* diſapparelling her ſelf, the black knight, though better skilled in giving, than in curing of wounds, yet lately experienced by paſſing the like danger, he would needs prove ſurgeon: and after he had purchaſed the things neceſſary, having conſidered his wounds, he found none, ſave the laſt that went through the body, dangerous; and yet not deadly: thereafter meeting their minds in diſcourſes, either of them had his own contentment doubled by hearing of the others.

Then the black knight, taking leave for a while, locking the door behind him, went down to the court, to try if any ſpark of the late fire remained as yet to quench. For after the oppoſite party, as if their arms were not ſufficient to arm them, unleſs their arms were armed with walls, ran to fortify themſelves within houſes, which had no ſtrength ſave that which men were to afford them: he, who thought his own good fortune no better than a misfortune, till he was aſſured that his friend had the like, without whom no happineſs of his could be accompliſhed, recommending the remnant of the adverſary's ruins to his two companions, had gone

to

to learn if he were alike happy in all places: and they, fear freezing the courage, and diſſolving the hearts of their ſcattered enemies, found quickly more throwing themſelves weaponleſs at their feet, than they could have leiſure ſeverally to raiſe; ſo that they were more weary, though more contented, with pardoning, than they had been with puniſhing,

Some more crafty, or more fearful, cried out at the windows, that they would render upon ſecurity of pardon. But they, ſcorning to capitulate with fugitives, who would not have done it with them when fighters: and diſdaining all that, by the moſt large conſtruction, could be wreſted to the ſenſe of conſtraint, they would not equal them with thoſe who were already humble, till they ſubmitted in a more ſubmiſs manner, depending only on their free diſpoſition. Which they, either truſting to the virtue of others, or miſtruſting their own, having done, the knight of the ſheep was conſtrained, his wound bleeding in great abundance, which being made by an impoiſoned dart, had inflamed all his body, to retire. The other, having received the keys of the gate, committed the chief captives to keepers, till the black knight's coming, who preſently thereafter exacting what conditions he pleaſed, did enlarge them all. Then ſentinels were ſet on the wall, and a company appointed to watch all night: when ſuddenly one came from their friend, to deſire them to come and take their laſt farewel of him: a requeſt wonderfully grieving them, yet quickly granted; yea, performed, e'er anſwered.

Being met, and all others retired, he with theſe words deeply wounded their ſouls. Dear friends, whom I may juſtly call ſo, though none of us as yet doth know another; You ſee, I have acted my part, and the curtain muſt quickly be drawn. Death, the only period of all reſpects, doth diſpenſe with a free ſpeech. At a tilting in *Iberia*, where I was born,

born, dedicated to the memory of the queen *Andromaine's* marriage, a novice in arms, amongſt others, I ran in a paſtoral ſhew againſt the *Corinthian* knights, whom the ſucceſs had preferred in the opinion of the beholders: till the worthily admirable princeſs, *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, drawn forth by the young prince *Palladius*, brought back the reputation to our party, and there did ſuch things as might have honoured *Mars*, if he had been in any of their places; and made either of them worthy of his. Thereafter being drawn away from that country by an accident, the report whereof craves a longer time, and a ſtronger breath than the heavens are like to afford me, their glory tyrannizing over my reſt, did kindle ſuch flames in my boſom, that, burning with a generous ardor, I did reſolve leaving my own country, as to ſtrict a bound for my thoughts, to try my fortune, where I might either live famous, or die unknown; vowing withal to travel, till thoſe princes were either the ſubject or witneſſes of my valor. What paſſed in my way I paſs over: perchance others may remember. At laſt, invited by fame, I came to this fatal country, it the band of my heart was, and now muſt be of my body: where firſt carried, with curioſity, the fever of youth, I went to the *Arcadian* paſtorals for my recreation; but found the ruin of my reſt. There, blinded with beholding, and tormented with delight, my earneſt eyes ſurfeited on the excellencies of the pattern of perfection, the quinteſſence of worth, even the moſt divinely divine *Philoclea*. Ah too adventurous eyes! Neither could this content them, but they would needs offer up her picture on the altar of my heart; where, by my thoughts their choice might be allowed, yea, and idolatrouſly advanced. For they, ſcorning the ſimple rudeneſs of the eyes, as eaſily defrauded of their too forwardly affected object, would ſecurely entreaſure it in a more precious place, by a piercing apprehenſion ſinking it in the

ſoul for ever. For a time, ſuffered as a ſtranger, and a ſhepherd, known, as you know, by the name of *Philiſides*, amongſt the reſt, I had the means to pour forth my plaints before her, but never to her, and, though over-thrown, not rendred, I had concluded never to have thrown the dice betwixt hope and deſpair, ſo betraying my eſtate to the tyranny of another's will. No, I was reſolved ſhe ſhould never know her power in me, till I had known her mind of me: ſo that, if ſhe would not raiſe me, ſhe ſhould not have means to inſult over me. Thus if I had not procured pity, I ſhould not have expoſed my ſelf to diſdain.

In the haughtineſs of my heart, thinking nothing impoſſible, I durſt promiſe my ſelf, that, my deeds having purchaſed reputation, with words worthy of reſpect, I might venture the proceſs of my affection. In the mean time I joined joyful with you in this late war now ended: though profeſſing a general deſire of glory, yet for a particular end; and happy end, ſince I end for her. But ſince whilſt I lived, I had not the means, as I wiſhed, to content her. I crave not, by the knowledge of this, after death to diſcontent her. It ſhall ſatisfy me, that I die before my hopes; and ſhe cannot grieve for the loſs of that which ſhe never knew to be hers.

With this, the other ſliding apart to bear and bury his ſorrow privately, the black knight weeping, embraced him in his arms, and told him what he was, ſaying, he was glad that his vow was performed; he being a benefited witneſs, not the endangered ſubject of his valor. Then contentment, budding forth in his countenance, floriſhed in a ſmile, and having kiſſed his friends, deſiring to live in their memory, wiſhed them as contented lives, as his was a death. He died as joyful as he left them ſorrowful, who had known him a mirror of courage, and courteſy, of learning and arms; ſo that it

ſeemed,

ſeemed, that *Mars* had begotten him upon one of the muſes.

Muſidorus, exceedingly ſorrowful for this irreparable loſs, was yet more ſorrowful when he remembred himſelf to be in danger of a greater: and recommending the direction of all below to the knight of the pole, he went himſelf up to viſit his patient; whom he found, though lying, yet reſting: and though not ſleeping, yet dreaming. As ſoon as he heard *Muſidorus*, ſtarting as one awakened out of a ſlumber, he looked on his face, grieved to ſee the impreſſion of grief in it, he not knowing the cauſe, with an inquiſitive amazement. But the other, preventing that threatned tempeſt, did blow away the clouds that were gathered in his countenance; telling him, That he had no intereſt in the anguiſh, which then did afflict him. What, ſaid *Pyrocles*, being paſſionately moved, can *Muſidorus* have any thing wherein I have no intereſt? I, ſaid he, and for the preſent a greater wonder; my grief may breed you joy, I having loſt a friend, and you a rival. Then he began to diſcourſe unto him what was paſſed. And beſide that, which was juſtly deſerved, pity adorning praiſe, and praiſe augmenting pity, a generous paſſion ſo conquered the unquerable *Pyrocles*, that he lamented him dead, whom he had not known; no, nor would never have loved alive, nor undoubtedly would have wiſhed him no better ſucceſs than he had. Yea the very thing which before might have moſt diſcontented him, did then moſt content him; having his judgment confirmed by the like, in one of ſuch worth.

After that, laid down in one bed together, friendſhip making them free, and ſolitarineſs bold, whilſt their minds began to be delivered of all, wherewith they had a long time travelled, a maid came to the door, ſent by the two ſiſters, to viſit *Zelmane*; who hearing two, where ſhe expected but one, and the one by the manner of his ſpeech likely to be a

man, did preſently return, and reported to the ladies, who were lying together, that whereof her ears had given her ſufficient aſſurance. At which news *Pamela*, burning within, ſparkled forth theſe words to her ſiſter: What wonder though ſtrangers ever wandring, wander from all things, chiefly thoſe of our ſex, who being born to be bounded within houſes, when they cannot be bounded within kingdoms, how can they be bounded with modeſty? Yet, tho' I hate the deed, the reſpect of the doer, but more of us whoſe company ſhe hath haunted, leſt her reproach, by the commentary of fame, be too largely extended, binds me to conceal her ſhame, that we bluſh not at it. But we muſt either free our ſelves from her, or ſhe her ſelf from this ſlander.

Oh, but anſwered the ever (and more now than ever) mild *Philoclea:* We muſt not, ſiſter, raſhly condemn them, whom we have oftentimes conſiderately approved, leſt the change be in our judgment, and not in them. No doubt, becauſe of the indiſpoſition of her body, it was neceſſary that ſhe ſhould have ſome one to accompany her; perchance a woman miſtaken, and if a man, who knows for what end? She, who being found would acquaint her ſelf with none, in this eſtate could not be acquainted with any.

It is an eaſy matter, replied *Pamela, for one who can deceive, to diſſemble:* neither is this a new acquaintance. You might have ſeen her uſe that knight, who did come in with her, rather kindly than courteouſly; a preceding friendſhip overpaſſing preſent reſpects: for *where a great familiarity is, no ceremonial duty can be obſerved.* Then *Philoclea*, having found her, could hardly reſtrain the violence of a juſt laughter. As for that which you affirm laſt, ſaid ſhe, I cannot deny it: no, I dare aſſure you, and aſſure your ſelf I will aſſure nothing without aſſurance, that knight is the man of the world whom *Zelmane* moſt dearly loves, and yet I know, that

neither

neither would he offer nor ſhe ſuffer her honour to be wronged, as you imagine. This laſt wound was too deep for *Pamela* to ſpeak after it: ſo that ſhe, abandoning her heart to throw it ſelf over the rock of unkindneſs, in danger to be drowned with his own tears, was thus prevented by *Philoclea*: Dear ſiſter, and if any word can expreſs more dearneſs more dear than that, your uſing me not only as a ſiſter, but as a friend in the higheſt degree of truſt, would make me aſhamed to miſtruſt you, or that you ſhould be beholden to any other than to me for my ſecret. So might my ſtrangeneſs juſtify your unkindneſs, though ye ſhould diſcover and condemn that, which I know you will conceal, perchance approve, and farther being by my imparting of it to you, made of the party, e'er the report of others make you a Judge; be bold my tongue; for though my cheeks bluſh, yet they cover you. Be not aſhamed, nay even glory to tell that *Zelmane* is the prince *Pyrocles*; he, whom you have heard ſo oft, yet ever to his honour, named; and, to define him unto you more particularly, the friend of *Muſidorus*, over whom with him you are jealous; they lying now in one bed with no leſs love, than I told you. Why he goes diſguiſed with others, and why I am plain with you I need not tell; you may imagine. One god hath metamorphoſed both, the one in a ſhepherd, the other in a woman; and we only can reſtore them to themſelves, and themſelves to the world, that they may grace it with the glory of their actions, as they were wont to do.

Then *Philoclea*, exchanging eſtates with her ſiſter, words arreſted by thoughts, ſhe became ſad, and the other joyful; who thinking herſelf well revenged of the paſſed ſcorn, and having a ſufficient pledge of her ſiſter's ſecrecy, began to complain of their father's ſtrict uſing of them, by ſurmizings of his own minding to mar their fortunes, ſo that

where he should rejoice at such an occasion, if coming to the knowledge thereof, he would not fail to disappoint it, perchance with the ruin of the princes; which would not only prove a particular loss for them, but, which she lamented more, a general loss for all the world; depriving it of those patterns of virtue, who in all their actions did but paint out the height of perfection, and encourage others to follow their footsteps in the way of worth. Therefore it behoved them to regard themselves, and seriously to consider a matter of so great importance. Then, both beginning to muse, night did cast the nets of sleep over their eyes, yet could not hinder their earnest thoughts from prosecuting the course of their own fancies; for what they were thinking when waking, they still dreamed when sleeping.

But e'er the morning star began to retire, as giving place to a greater light, whose coming, it, as a fore-runner, had only warned the world to attend, both awaked complaining of the night's length, and having with passionate discourses worn away darkness, as weary of them, they arose and hastily apparelled themselves, though not in a curious, yet in a comely manner. Then, with a pretended charity, they would needs go visit the diseased patient, being themselves impatient. A little before their coming, *Musidorus* being gone to give order for the burial of *Philisides*, and, at the earnest desire of *Pyrocles*, of *Anaxius*, whose valour now had the full praise, from which his own presumption had derogated much whilst he lived: as they approached to his chamber door, they heard *Pyrocles* preparing his voice for the convoy of a sadly conceived, and weakly delivered song, which they resolved not to interrupt, attending the letter which followed.

More dangerous darts, than death, love throws I ſpy,
Who by experience now know both their wounds:
Death pierc'd me all, yet could not make me dye:
Love with a thought me in effect confounds.
The power of death, art ſometimes may reſtrain,
Where love, I find, can never phyſick find:
Death only plagues the body but with pain,
Where love with pleaſure doth torment the mind.
Death ſtill to all alike none free doth leave;
Where partial love, ſhafts but at ſome doth ſend:
Death with more mercy kills than love doth ſave,
Death's end breeds reſt, love never reſts to end.
Death doth enlarge, where love impriſons ſtill;
Death forc'd by fates; love willingly doth kill.

As ſoon as this ſong was ended *Pamela* opened the door, ſaluting him ſtill (ſo to diſguiſe her knowlege) by the name of *Zelmane*; and asked in what eſtate ſhe was with her ſelf, who returned this anſwer: How can I ſmart having ſuch angels to give me comfort? or how can I feel pain in their preſence, whoſe faces are heavens of pleaſure? ſince, ſaid *Pamela*, being only unfortunate by falling in our company, the hazard of your life hath procured our liberty, ſo that accidentally, though far from our intention, we have been the cauſes of all your trouble, how can we think of your pain, but as of our own? or have any delight, whilſt you reſt grieved? Wonders of worth, ſaid *Zelmane*, I ſhall ever, whilſt I live, reckon for my higheſt happineſs, my being honoured by your company, and as for my travels in this, they are by the ſucceſs abundantly rewarded, ſince I could aſpire to no higher good, than I have compaſſed, having purchaſed you any contentment.

Whilſt that paſſionated *Zelmane*, with an animated fervency, did incorporate her hand with *Philoclea*'s, whoſe ſpeaking looks, however ſometime our

of modeſty obliquely moving, had a continual revolution about his face; the black knight's coming in, drew *Pamela*'s ſpirits from her thoughts to her eyes. A gentleman followed him, directed from *Baſilius*; who after his duty done to the ladies, having ſhewn them their father and mother were in good health (invited by their enquiring attendants) told how the firſt, whom prodigal fame had breathed forth with news, (haſted by himſelf, as who carried an acceptable meſſage in hope of benefit or thanks) certified the king how the caſtle was won, and his daughters delivered by the black knight, who before had put a period to the victories of *Amphialus*. At this *Pamela* looking on *Muſidorus*, bluſhed; and he (though by no geſture betraying his joy) rejoyced, not becauſe he heard himſelf praiſed, but becauſe ſhe heard him praiſed, and that *Anaxius* in a ſingle combat was killed by *Zelmane*, ſhe not long overliving the victory.

The king hearing this, who of his gracious nature would rather ſave one friend than deſtroy all his enemies, as if the delivery of his daughters had been a matter of ſmall moment, and a gain too light to counterpoiſe ſo great a loſs, did abandon his ſoul to the tyranny of ſorrow, even more then majeſty in a prince, or virtue in affliction, in the ballances of reaſon, would have allowed of ſuch weight. At this *Zelmane*'s ſmile was accompanied with *Philoclea*'s. But when he ſpake of *Gynecia*'s griefs overgrowing the other, they grew pale: being afraid of the fountain from whence her tears did flow, leſt it ſhould drown them.

But whilſt *Gynecia* (the meſſenger inſiſted) as run mad with anguiſh, incloſed in a chamber would ſuffer none to come unto her; all wondered, that her children being ſafe, a ſtranger's death, or her husband's grief, could weaken the cold ſtrength of her mind ſo much. The next meſſenger came, being the latter, and thereby the better informed, who

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ſugared the firſt news of the aſſurance of *Zelmane's* ſafety. Then the queen coming forth as after a great tempeſt, the ſky of her countenance cleared, looking brighter than before. The king would have come himſelf here in perſon, but he was perſuaded to ſend *Philanax* with a number of choſen men to receive the caſtle and ladies; eftſoons being curious to know who cured *Zelmane*; when it was told him that the knight who won the caſtle would truſt none with that ſave himſelf, he was ſorry that one of his worth ſhould be put to ſuch trouble; and would needs have an ordinary ſurgeon ſought out to undertake the charge. In the mean time the queen came and brought out of a box a ſoveraign balm, which ſhe hath ſent by me to be applied to your wounds, fair *Zelmane*, not doubting but they will quickly become ſound if her direction be obſerved; which is only: that you reſt and keep your ſelf quiet from company now, and by the way, till ſhe her ſelf may uſe other remedies. And for this effect ſhe intreats you (miracles of nature) her daughters to forbear her company during this time: that your example (whoſe authority abuſed might embolden the indiſcretion of inferiors) may be a law for others: and ſhe aſſured me, that ſhe would by a ſecret ſpy learn how ſhe were obeyed in this. Such a care hath ſhe of this ſweet lady's health.

By the end of this commiſſion well did *Zelmane* and *Philoclea* know, at whom in particular thoſe general injunctions did only aim. This enjoined abſtinence did give *Zelmane* a ſurfeit in ſorrow, who had rather have continued ſtill infirm, than to have recovered by ſo cruel a phyſick. And yet her miſery was multiplied when ſhe remembered the cauſe, whereof this, in reſpect of that which ſhe did expect) was a ſlender iſſue, and but a little fury, ſent to afflict her out of that hell of *Gynecia's* breaſt, into whoſe company ſhe was ſhortly to enter. Now the black knight, purpoſing to depart before *Philanax* arri-

arrived, brought his companion the knight of the pole, as a partner of his victory, to kiſs the ladies hands extenuating his own part, and preferring his: *Thoſe who have true worth in themſelves, can never envy it in another.* Thereafter adviſing him privately to have their little company in a readineſs, he went with an uncounterfeited reverence, humbling himſelf before the idol of his ſoul to know her will: telling her what he had done, being only done for her, he would attend thanks from no other; neither would he be known till he might be known for hers: and ſhe (her countenance rather lightning courteſy than affection) deſired him to return to his old maſter, and he would be reſtored to the eſtate which by his fault he had before juſtly forfeited; wiſhing that he would carry himſelf more moderately hereafter, if he would not incur her indignation, and raze all regard of him out of her memory.

Then *Muſidorus*, as contented as one who had been brought from hell to heaven, with many vehement atteſtations to win truſt with her, and imprecations againſt himſelf in caſe of perjury, wiſhed, if ever his mind were ſo unhappy, as to be ſurpriſed by any purpoſe, tending in the leaſt degree to grieve her, that he might never live till it took effect, but die e'er it were diſcovered. And (like a wary gameſter, who having once advantage is loth to adventure again) willing to ſeal up his ears with the acceptable ſounds which they had received, he took leave, leaving his heart with her, and taking hers with him. Then went he towards *Pyrocles* (the joy of his heart ſhining through his face) and acquainted him with his unwilling abſenting himſelf, referring all farther conference till their meeting at the arbor. And having in a complimental manner craved, but not deſired employment from *Philoclea*, in any ſervice after the funerals were performed, he marched with his troop away, the moſt part thinking that he went to meet *Philanax*: whilſt *Pamela* from

from a window followed with her eyes, till clouds of duſt did bury their object in the air.

Soon after their departure from the caſtle, about this time, *Philanax* arrived, who, immediately after he had received the caſtle in the king's name, ſought for the knight, whoſe gift, though not given by him, he eſteemed it to be. For he being generouſly judicious, thought it more fit that princes ſhould defray obligations by rewards, every man being inferior to him to whom he ſtands indebted, than to be behind with any by being beholden; and hearing that he was gone by publick enquiry for him, and praiſes of him, he witneſſed to the world how highly his valour was valued. After he had ſaluted the princeſſes, he viſited *Zelmane*, and told her how careful his maſter was to have thoſe wounds cured, which in his ſervice had been procured, that hereafter he might otherwiſe expreſs his grateſulneſs. But *Zelmane* affirmed, that though that blood which was ſhed, had been followed by all the reſt of her body; with the king's former courteſies towards her, the deſerving by the recompence was both preceded and exceeded. Then *Philanax*, loth to ſtrive with deeds in words, deſired her, if her health might ſerve, to provide for her removing with the reſt to morrow; otherwiſe, that ſhould be done for her, which ſhe her ſelf would direct.

Immediately after his departure *Zelmane* aroſe; and having apparelled her ſelf, began to walk, not ſo much to try how ſhe might comport with the intended journey, as that ſhe might pretend any means which might afford her the ſatisfaction of *Philoclea*'s preſence; where, violently carried by her thoughts, ſhe came ſoon, but not ſo ſoon as ſhe wiſhed, and was wiſhed: where *Pamela* apart entertaining her thoughts, ſhe thus entred with *Philoclea*. Dear love, Oh in what an ocean of troubles doth our eſtate continually float, yet hath never ſo much as attained the ſight of any ſecure

port.

port. I ſee that this freedom will but bring us to a greater bondage: we are led from captivity, only to become captives. For where before thoſe ſenſeleſs walls were thought ſufficient to guard us, we ſhall be watched now, by one more jealous than *Juno*, with more eyes than ever *Argus* had. I would willingly convey you where I might enjoy you, and you a kingdom: but this, my infirmity firſt hindered, and the coming of *Philanax* hath altogether prevented. In the mean time, till for performing of that, a longed for occaſion came, I muſt arm my ſelf againſt your father's folly, and your mother's fury. The one might eaſily be deluded, but the other's cannot be reſiſted, but by a ſhew of yielding, which I muſt cunningly counterfeit: and therefore truſt no external ſhew; for whoever have my countenance, you have my heart. *Philoclea*'s words were, that ſhe cared not where ſhe went, ſo it were with him, nor what ſhe did, ſo it were warranted by his direction, as bent rather to burn her breaſt, than to let it lodge any thought which durſt but doubt of the ſufficiency of his intentions, ſince whatever circle they made, having always for their centre the excellency of his own worth. So parting, as if they had been to go to live in ſundry kingdoms; though going to live in one company, night invited them to repoſe.

The next morning being ſaluted by the trumpet's ſounds, and all ready to remove, they were quickly tranſported over the lake; and as quickly, when landed, mounted by the provident care of *Philanax*, to finiſh their journey. But e'er they came two or three miles off the lodges, *Baſilius* met them, who imbraced his daughters; not that he would go firſt to them, but that he would be laſt with *Zelmane*, whom he had kiſſed with his eyes, e'er his lips were drawn from his daughters. And as ſoon as he had ſhewn as much affection, encountring her, as his ſtate before ſo many would permit: he ſaid,

that

that notwithſtanding her countenance was the treaſure in the world, whereof he was moſt covetous, yet it grieved him that another ſhould be ſo happy as to have procured her liberty, rather than himſelf; and that it was his purpoſe, as a private adventure, to have manifeſted his affection, fighting as a knight, not as a king for her delivery.

Zelmane replying, That it had been againſt all reaſon, that ſo great a prince on whom the lives of ſo many did depend, ſhould have been hazarded for the life of one, whoſe fall could extend no farther than to her own ruin: Your ruin, ſaid he, I wiſh that mine were firſt; for it could not but follow after. And do not think that the black knight, or any other durſt do more for you than I: yet ſuch is the miſerable eſtate of us kings, that we cannot prove men; but are compelled to move in our own ſphere. The journey's end cutting off their diſcourſe, *Gynecia* was waiting on their lighting; and having firſt, duty tyrannizing over affection, careleſly kiſſed *Pamela*, diſdainfully *Philoclea*, and vehemently *Zelmane*, thereafter enquiring of her wounds, thanks (though beſtowing nothing defraying much) were courteouſly returned for the balm which was ſent; ſhe proteſting that if no other thing could help, ſhe would pull out her own heart, when *Baſilius* interrupted them, coming to have lightned his heart, by burthening his body with his miſtreſs's lightning.

Dametas came ſtarting and leaping like a giddy kid to meet with *Pamela*; and as ſoon as ſhe was lighted, for the firſt ſalutation, told her how much ſhe was beholden to him, having ſhewn his manhood and good-will as much as the beſt fellow in thoſe bounds could have done, ſwearing that he had ventured more for her, than he would do for all the world again, and for his own life too; I, quoth he, and when my man *Dorus* durſt not be ſeen, who was thought a brave fellow, yet he feigned a buſi-

neſs

neſs far from the noiſe of war, to ſeek ſheep; but the truth is, to hide himſelf, whilſt my deeds made all our army laugh for joy: ſo that durimg all that time of trouble, which I tremble yet to think upon, I never heard of him, till even now he ſent me word by a ſhepherd, whom he met on the way, that he had found the ewes, which had ſtrayed, with great difficulty; and was driving them at leiſure, for fear they ſhould miſcarry. But when he comes, I promiſe I will make his cowardiſe be known for leaving me, when I would fain have left my ſelf for fear. O but, ſaid *Pamela*, you muſt not be offended, tho' every man be not ſo ſtout as you are; he may be an evil ſoldier, but yet a good ſhepherd: and I hope you keep him that he may keep ſheep, not that he may kill men. Now in good faith, ſaid he, I ſee you are not changed; for you were ever wiſe, and ſo you do continue ſtill. I may well chide the fellow, but I will not beat him.

Then all entring the lodge with *Baſilius*, though the ſupper was ready, *Gynecia* would dreſs *Zelmane*'s wounds firſt, and *Baſilius* would ſee them dreſſed; ſo by his deſpiſed importuneneſs reſtraining the torrent of *Gynecia*'s paſſions, which would but burſt forth more furiouſly hereafter. This freeing *Zelmane*'s ears at that time, was but a relief to her, as they find who expel poiſon by counterpoiſon, ſhe being as weary of him, as afraid of the other.

Then ſitting down to the ſupper, more curious of a ſurfeit to their eyes, than for ſuſtenance to the reſt of the body: the eyes of *Baſilius* were ever feeding on the face of *Zelmane* with a fearful earneſtneſs, ſave ſometimes when they were conſtrained to retire by the violence of his wife's looks; thinking that they with a jealous anger had upbraided his error, which ſhe, otherwiſe buſied, had never ſo much as obſerved. The one of her eyes was ſettled like a fixed ſtar on *Zelmane*; the other like a wandring comet threatning confuſion where it ſhined,

ſhined, ſtrayed betwixt *Zelmane*, and her daughter *Philoclea*; watching and chaſtiſing with a look her ſtolen looks. *Zelmane*'s languiſhing lights made the table envied, whilſt her dejected looks did only bleſs it; as ſcorning to look on any, ſince ſhe might not look where ſhe liked. *Philoclea* chained by thoughts to *Zelmane*, did imitate her being penſive, becauſe ſhe was penſive: yet like a cunning painter, who having fully fed his eyes with the affected object, turns back within himſelf, that his imagination may engrave it the more exactly within his memory, ſhe would ſometimes with a thieviſhly-adventrous look ſpy *Zelmane*'s geſture, that ſhe might the better counterfeit it in her countenance. As for *Pamela*, ſhe kept her accuſtomed majeſty, being abſent where ſhe was, and preſent where ſhe was not. Then, the ſupper being ended, after ſome ambiguous ſpeeches; which might, for fear of being miſtaken, be taken in two ſenſes, or elſe were altogether eſtranged from the ſpeaker's mind; ſpeaking as in a dream, not what they thought, but what they would be thought to think: every one retired to the lodge where they had uſed afore to lie; *Baſilius* having firſt invited them the next morning to ſee a paſtoral repreſented by the ordinary ſhepherds, to congratulate their proſperous return. * After that *Baſilius*, according to the oracle's promiſe, had received home his daughters, and ſettled himſelf again in his ſolitary courſe and accuſtomed company, there paſſed not many days e'er the now fully recomforted

* From hence the hiſtory is again continued out of the author's Papers. If this little eſſay have not that perfection which is required for ſupplying the want of that place for which it was intended, yet ſhall it ſerve for a ſhadow to give a luſtre to the reſt. I have only herein conformed my ſelf to that which preceded my beginning, and was known to be that admirable author's own, but to differ in ſome things from that which follows, eſpecially in the death of *Philiſides*, making choice of a courſe, whereby I might beſt manifeſt, what affection I bear to the memory of him, whom I took to be alluded unto by that name, and whom I only by this imperfect parcel (deſigning more) had a mind to honour. *W. A.*

ted *Dorus*, having waited a time of *Zelmane*'s walking alone towards her little arbor, took leave of his maſter *Dametas*'s husbandry to follow her. Near whereunto overtaking her, and ſitting down together among the ſweet flowers, whereof that place was very plentiful, under the pleaſant ſhade of a broad leaved ſycamore, they recounted one to another their ſtrange pilgrimage of paſſions, omitting nothing which open-hearted friendſhip is wont to lay forth, where there is cauſe to communicate both joys and ſorrows; for indeed there is no ſweeter taſte of friendſhip, than the coupling of ſouls in this mutuality, either of condoling or comforting; where the oppreſſed mind finds it ſelf not altogether miſerable, ſince it is ſure of one which is feelingly ſorry for his miſery: and the joyful ſpends not his joy, either alone, or there where it may be envied; but may freely ſend it to ſuch a well-grounded object, from whence he ſhall be ſure to receive a ſweet reflection of the ſame joy, and, as in a clear mirror of ſincere good-will, ſee a lively picture of his own gladneſs. But after much diſcourſe on either part, *Dorus* (his heart ſcarce ſerving him to come to the point, whereunto his then coming had been wholly directed, as loth in the kindeſt ſort to diſcover to his friend his own unkindneſs) at length, one word emboldening another made known to *Zelmane*, how *Pamela* upon his vehement oath, to offer no force unto her, till he had inveſted her in the dutchy of *Theſſalia*, had condeſcended to his ſtealing her away to the next ſea-port; That beſides the ſtrange humours ſhe ſaw her father more and more falling into, and unreaſonable reſtraint of her liberty, whereof ſhe knew no cauſe but light grounded jealouſies, added to the hate of that manner of life, and confidence ſhe had in his virtue, the chiefeſt reaſon had won her to this, was the latter danger ſhe ſtood in of loſing him, the like whereof (not unlike to fall if this courſe were continued) ſhe choſe rather to die

then

than again to undergo: That now they waited for nothing elſe, but ſome fit time for their eſcape, by the abſence of their three loathſome companions, in whom folly ingendered ſuſpicion. And therefore now, ſaid *Dorus*, my dear couſin, to whom nature began, my friendſhip, education confirmed it, and virtue hath made it eternal; here have I diſcovered the very foundation whereupon my life is built: be you the judge betwixt me and my fortune. The violence of love is not unknown to you; and I know my caſe ſhall never want pity in your conſideration. How all the joys of my heart do leave me, in thinking I muſt for a time be abſent from you, the eternal truth is witneſs unto me, I know I ſhould not ſo ſenſibly feel the pangs of my laſt departure. But this enchantment of my reſtleſs deſire hath ſuch authority in my ſelf above my ſelf, that I am become a ſlave unto it, I have no more freedom in mine own determinations. My thoughts are now all bent to carry away my burdenous bliſs. Yet, moſt beloved couſin, rather than you ſhould think I do herein violate that holy band of true friendſhip, wherein I unworthy am knit unto you, command me ſtay. Perchance the force of your commandment may work ſuch impreſſion into my heart, that no reaſon of mine own can imprint into it. For the gods forbid, the foul word of abandoning *Pyrocles*, might ever be objected to the faithful *Muſidorus*. But if you can ſpare my preſence, whoſe preſence no way ſerves you, and by the diviſion of thoſe two lodges is not oft with you; nay, if you can think my abſence may, as it ſhall, ſtand you in ſtead, by bringing ſuch an army hither, as ſhall make *Baſilius*, willing or unwilling, to know his own hap, in granting you *Philoclea*; then I will chearfully go about this my moſt deſired enterpriſe, and ſhall think the better half of it already atchieved, being begun in the fortunate hour of my friends contentment. Theſe words, as they were not knit

together with ſuch a conſtant courſe of flowing eloquence, as *Dorus* was wont to uſe: ſo was his voice interrupted with ſighs, and his countenance with interchanging colour diſmayed. So much his own heart did find him faulty to unbend any way the continual uſe of their dear friendſhip. But *Zelmane*, who had all this while gladly hearkened to the other tidings of their friends happy ſucceſs, when this laſt determination of *Dorus* ſtruck her attentive ears, ſhe ſtayed a great while oppreſſed with a dead amazement. There came ſtraight before her mind, made tender with woes, the images of her own fortune, her tedious longings, her cauſes to deſpair, the cumberſome folly of *Baſilius*, the inraged jealouſy of *Gynecia*, her ſelf a prince without retinue; a man annoyed with the troubles of womankind, loathſomly loved, and dangerouſly loving. And now for the perfecting of all, her friend to be taken away by himſelf, to make the loſs the greater by the unkindneſs. But within a while ſhe reſolutely paſſed over all inward objections; and preferring her friend's profit to her own deſire, with a quiet, but hearty look, ſhe thus anſwered him; If I bear thee this love, virtuous *Muſidorus*, for mine own ſake, and that our friendſhip grew becauſe I, for my part, might rejoice to enjoy ſuch a friend, I ſhould now ſo thoroughly feel mine own loſs, that I ſhould call the heavens and earth to witneſs, how cruelly you rob me of my greateſt comfort, meaſuring the breach of friendſhip by mine own paſſion. But becauſe indeed I love thee for thy ſelf, and in my judgment judge of thy worthineſs to be loved, I am content to build my pleaſure upon thy comfort, and then will I deem my hap in friendſhip great, when I ſhall ſee thee, whom I love, happy. Let me be only ſure thou loveſt me ſtill, the only price of true affection: go therefore on, worthy *Muſidorus*, with the guide of virtue, and ſervice of fortune; Let thy love be loved, thy deſires proſperous,

rous, thy eſcape ſafe, and thy journey eaſy. Let every thing yield his help to thy deſert; for my part abſence ſhall not take thee from mine eyes, nor affliction ſhall bar me from gladding in thy good, nor a poſſeſſed heart ſhall keep thee from the place it hath ever allotted unto thee. *Dorus* would fain have replied again, to have made a liberal confeſſion that *Zelmane* had of her ſide the advantage of well-performing friendſhip: but partly his own grief of parting from one he loved ſo dearly, partly the kind care in what ſtate ſhe ſhould leave *Zelmane*, bred ſuch a conflict in his mind, that many times he wiſhed, he had either never attempted, or never revealed his ſecret enterpriſe. But *Zelmane*, who had now looked to the utmoſt of it, and eſtabliſhed her mind upon an aſſured determination. My only friend, ſaid ſhe, ſince to ſo good towardneſs, your courteous deſtinies have conducted you, let not a ceremonial conſideration of our mutual love, be a bar unto it. I joy in your preſence, but I joy more in your good: *that friendſhip brings forth the fruits of enmity, which prefers his own tenderneſs before his friends damage.* For my part, my greateſt grief herein ſhall be, I can be no farther ſerviceable unto you. O *Zelmane*, ſaid *Dorus*, with his eyes even covered with water, I did not think ſo ſoon to have diſplayed my determination unto you, but to have made my way firſt in your loving judgment. But alas as your ſweet diſpoſition drew me ſo far; ſo doth it now ſtrengthen me in it. To you therefore be the due commendation given; who can conquer me in love, and love in wiſdom. As for me, then ſhall goodneſs turn to evil, and ungratefulneſs be the token of a true heart, when *Pyrocles* ſhall not poſſeſs a principal ſeat in my ſoul, when the name of *Pyrocles* ſhall not be held of me in devout reverence.

They would never have come to the cruel inſtant of parting, nor to the ill-faring word of farewel, had not *Zelmane* ſeen afar off the old *Baſilius*, who,

having performed a ſacrifice to *Apollo*, for his daughters, but principally for his miſtreſs's happy return, had ſince been every where to ſeek her. And now being come within compaſs of diſcerning her, he began to frame the lovelieſt countenance he could, ſtroking up his legs, ſetting his beard in due order, and ſtanding bolt upright. Alas, ſaid *Zelmane*, behold an evil fore-token of your ſorrowful departure. Yonder ſee I one of my furies, which doth daily vex me, farewel, farewel my *Muſidorus*, the gods make fortune to wait on thy virtues, and make me wade through this lake of wretchedneſs. *Dorus* burſt out into a flood of tears, wringing her faſt by the hand. No, no, ſaid he, I go blindfold whither the courſe of my ill hap carries me: for now, too late, my heart gives me this our ſeparating can never be proſperous. But, if I live, attend me here ſhortly with an army. Thus both apparelled with the grievous renting of their long combination, having firſt reſolved with themſelves, that, whatſoever fell upon them, they ſhould never upon no occaſion utter their names, for the conſerving the honour of their royal parentage, but keep the names of *Diaphantus* and *Palladius*, as before had been agreed between them, they took divers ways: *Dorus* to the lodge-ward, where his heavy eyes might be ſomething refreſhed; *Zelmane* towards *Baſilius*: ſaying to her ſelf, with a ſcornful ſmiling, Yet hath not my friendly fortune deprived me of a pleaſant companion. But he, having with much ſearch come to her preſence, *doubt* and *deſire* bred a great quarrel in his mind. For his former experience had taught him to doubt; and true feeling of love made doubts dangerous, but the working of his deſire had e'er long won the field. And therefore, with the moſt ſubmiſſive manner his behaviour could yield, O goddeſs, ſaid he, towards whom I have the greateſt feeling of religion, be not diſpleaſed at ſome ſhew of devotion I have made to *Apollo*;

ſince

ſince he, if he knew any thing, knows that my heart bears far more awful reverence to your ſelf, than to his, or any other the like *deity*. You will ever be deceived in me, anſwered *Zelmane*: I will make my ſelf no competitor with *Apollo*, neither can blaſphemies to him be duties to me. With that *Baſilius* took out of his boſom certain verſes he had written, and, kneeling down, preſented them to her. They contained this:

Phœbus, *farewel, a ſweeter ſaint I ſerve,*
The high conceits, thy heav'nly wiſdom's breed,
My thoughts forget: my thoughts which never ſwerve
From her in whom is ſown their freedom's ſeed,
And in whoſe eyes my daily doom I read.

Phœbus, *farewel, a ſweeter ſaint I ſerve,*
Thou art far off, thy kingdom is above;
She heav'n on earth with beauties doth preſerve
Thy beams I like, but her clear rays I love:
Thy force I fear, her force I ſtill do prove.

Phœbus *yield up thy title in my mind;*
She doth poſſeſs, thy image is defac'd,
But if thy rage ſome brave revenge will find,
On her, who hath in me thy temple raz'd,
Employ thy might that ſhe my fires may taſte,
And how much more her worth ſurmounteth thee,
Make her as much more baſe by loving me.

This is my hymn to you, ſaid he, not left me by my anceſtors, but begun in my ſelf. The temple wherein it is daily ſung, is my ſoul: and the ſacrifice I offer to you withal, is all whatſoever I am. *Zelmane*, who ever thought ſhe found in his ſpeeches the ill taſte of a medicine, and the operation of a poiſon, would have ſuffered a diſdainful look to have been the only witneſs of her good acceptation but that *Baſilius* began afreſh to lay before her many pitiful prayers, and in the end to conclude that he

was fully of opinion, it was only the unfortunateness of that place that hindred the prosperous course of his desires. And therefore since the hateful influence, which made him embrace this solitary life, was now past over him, as he doubted not the judgment of *Philanax* would agree with his, and his late mishaps had taught him how perilous it was to commit a prince's state to a place so weakly guarded: he was now inclined to return to his palace in *Mantinea*, and there he hoped he should be better able to shew how much he desired to make all he had hers: with many other such honey words, which my pen grows almost weary to set down. This indeed nearly pierced *Zelmane*: for the good beginning she had obtained of *Philoclea*, made her desire to continue the same trade, till unto the more perfecting of her desires; and to come to any publick place she did deadly fear, lest her mask by any eyes might the sooner be discovered, and so her hopes stopped, and the state of her joys endangered. Therefore a while she rested, musing at the daily changing labyrinth of her own fortune, but in her self determined it was her only best to keep him there, and with favours to make him love the place, where the favours were received, as disgraces had made him apt to change the soil.

Therefore, casting a kind of corner look upon him, It is truly said, said she, that *age cooleth the blood*. How soon, good man, you are terrified before you receive any hurt? Do you not know that daintiness is kindly unto us? And that *hard obtaining, is the excuse of woman's granting?* Yet speak I not as though you were like to obtain, or I to grant. But because I would not have you imagine, I am to be won by courtly vanities, or esteem a man the more, because he hath handsome men to wait on him, when he is afraid to live without them. You might have seen *Basilius* humbly swell, and, with a lowly look, stand upon his tiptoes; such diversity

her

her words delivered unto him. O *Hercules*, anſwered he, *Baſilius* afraid? Or his blood cold that boils in ſuch a furnace? Care I who is with me, while I enjoy your preſence? or is any place good or bad to me, but as it pleaſeth you to bleſs or curſe it? O let me be but armed in your good grace, and I defy whatſoever there is or can be againſt me. No, no, your love is forcible, and my age is not without vigour. *Zelmane* thought it not good for his ſtomach, to receive a ſurfeit of too much favour, and therefore thinking he had enough for the time, to keep him from any ſudden removing, with a certain gracious bowing down of her head towards him, ſhe turned away, ſaying, ſhe would leave him at this time to ſee how temperately he could uſe ſo bountiful a meaſure of her kindneſs. *Baſilius*, that thought every drop a flood that bred any refreſhment, durſt not farther preſs her, but with an ancient modeſty left her to the ſweet repaſt of her own fancies. *Zelmane*, as ſoon as he was departed, went towards *Pamela's* lodge, in hope to have ſeen her friend *Dorus*, to have pleaſed her ſelf with another painful farewel, and farther to have taken ſome advice with him touching her own eſtate, whereof before ſorrow had not ſuffered her to think. But being come even near the lodge, ſhe ſaw the mouth of a cave, made as it ſhould ſeem by nature in deſpite of art: ſo fitly did the rich growing marble ſerve to beautify the vault of the firſt entry. Under foot the ground ſeemed mineral, yielding ſuch a gliſtering ſhew of gold in it, as they ſay the river *Tagus* carries in his ſandy bed. The cave framed out into many goodly ſpacious rooms, ſuch as ſelf-liking men have with long and learned delicacy found out the moſt eaſeful: there ran through it a little ſweet river, which had left the face of the earth to drown her ſelf for a ſmall way in this dark, but pleaſant manſion. The very firſt ſhew of the place enticed the melancholy mind

of *Zelmane*, to yield her ſelf over there to the flood of her own thoughts. And therefore, ſitting down in the firſt entry of the cave's mouth, with a ſong ſhe had lately made, ſhe gave a doleful way to her bitter affects, and ſung to this effect:

Since that the ſtormy rage of paſſions dark
(Of paſſions dark, made dark by beauty's light)
With rebel force, hath clos'd in dungeon dark
My mind, e'er now led forth by reaſon's light.

Since all the things which give mine eyes their light,
Do foſter ſtill the fruits of fancies dark:
So that the windows of my inward light
Do ſerve to make my inward powers dark.

Since, as I ſay, both mind and ſenſes dark
Are hurt, not help'd, with piercing of the light:
While that the light may ſhew the horrors dark,
But cannot make reſolved darkneſs light:
I like this place, where at the leaſt the dark
May keep my thoughts from thought of wanted light.

Inſtead of an inſtrument, her ſong was accompanied with the wringing of her hands, the cloſing of her weary eyes, and even ſometimes cut off with the ſwelling of her ſighs, which did not ſuffer the voice to have free and native paſſage. But, as ſhe was a while muſing upon her ſong, raiſing up her ſpirits, which were ſomething faln into the weakneſs of lamentation, conſidering ſolitary complaints do no good to him whoſe help ſtands without himſelf, ſhe might afar off, firſt hear a whiſpring ſound, which ſeemed to come from the inmoſt part of the cave, and being kept together with the cloſe hollowneſs of the place, had, as in a trunk, the more liberal acceſs to her ears, and by and by ſhe might perceive the ſame voice deliver it ſelf into muſical tunes, and with a baſe *Lyra* give forth this ſong:

Hark,

Hark, plaintful ghoſts, infernal furies, hark
Unto my woes the hateful heavens do ſend,
The heavens conſpir'd to make my vital ſpark
A wretched wreck, a glaſs of ruin's end.

Seeing, alas, ſo mighty powers bend
Their ireful ſhot againſt ſo weak a mark,
Come cave, become my grave, come death, and lend
Receipt to me, within thy boſom dark.

For what is life to daily dying mind,
Where, drawing breath, I ſuck the air of woe:
Where too much ſight makes all the body blind,
And higheſt thoughts downward moſt headlong throw?
Thus then my form, and thus my ſtate I find,
Death wrap'd in fleſh, to living grave aſſign'd.

And pauſing but little, with mournful melody it continued this octave:

Like thoſe ſick folks in whom ſtrange humors flow,
Can taſte no ſweets, the ſowr only pleaſe,
So to my mind, while paſſions daily grow,
Whoſe fiery chains, upon his freedom ſeize;
Joys ſtrangers ſeem, I cannot bide their ſhow,
Nor brook aught elſe but well acquainted woe.
Bitter griefs taſte me beſt, pain is my eaſe,
Sick to the death, ſtill loving my diſeaſe.

O *Venus*, ſaid *Zelmane*, who is this ſo well acquainted with me, that can make ſo lively a portraiture of my miſeries? It is ſurely the ſpirit appointed to have care of me, which doth now, in this dark place, bear part with the complaint of his unhappy charge. For if it be ſo, that the heavens have at all time a meaſure of their wrathful harms, ſurely ſo many have come to my bliſsleſs lot, that the reſt of the world hath too ſmall a por-

tion

tion, to make with cauſe ſo wailful a lamentation. But, ſaid ſhe, whatſoever thou be, I will ſeek the out, for thy muſick well aſſures me we are at leaſt-hand fellow-prentices to one ungracious maſter. So roſe ſhe and went, guiding her ſelf by the ſtill plaining voice, till ſhe ſaw upon a ſtone a little wax-light ſet, and under it a piece of paper, with theſe verſes very lately, as it ſhould ſeem, written in it:

How is my ſun, whoſe beams are ſhining bright,
Become the cauſe of my dark ugly night?
Or how do I, captiv'd in this dark plight,
Bewail the caſe, and in the cauſe delight?

My mangled mind huge horrors ſtill do fright,
With ſenſe poſſeſt, and claim'd by reaſon's right:
Betwixt which two in me I have this fight:
Where who ſo wins, I put my ſelf to flight.

Come cloudy fears, cloſe up my dazled ſight,
Sorrows ſuck up the marrow of my might,
Due ſighs blow out all ſparks of joyful light,
Tire on deſpair upon my tired ſpright.
An end, an end, my dull'd pen cannot write,
Nor maz'd head think, nor faltring tongue recite.

And hard underneath the ſonnet were theſe words written:

This cave is dark, but it had never light.
This wax doth waſte it ſelf, yet painleſs dies.
Theſe words are full of woes, yet feel they none.

I darkned am, who once had cleareſt ſight.
I waſte my heart, which ſtill new torments trys.
I plain with cauſe, my woes are all mine own.

No Cave, no waſting wax, no words of grief,
Can hold, ſhew tell my pains without relief.

She

She did not long ſtay to read the words, for not far off from the ſtone, ſhe might diſcern in a dark corner, a lady lying with her face ſo proſtrate upon the ground, as ſhe could neither know nor be known. But, as the general nature of map is deſirous of knowledge, and ſorrow eſpecially glad to find fellows, ſhe went as ſoftly as ſhe could convey her foot, ſtear unto her, where ſhe heard theſe words come with vehement ſobbings from her. O darkneſs, ſaid ſhe, which doſt lightſomely, methink, make me ſee the picture of my inward darkneſs: ſince I have choſen thee to be the ſecret witneſs of my ſorrows, let me receive a ſafe receipt in thee; and eſteem them not tedious, but, if it be poſſible, let the uttering them be ſome diſcharge to my overloden breaſt. Alas, ſorrow, now thou haſt the full ſack of my conquered ſpirits, reſt thy ſelf a while, and ſet not ſtill new fire to thy own ſpoils: O accurſed reaſon, how many eyes thou haſt to ſee thy evils, and how dim, nay blind thou art in preventing them? Forlorn creature that I am! I would I might be freely wicked, ſince wickedneſs doth prevail: but the footſteps of my over-trodden virtue lie ſtill as bitter accuſations unto me. I am divided in my ſelf, how can I ſtand? I am overthrown in my ſelf; who ſhall raiſe me? Vice is but a nurſe of new agonies, and the virtue I am divorced from, makes the hateful compariſon the more manifeſt. No, no, virtue, either I never had but a ſhadow of thee, or thou thy ſelf art but a ſhadow. For how is my ſoul abandoned? How are all my powers laid waſte? My deſire is pained, becauſe it cannot hope, and if hope came, his beſt ſhould be but miſchief. O ſtrange mixture of human minds; only ſo much good left, as to make us languiſh in our own evils. Ye infernal furies, for it is too late for me, to awake my dead virtue; or to place my comfort in the angry gods, ye infernal furies, I ſay, aid one that dedicates herſelf

to you; let my rage be ſatisfied, ſince the effect of it is fit for your ſervice. Neither be afraid to make me too happy, ſince nothing can come to appeaſe the ſmart of a guilty conſcience. I deſire but to aſſwage the ſweltring of my helliſh longing, dejected *Gynecia*. *Zelmane* no ſooner heard the name of *Gynecia*, but that, with a cold ſweat all over her, as if ſhe had been ready to tread upon a deadly ſtinging adder, ſhe would have withdrawn her ſelf, but her own paſſion made her yield more unquiet motions, than ſhe had done in coming. So that ſhe was perceived, and *Gynecia* ſuddenly riſen up, for indeed it was *Gynecia*, gotten into the cave, the ſame cave, wherein *Dametas* has ſafely kept *Pamela* in the late uproar, to paſs her pangs, with change of places. And as her mind ran ſtill upon *Zelmane*, her piercing lover's eye had ſoon found it was ſhe. And ſeeing in her countenance to fly away, ſhe fell down at her feet, and catching faſt hold of her; Alas, ſaid ſhe, whither, or from whom doſt thou fly away? The ſavageſt beaſts are won with ſervice, and there is no flint but may be mollified: how is *Gynecia* ſo unworthy in thine eyes? or whom cannot abundance of love make worthy? O think not that cruelty, or ungratefulneſs, can flow from a good mind! O weigh, alas weigh with thy ſelf the new effects of this mighty paſſion, that I, unfit for my eſtate, uncomely for my ſex, muſt become a ſuppliant at thy feet! By the happy woman that bare thee, by all the joys of thy heart, and ſucceſs of thy deſire, I beſeech thee turn thy ſelf to ſome conſideration of me, and rather ſhew pity in now helping me, than in too late repenting my death, which hourly threatens me. *Zelmane* imputing it to one of her continual miſhaps, thus to have met with this lady, with a full weary countenance; Without doubt, Madam, ſaid ſhe, where the deſire is ſuch as may be obtained, and the party well deſerving as your ſelf, it muſt be a great excuſe

cuſe that may well colour a denial: but when the firſt motion carries with it a direct impoſſibility, then muſt the only anſwer be, comfort without help, and ſorrow to both parties; to you not obtaining, to me not able to grant. O, ſaid *Gynecia*, how good leiſure you have to frame theſe ſcornful anſwers? Is *Gynecia* thus to be deſpiſed? am I ſo vile a worm in your ſight? no, no, truſt to it heard-hearted tygre, I will not be the only actor of this tragedy: ſince I muſt fall, I will preſs down ſome others with my ruines; ſince I muſt burn, my ſpightful neighbours ſhall feel my fire. Doſt thou not perceive that my diligent eyes have pierced through the cloudy maſk of thy diſguiſement? have I not told thee, O fool (if I were not much more fool) that I knew thou wouldſt abuſe us with thy outward ſhew? wilt thou ſtill attend the rage of love in a woman's heart? the girl, thy well choſen miſtreſs, perchance ſhall defend thee, when *Baſilius* ſhall know how thou haſt ſotted his mind with falſhood, and falſly ſought the diſhonour of his houſe. Believe it, believe it, unkind creature, I will end my miſeries with a notable example of revenge, and that accurſed cradle of mine ſhall feel the ſmart of my wound, thou of thy tyranny, and laſtly, (I confeſs) my ſelf of mine own work *Zelmane* that had long before doubted her ſelf to be diſcovered by her, and now plainly finding it, was, as the proverb ſaith, like them that hold the wolf by the ears, bitten while they hold, and ſlain if they looſe. If ſhe held her off in theſe wonted terms, ſhe ſaw rage would make her love work the effects of hate; to grant unto her, her heart was ſo bound upon *Philoclea*, it had been worſe than a thouſand deaths. Yet found ſhe it was neceſſary for her to come to a reſolution, for *Gynecia*'s ſore could bide no leiſure, and once diſcovered, beſides the danger of *Philoclea*, her deſires ſhould be for ever utterly ſtopped. She remembred withal the words of *Baſilius*, how apt he was

to leave this life, and return to his court, a great bar to her hopes. Laſtly, ſhe conſidered *Dorus's* enterpriſe might bring ſome ſtrange alteration of this their well-liked fellowſhip. So that encompaſſed with theſe inſtant difficulties, ſhe bent her ſpirits to think of a remedy, which might at once both ſave her from them, and ſerve her to the accompliſhment of her only purſuit. Laſtly, ſhe determined thus, that there was no way but to yield to the violence of their deſires, ſince ſtriving did the more chafe them. And that following their own current, at length of it ſelf it would bring her to the other ſide of her burning deſires.

Now in the mean while, the divided *Dorus*, long divided between love and friendſhip, and now for his love divided from his friend, though indeed without prejudice of friendſhip's loyalty, which doth never bar the mind from his free ſatisfaction: yet ſtill a cruel judge over himſelf, thought he was ſome ways faulty, and applied his mind how to amend it, with a ſpeedy and behoveful return. But then was his firſt ſtudy, how to get away, whereto already he had *Pamela's* conſent confirmed and concluded under the name of *Mopſa* in her own preſence: *Dorus* taking this way, that whatſoever he would have of *Pamela* he would ask her, whether in ſuch a caſe it were not beſt for *Mopſa* ſo to behave her ſelf, in that ſort making *Mopſa's* envy, an inſtrument of that ſhe did envy. So having paſſed over his firſt and moſt feared difficulty, he buſied his ſpirits how to come to the harveſt of his deſires, whereof he had ſo fair a ſhew. And thereunto (having gotten leave for ſome days of his maſter *Dametas*, who now accounted him as his ſon in law) he romed round about the deſart, to find ſome unknown way, that might bring him to the next ſea-port, as much as might be out of all courſe of other paſſengers: which all very well ſucceeding him, and he having hired a barque for his life's traffick; and provided

horſes

horſes to carry her thither, returned homeward, now come to the laſt point of his care, how to go beyond the loathſome watchfulneſs of theſe three uncomely companions, and therein did wiſely conſider, how they were to be taken, with whom he had to deal, remembring that in the particularities of every body's mind and fortune, there are particular advantages, by which they are to be held. The muddy mind of *Dametas*, he found moſt eaſily ſtirred with covetouſneſs. The curſed miſchievous heart of *Miſo*, moſt apt to be tickled with jealouſy, as whoſe rotten brain could think well of no body. But young miſtreſs *Mopſa*, who could open her eyes upon nothing, that did not all to be-wonder her, he thought curioſity the fitteſt bait for her. And firſt for *Dametas*, *Dorus* having employed a whole day's work, about a ten mile off from the lodge, quite contrary way to that he meant to take with *Pamela*, in digging and opening the ground, under an ancient oak that ſtood there, in ſuch ſort as he might longeſt hold *Dametas*'s greedy hopes in ſome ſhew of comfort, he came to his maſter with a countenance mixt between chearfulneſs and haſte, and taking him by the right hand, as if he had a great matter of ſecrecy to reveal unto him: Maſter, ſaid he, I did never think that the gods had appointed my mind freely brought up, to have ſo longing a deſire to ſerve you, but that they minded thereby to bring ſome extraordinary fruit to one ſo beloved of them, as your honeſty makes me think you are. This binds me even in conſcience, to diſcloſe that which I perſuade my ſelf is allotted unto you, that your fortune may be of equal ballance with your deſerts. He ſaid no farther, becauſe he would let *Dametas* play upon the bit a while, who not underſtanding what his words intended, yet well finding they carried no evil news, was ſo much the more deſirous to know the matter, as he had free ſcope to imagine what meaſure of good hap himſelf

ſelf would. Therefore putting off his cap to him, which he never had done before, and aſſuring him he ſhould have *Mopſa*, though ſhe had been all made of cloth of gold, he beſought *Dorus* not to hold him long in hope, for that he found a thing his heart was not able to bear. Maſter, anſwered *Dorus*, you have ſo ſatisfied me, with promiſing me the utmoſt of my deſired bliſs, that if my duty bound me not, I were in it ſufficiently rewarded. To you therefore ſhall my good hap be converted, and the fruit of all my labour dedicated. Therewith he told him, how under an ancient oak, (the place he made him eaſily underſtand, by ſufficient marks he gave to him) he had found digging but a little depth, ſcattering lying a great number of rich medals, and that, piercing farther into the ground, he had met with a great ſtone, which, by the hollow ſound it yielded, ſeemed to be the cover of ſome greater vault, and upon a box of cypreſs, with the name of the valiant *Ariſtomenes*, graven upon it: and that within the box, he found certain verſes, which ſignified that ſome depth again under that all his treaſures lay hidden what time for the diſcord fell out in *Arcadia*, he lived baniſhed. Therewith he gave *Dametas* certain medals of gold he had long kept about him, and asked him, becauſe it was a thing much to be kept ſecret, and a matter one man in twenty hours might eaſily perform, whether he would have him go and ſeek the bottom of it, which he refrained to do till he knew his mind, promiſing he would faithfully bring him what he found, or elſe that he himſelf would do it, and be the firſt beholder of that comfortable ſpectacle; no man need doubt which part *Dametas* would chuſe, whoſe fancy had already devoured all this great riches, and even now began to grudge at a partner, before he ſaw his own ſhare. Therefore taking a ſtrong jade, laden with ſpades and mattocks, which he meant to bring back otherwiſe laden

laden, he went in all ſpeed thitherward, taking leave of no body, only deſiring *Dorus* he would look well to the princeſs *Pamela*, promiſing him mountains of his own labour, which nevertheleſs he little meant to perform, like a fool, not conſidering, that *no man is to be moved with part, that neglects the whole.* Thus away went *Dametas*, having already made an image in his fancy, what palaces he would build, how ſumptuouſly he would fare, and among all other things imagined what money to employ in making coffers to keep his money: his ten mile ſeemed twice ſo many leagues, and yet contrary to the nature of it, though it ſeemed long, it was not wearisome. Many times he curſed his horſe's want of conſideration, that in ſo important a matter, would make no greater ſpeed: many times he wiſhed himſelf the back of an aſs, to help to carry away the new ſought riches (an unfortunate wiſher, for if he had as well wiſhed the head, it had been granted him.) At length being come to the tree, which he hoped ſhould bear ſo golden acrons, down went all his inſtruments, and forthwith to the renting up of the hurtleſs earth, where by and by he was caught with the lime of a few promiſed medals, which was ſo perfect a pawn unto him of his farther expectation, that he deemed a great number of hours well employed in groping farther into it, which with logs and great ſtones, was made as cumberſome as might be, till at length, with ſweaty brows, he came to the great ſtone. A ſtone, god knows, full unlike to the cover of a monument, but yet there was the cypreſs box with *Ariſtomenes* graven upon it, and theſe verſes written in it.

A baniſh'd man, long barr'd from his deſire
By inward lets, of them his ſtate poſſeſt,
Hid here his hopes, by which he might aſpire
To have his harms with wiſdom's help redreſt.

Seek then, and ſee, what man eſteemeth beſt,
All is but this, this is our labour's hire:
Of this we live, in this we find our reſt;
Who hold this faſt no greater wealth require,
Look farther, then, ſo ſhalt thou find at leaſt,
A bait moſt fit for hungry winded gueſt

He opened the box, and to his great comfort read them, and with freſh courage went about to lift up that ſtone. But in the mean time, e'er *Dametas* was half a mile gone to the treaſure-ward, *Dorus* came to *Miſo*, whom he found ſitting in the chimney's end, babling to her ſelf, and ſhewing by all her geſtures, that ſhe was loathſomly weary of the world, not for any hope of a better life, but finding no one good, neither in mind nor body, whereout ſhe might nouriſh a quiet thought, having long ſince hated each thing elſe, began now to hate her ſelf. Before this ſweet humoured dame, *Dorus* ſet himſelf, and framed towards her ſuch a ſmiling countenance, as might ſeem to be mixed between a tickled mirth, and a forced pity. *Miſo*, to whom chearfulneſs in others, was ever a ſauce of envy in her ſelf, took quickly mark of his behaviour, and with a look full of fore-worn ſpite, Now the devil, ſaid ſhe, take theſe villains, that can never leave grinning, becauſe I am not ſo fair as miſtreſs *Mopſa*; to ſee how this skipjack looks at me. *Dorus*, that had the occaſion he deſired, Truly miſtreſs, anſwered he, my ſmiling is not at you, but at them that are from you, and indeed I muſt needs a little accord my countenance with others ſport. And therewithal took her in his arms, and rocking her to and fro, In faith miſtreſs, ſaid he, it is high time for you, to bid us good night for ever, ſince others can poſſeſs your place in your own time. *Miſo*, that was never void of malice enough to ſuſpect the uttermoſt evil, to ſatisfy a farther ſhrewdneſs, took on

on a preſent mildneſs, and gently deſired him, to tell her what he meant: for, ſaid ſhe, I am like enough to be knaviſhly dealt with, by that churl my husband. *Dorus* fell off from the matter again, as if he had meant no ſuch thing, till by much refuſing her intreaty, and vehemently ſtirring up her deſire to know, he had ſtrengthened a credit in her to that he ſhould ſay. And then with a formal countenance, as if the conſcience of the caſe had touched himſelf; Miſtreſs, ſaid he, I am much perplexed in mine own determination, for my thoughts do ever will me to do honeſtly, but my judgment fails me what is honeſt, betwixt the general rule, that intruſted ſecrecies are holily to be obſerved, and the particular exception, that the diſhoneſt ſecrecies are to be revealed; eſpecially there, where by revealing they may either be prevented, or at leaſt amended. Yet in this ballance, your judgment weighs me down, becauſe I have confidence in it, that you will uſe what you know moderately, and rather take ſuch faults as an advantage to your own good deſert, then by your bitter uſing it, be contented to be revenged on others with your own harms. So it is miſtreſs, ſaid he, that yeſterday driving my ſheep up to the ſtately hill, which lifts his head over the fair city of *Mantinea*, I happened upon the ſide of it, in a little falling of the ground which was a rampier againſt the ſun's rage, to perceive a young maid, truly of the fineſt ſtamp of beauty, and that which made her beauty the more admirable, there was at all no art added to the helping of it: for her apparel was but ſuch as ſhepherds daughters are wont to wear; and as for her hair, it hung down at free liberty of his goodly length, but that ſometimes falling before the clear ſtars of her ſight, ſhe was forced to put it behind her ears, and ſo open again the treaſures of her perfection, which that for a while had in part hidden. In her lap there lay a ſhepherd ſo wrapped up in that well-liked place, that I could

diſcern no piece of his face, but as mine eyes were intent in that, her angel-like voice ſtruck mine ears with this ſong.

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By juſt exchange, one for the other giv'n:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miſs;
There never was a better bargain driv'n.

His heart in me, keeps me and him in one,
My heart in him, his thoughts and ſenſes guide:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cheriſh his, becauſe in me it bides.

His heart his wound received from my ſight:
My heart was wounded, with his wounded heart,
For as from me, on him his hurt did light;
So ſtill me thought in me his heart did ſmart:
Both equal hurt, in this change ſought our bliſs,
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

But as if the ſhepherd that lay before her, had been organs, which were only to be blown by her breath, ſhe had no ſooner ended with the joining her ſweet lips together, but that he recorded to her muſick this rural poeſy.

O words which fall like ſummer dew on me,
O breath more ſweet, then is the growing bean;
O tongue in which all honyed liquors be,
O voice that doth the thruſh in ſhrilneſs ſtain;
Do you ſay ſtill, this is her promiſe due,
That ſhe is mine, and I to her am true.

Gay hair, more gay than ſtraw when harveſt lies,
Lips red and plump, as cherry ruddy ſide,
Eyes fair and great, like fair greatoxe's eyes;
O breaſt in which two white ſheep ſwell in pride:

Join

Join you with me, to ſeal this promiſe due,
That ſhe be mine, as I to her am true.

But thou white skin, as white as curds well preſt,
So ſmooth as ſleek-ſtone, like it ſmooths each part:
And thou dear fleſh, as ſoft as wool new dreſt,
And yet as hard as brawn, made hard by art:
Firſt four but ſay, next four their ſaying ſeal,
But you muſt pay the gage of promiſed weal.

And with the concluſion of his ſong, he embraced her about the knees. O ſweet *Charita*, ſaid he, when ſhall I enjoy the reſt of my toiling thoughts; and when ſhall your bliſsful promiſe now due, be verified with juſt performance. With that I drew nearer to them, and ſaw (for now he had lifted up his face to glaſs himſelf in her fair eyes) that it was my maſter *Dametas*: but here *Miſo* interrupted his tale, with railing at *Dametas*, with all thoſe exquiſite terms, which I was never good ſcold enough to imagine. But *Dorus* as if he had been much offended with her impatiency, would proceed no farther till ſhe had vowed more ſtillneſs. For, ſaid he, if the firſt drum thus chaſe you, what will you be when it comes to the blows: then he told her, how after many familiar entertainments betwixt them, *Dametas*, laying before her his great credit with the duke, and withal giving her very fair preſents with promiſe of much more, had in the end concluded together to meet as that night at *Mantinea* in the *Oudemnian* ſtreet, at *Charita*'s uncle's houſe, about ten of the clock. After which bargain *Dametas* had ſpied *Dorus*, and calling him to him, had with great bravery told him all his good hap, willing him in any caſe to return to the old witch *Miſo*; (for ſo indeed, miſtreſs, of livelineſs, and not of ill will, he termed you) and to make ſome honeſt excuſe of his abſence. For, ſaid he, kiſſing *Charita*, if thou didſt know what a life I lead with that drivel, it would make thee even of pity, receive me into thy only comfort.

Now miſtreſs, ſaid he, exerciſe your diſcretion, which if I were well aſſured of, I would wiſh you to go your ſelf to *Mantinea*, and (lying ſecret in ſome one of your goſſip's houſes, till the time appointed come) ſo may you find them together, and uſing mercy, reform my maſter from his evil ways. There had nothing more enraged *Miſo*, than the praiſes *Dorus* gave to *Charita*'s beauty, which made her jealouſy ſwell the more, with the poiſon of envy. And that being increaſed with the preſents ſhe heard *Dametas* had given her, which all ſeemed torn out of her bowels, her hollow eyes yielded ſuch wretched looks, as one might well think *Pluto* at that time might have had her ſoul, very good, cheap. But when the fire of ſpite had fully caught hold of all her inward parts, then whoſoever would have ſeen the picture of *Alecto*, or with what maner of countenance *Medea* killed her own children, needed but take *Miſo* for the full ſatisfaction of that point of his knowledge. She that could before ſcarce go, but ſupported by crutches, now flew about the houſe, borne up by the wings of anger; there was no one ſort of mortal revenge, that had ever come to her ears, but preſented it ſelf now to her gentle mind. At length with few words, for her words were choaked up with the riſing of her revengeful heart, ſhe ran down, and with her own hands ſaddled a mare of hers; a mare that ſeven years before had not been acquainted with the ſaddle, and ſo to *Mantinea* ſhe went, caſting with her ſelf, how ſhe might couple ſhame with the puniſhment of her accurſed husband: but the perſon is not worthy, in whoſe paſſion I ſhould too long ſtand. Therefore now muſt I tell you that miſtreſs *Mopſa* (who was the laſt party *Dorus* was to practice his cunning withal) was at the parting of her parents attending upon the princeſs *Pamela*, whom, becauſe ſhe found to be placed in her father's houſe, ſhe knew it was for ſuſpicion the duke had of her. This made *Mopſa* with a right baſe

baſe nature (which joys to ſee any hard hap happen to them they deem happy) grow proud over her, and uſe great oſtentation of her own diligence, in prying curiouſly into each thing that *Pamela* did. Neither is there any thing ſooner overthrows a weak heart, than opinion of authority, like too ſtrong a liquor for ſo feeble a glaſs; which joined it ſelf to the humour of envying *Pamela*'s beauty, ſo far, that oft ſhe would ſay to her ſelf, if ſhe had been born a princeſs as well as *Pamela*, her perfections then ſhould have been as well ſeen as *Pamela*'s. With this manner of woman, and placed in theſe terms, had *Dorus* to play his laſt part, which he would have quickly diſpatched in tying her up in ſuch a manner, that he ſhould little have hindered his enterprize. But that the virtuous *Pamela*, when ſhe ſaw him ſo minded, by countenance ſo abſolutely forbid it, reſolutely, determining ſhe would not leave behind her any token of wrong: ſince the wrong done to her ſelf was the beſt excuſe of her eſcape: So that *Dorus* was compelled to take her in the manner he firſt thought of, and accordingly *Pamela* ſitting muſing at the ſtrange attempt ſhe had condeſcended unto, and *Mopſa* hard by her, (looking in a glaſs with very partial eyes) *Dorus* put himſelf between them, and caſting up his face to the top of the houſe, ſhrugging all over his body, and ſtamping ſometimes upon the ground, gave *Mopſa* occaſion (who was as buſy as a bee to know any thing) to ask her lover *Dorus* what ailed him, that made him uſe ſo ſtrange a behaviour: he, as if his ſpirits had been raviſhed with ſome ſupernatural contemplation, ſtood ſtill mute, ſometimes rubbing his forehead, ſometimes ſtarting in himſelf, that he ſet *Mopſa* in ſuch an itch of inquiry, that ſhe would have offered her maiden-head, rather than be long kept from it. *Dorus* not yet anſwering to the purpoſe, ſtill keeping his amazement; O *Hercules*, ſaid he, reſolve me in this doubt. A tree to grant one's

wiſhes! Is this the cauſe of the king's ſolitary life? which part ſhall I take? happy in either, unhappy becauſe I cannot know which were my beſt hap. Theſe doubtful ſelf-ſpeeches, made *Mopſa* yet in a farther longing of knowing the matter: ſo that the pretty pig, laying her ſweet burthen about his neck, my *Dorus*, ſaid ſhe, tell me theſe words, or elſe I know not what will befal me, honey *Dorus*, tell them me. *Dorus* having ſtretched her mind upon a right laſt, extremely loved *Mopſa*, ſaid he, the matters be ſo great, as my heart fails me in the telling them: but ſince you hold the greateſt ſeat in it, it is reaſon your deſire ſhould add life unto it. Therewith he told her a far-fetcht tale; how that many millions of years before, *Jupiter* fallen out with *Apollo*, had thrown him out of heaven, taking from him the privilege of a god. So that poor *Apollo* was fain to lead a very miſerable life, unacquainted to work, and never uſed to beg, that in this order having in time learned to be *Admetus*'s herd-man, he had upon occaſion of fetching a certain breed of beaſts out of *Arcadia*, come to that very deſart, where wearied with travel, and reſting himſelf in the boughs of a pleaſant aſh-tree, which ſtood a little off from the lodge, he had with pitiful complaints, gotten his father *Jupiter*'s pardon, and ſo from that tree was received again to his golden ſphere. But having that right nature of a god, never to be ungrateful, to *Admetus* he had granted a double life: and becauſe that tree was the chapel of his proſperous prayers, he had given it this quality, that whatſoever of ſuch eſtate, and in ſuch manner as he then was, ſat down in that tree, they ſhould obtain whatſoever they wiſhed. This *Baſilius* having underſtood by the oracle, was the only cauſe which had made him try, whether framing himſelf to the ſtate of an herd-man, he might have the privilege of wiſhing only granted to that degree; but that having often in vain attempted it, becauſe indeed he was not ſuch, he had now opened

ed the ſecret to *Dametus*, making him ſwear he ſhould wiſh according to his direction. But becauſe, ſaid *Dorus*, *Apollo* was at that time with extream grief, muffled round about his face, with a ſcarlet cloak *Admetus* had given him, and becauſe they that muſt wiſh, muſt be muffled in like ſort, and with like ſtuff, my maſter *Dametas* is gone I know not whither, to provide him a ſcarlet cloak, and to morrow doth appoint to return with it. My miſtreſs, I cannot tell how, having gotten ſome inkling of it, is trudged to *Mantinea*, to get her ſelf a cloak, before him; becauſe ſhe would have the firſt wiſh. My maſter at his parting, of great truſt told me this ſecret, commanding me to ſee no body ſhould climb that tree. But now my *Mopſa*, ſaid he, I have here the like cloak of mine own, and am not ſo very a fool, as though I keep his commandments in others, to bar my ſelf. I reſt only extreamly perplexed, becauſe having nothing in the world I wiſh for, but the enjoying you and your favour, I think it a much pleaſanter conqueſt to come to it by your own conſent, then to have it by ſuch a charming force as this is. Now therefore chuſe, ſince have you I will, in what ſort I ſhall have you. But never child was ſo deſirous of a gay puppet, as *Mopſa* was to be in the tree, and therefore without ſqueamiſhneſs, promiſing all he would; ſhe conjured him by all her precious loves, that ſhe might have the firſt poſſeſſion of the wiſhing tree, aſſuring him that for the enjoying her, he would never need to climb far. *Dorus*, to whom time was precious, made no great ceremonies with her; but helping her up to the top of the tree, from whence likewiſe ſhe could ill come down without help, he muffled her round about the face, ſo truly, that ſhe her ſelf could not undoe it. And ſo he told her the manner was, ſhe ſhould hold her mind in continual devotion to *Apollo*, without making at all any noiſe, till

till at the fartheſt within twelve hours ſpace, ſhe ſhould hear a voice call her by name three times, and that till the third time ſhe muſt in no wiſe anſwer; and then you ſhall not need to doubt your coming down, for at that time, ſaid he, be ſure to wiſh wiſely, and in what ſhape ſoever he come unto you, ſpeak boldly unto him, and your wiſh ſhall have as certain effects as I have a deſire to enjoy your ſweet loves: in this plight did he leave *Mopſa*, reſolved in her heart to be the greateſt lady in the world, and never after to feed on worſe than furmetry. Thus *Dorus* having delivered his hands of his three tormentors, took ſpeedily the benefit of his device, and mounting the gracious *Pamela* upon a fair horſe he had provided for her, he thruſt himſelf forthwith into the wildeſt part of the deſart, where he had left marks to guide him from place to place to the next ſea port, diſguiſing her ſelf very fitly with ſcarfs; although he reſted aſſured, he ſhould meet that way with no body, till he came to his bark, into which he meant to enter by night. But *Pamela*, who all this while tranſported with deſire, and troubled with fear, had never free ſcope of judgment to look with perfect conſideration into her own enterprize, but even by the laws of love, had bequeathed the care of her ſelf upon him, to whom ſhe had given her ſelf; now that the pang of deſire, with evident hope was quieted, and moſt part of the fear paſſed, reaſon began to renew his ſhining in her heart, and make her ſee her ſelf in her ſelf; and weigh with what wings ſhe flew out of her country; and upon what ground ſhe built ſo ſtrange a determination. But love, fortified with her lovers preſence, kept ſtill his own in her heart; ſo that as they rid together, with her hand upon her faithful ſervants ſhoulder, ſuddainly caſting her baſhful eyes to the ground, and yet binding her ſelf towards him

(like

(like the client that commits the cauſe of all his worth to a well-truſted advocate) from a mild ſpirit ſaid unto him theſe ſweetly delivered words: prince *Muſidorus*, for ſo my aſſured hope is I may juſtly call you, ſince with no other my heart would ever have yielded to go; and if ſo I do not rightly term you, all other words are as bootleſs, as my deed miſerable, and I as unfortunate, as you wicked, my prince *Muſidorus*, I ſay now that the vehement ſhews of your faithful love towards me, have brought my mind to anſwer it, in ſo due a proportion, that contrary to all general rules of reaſon, I have laid in you, my eſtate, my life, my honour: it is your part to double your former care, and make me ſee your virtue no leſs in preſerving, than in obtaining: and your faith to be a faith as much in freedom, as bondage. Tender now your own workmanſhip, and ſo govern your love towards me, as I may ſtill remain worthy to be loved. Your promiſe you remember, which here by the eternal givers of virtue I conjure you to obſerve, let me be your own as I am, but by no unjuſt conqueſt; let not our joys which ought ever to laſt, be ſtained in our own conſciences, let no ſhadow of repentance ſteal into the ſweet conſideration of our mutual happineſs; I have yielded to be your wife, ſtay then till the time that I may rightly be ſo; let no other defiled name burthen my heart, what ſhould I more ſay? if I have choſen well, all doubt is paſt, ſince your action only muſt determine, whether I have done virtuouſly or ſhamefully in following you. *Muſidorus*, that had more abundance of joy in his heart, than *Ulyſſes* had what time with his own induſtry he ſtole the fatal *Palladium*, imagined to be the only relique of *Troy*'s ſafety, taking *Pamela*'s hand, and many times kiſſing it, what I am, ſaid he, the gods I hope will ſhortly make your own eyes judges; and of my

mind

mind towards you, the mean time ſhall be my pledge unto you; your contentment is dearer to me then mine own, and therefore doubt not of his mind, whoſe thoughts are ſo thralled unto you, as you are to bend or ſlack them as it ſhall ſeem beſt unto you. You do wrong to your ſelf, to make any doubt that a baſe eſtate could ever undertake ſo high an enterpriſe; or a ſpotted mind be able to behold your virtues. Thus much only I confeſs, I can never do, to make the world ſee you have choſen worthily, ſince all the world is not worthy of you. In ſuch delightful diſcourſes, kept they on their journey, maintaining their hearts in that right harmony of affection, which doth interchangeably deliver each to other the ſecret workings of their ſouls, till with the unuſed travel, the princeſs being weary, they lighted down in a fair thick wood, which did entice them with the pleaſantneſs of it to take their reſt there. It was all of pine trees, whoſe broad heads, meeting together yielding a perfect ſhade to the ground, where their bodies gave a ſpacious and pleaſant room to walk in, they were ſet in ſo perfect an order that every way the eye being full, yet no way was ſtopped. And even in the midſt of them, were there many ſweet ſprings, which did looſe themſelves upon the face of the earth. Here *Muſidorus* drew out ſuch proviſion of fruits, and other cates, as he had brought for that days repaſt, and laid it down upon the fair carpet of the green graſs. But *Pamela* had much more pleaſure to walk under thoſe trees, making in their barks pretty knots, which tied together the names of *Muſidorus* and *Pamela*, ſometimes intermixedly changing them, to *Pammidorus* and *Muſimela*, with twenty other flowers of her travelling fancies, which had bound themſelves to a greater reſtraint, than they could without much pain well endure: and to one tree more beholding

ing to her than the reſt, ſhe entruſted the treaſure of her thoughts in theſe verſes:

Do not diſdain, O ſtraight up-raiſed pine,
That wounding thee, my thoughts in thee I grave:
Since that my thoughts, as ſtraight as ſtraightneſs thine,
No ſmaller wound, alas! far deeper have.

Deeper engraved, which ſalve nor time can ſave,
Giv'n to my heart, by my forewounded eyn:
Thus cruel to my ſelf how canſt thou crave
My inward hurt ſhould ſpare thy outward rine?

Yet ſtill fair tree, lift up thy ſtately line,
Live long, and long witneſs my choſen part,
Which barr'd deſires, barr'd by my ſelf, impart
And in this growing-bark grow verſes mine.
My heart my word, my word hath giv'n my heart;
The giver giv'n from gift ſhall never part.

Upon a root of the tree, that the earth had left ſomething barer then the reſt, ſhe wrote this couplet:

Sweet root ſay thou, the root of my deſire
Was virtue clad in conſtant love's attire.

Muſidorus, ſeeing her fancies drawn up to ſuch pleaſant contemplation, accompanied her in them, and made the trees as well bear badges of his paſſions, as this ſong engraved in them did teſtify:

You goodly pines, which ſtill with brave aſcent,
In nature's pride your heads to heav'nward heave;
Though you beſides ſuch graces earth hath lent,
Of ſome late grace a greater grace receive.

By her who was (O bleſſed you) content
With her fair hand, your tender barks to cleave,
And ſo by you (O bleſſed you) hath ſent,
Such piercing words as no thoughts elſe conceive yet

Yet yield your grant, a baſer hand may leave
His thoughts in you, where ſo ſweet thoughts were ſpent,
For how would you the miſtreſs's thoughts bereave
Of waiting thoughts all to her ſervice meant

Nay higher thoughts (though thralled thoughts)
My thoughts then hers, who firſt your rind did rent:
Then hers, to whom my thoughts a lonely thrall
Riſing from low, are to the higheſt bent;
Where hers, whom worth makes higheſt over all
Coming from her, cannot but downward fall.

While *Pamela* ſitting her down under one of them, and making a poeſy of the fair undergrowing flowers, filled *Muſidorus*'s ears with the heavenly ſound of her muſick, which before he had never heard, ſo that it ſeemed unto him a new aſſault given to the caſtle of his heart, already conquered: which to ſignify, and withal reply to her ſweet notes, he ſung in a kind of ſtill, but wiſhing tune, a few verſes: her ſong was this, and his reply follows.

PAMELA,

Like divers flowers, whoſe divers beauties ſerve
To deck the earth with his well-coloured weed,
Though each of them, his private form preſerve,
Yet joining forms one ſight of beauty breed.

* *

Right ſo my thoughts, whereon my heart I feed:
Right ſo my inward parts, and outward glaſs,
Though each poſſeſs a divers working kind;
Yet all well knit to one fair end do paſs:
That he to whom theſe ſundry gifts I bind,
All what I am, ſtill one, his own, do find.

MUSIDORUS,

All what you are ſtill one, his own to find,
You that are born to be the world's eye;
What were it elſe but to make each thing blind:
And to the ſun with waxen wings to fly.

No,

No, no, ſuch force with my ſmall force to try,
Is not my skill, or reach of mortal mind:
Call me but yours, my title is moſt high:
Hold me moſt yours, then my long ſuit is ſign'd.

You none can claim but you your ſelf a right,
For you do paſs your ſelf, in virtue's might.
So both are yours: I bound with gaged heart:
You only yours, too far beyond deſert.

In this virtuous wantonneſs, ſuffering their minds to deſcend to each tender enjoying their united thoughts, *Pamela* having taſted of the fruits, and growing extreme ſleepy, having been long kept from it, with the perplexity of her dangerous attempt, laying her head in his lap, was invited by him to ſleep with theſe ſoftly uttered verſes;

Lock up, fair lids, the treaſure of my heart,
Preſerve thoſe beams, this age's only light:
To her ſweet ſenſe, ſweet ſleep ſome eaſe impart,
Her ſenſe too weak to bear her ſpirits might.

And while, O ſleep, thou cloſeſt up her ſight,
Her ſight where love did forge his faireſt dart,
O harbour all her parts in eaſeful plight:
Let no ſtrange dream make her fair body ſtart.

But yet, O dream, if thou wilt not depart
In this rare ſubject from thy common right:
But wilt thy ſelf in ſuch a ſeat delight,
Then take my ſhape, and play a lover's part:
Kiſs her from me, and ſay unto her ſprite,
Till her eyes ſhine, I live in darkeſt night.

The ſweet *Pamela* was brought into a ſweet ſleep with this ſong, which gave *Muſidorus* opportunity at leiſure to behold her excellent beauties. He thought her

her fair forehead was a field, where all his fancies fought, and every hair of her head ſeemed a ſtrong chain that tied him. Her fairer lids then hiding her fairer eyes, ſeemed unto him ſweet boxes of mother of pearl, rich in themſelves, but containing in them far richer jewels. Her cheeks with their colour moſt delicately mixed, would have entertained his eyes ſome while, but that the roſes of her lips, whoſe ſeparating was wont to be accompanied with moſt wiſe ſpeeches, now by force drew his ſight to mark how prettily they lay one over the other, uniting their divided beauties: and thorough them the eye of his fancy delivered to his memory the lying, as in ambuſh, under her lips of thoſe armed ranks, all armed in moſt pure white, and keeping the moſt preciſe order of military diſcipline. And leſt this beauty might ſeem the picture of ſome excellent artificer, forth there ſtole a ſoft breath, carrying good teſtimony of her inward ſweetneſs: and ſo ſtealing it came out, as it ſeemed loath to leave his contentful manſion, but that it hoped to be drawn in again to that well-cloſed paradiſe, which did ſo tyrannize over *Muſidorus*'s effects, that he was compelled to put his face as low to hers, as he could, ſucking the breath with ſuch joy, that he did determine in himſelf, there had been no life to a *Cameleon's*, if he might be ſuffered to enjoy that food. But long he was not ſuffered, being within a while interrupted by the coming of a company of clowniſh villains, armed with divers ſorts of weapons, and for the reſt both in face and apparel ſo forewaſted, that they ſeemed to bear a great conformity with the ſavages; who, miſerably in themſelves, taught to increaſe their miſchiefs in other body's harms, came with ſuch cries as they both awaked *Pamela*, and made *Muſidorus* turn unto them full of a moſt violent rage, with the look of a ſhe tygre when her whelps are ſtolen away.

But

But *Zelmane*, whom I left in the cave hardly beſtead, having both great wits and ſtirring paſſions to deal with, makes me lend her my pen a while to ſee with what dexterity ſhe could put by her dangers. For having in one inſtant both to reſiſt rage, and go beyond wiſdom, being to deal with a lady that had her wits awake in every thing, but in helping her own hurt, ſhe ſaw now no other remedy in her caſe, but to qualify her rage with hope, and to ſatisfy her wit with plainneſs: Yet leſt too abrupt falling into it, ſhould yield too great advantage unto her, thought good to come to it by degrees with this kind of inſinuation. Your wiſe, but very dark ſpeeches, moſt excellent lady, are woven up in ſo intricate a manner, as I know not how to proportion mine anſwer unto them: ſo are your prayers mixt with threats, and ſo is the ſhew of your love hidden with the name of revenge, the natural effect of mortal hatred; you ſeem diſpleaſed with the opinion you have of my diſguiſing, and yet if I be not diſguiſed, you muſt needs be much more diſpleaſed. Hope then, the only ſuccour of perplexed minds, being quite cut off, you deſire my affection, and yet you your ſelf think my affection already beſtowed. You pretend cruelty, before you have the ſubjection, and are jealous of keeping that, which as yet you have not gotten. And that which is ſtrangeſt in your jealouſy, is both the injuſtice of it, in being loth that ſhould come to your daughter, which you deem good; and the vainneſs, ſince you two are ſo in divers reſpects, that there is no neceſſity one of you ſhould fall to be a bar to the other. For neither, if I be ſuch as you fancy, can I marry you, which muſt needs be the only end I can aſpire to in her: neither need the marrying of her keep me from a grateful conſideration, how much you honour me in the love you vouchſafe to bear me. *Gynecia*, to whom the fearful agonies ſhe ſtill lived in, made any ſmall reproval ſweet, did

quickly find her words falling to a better way of comfort, and therefore, with a mind ready to ſhew nothing could make it rebellious againſt *Zelmane*, but too extreme tyranny, ſhe thus ſaid, Alas, too much beloved *Zelmane*, *the thoughts are but ouerflowings of the mind, and the tongue is but a ſervant of the thoughts*; therefore marvel not that my words ſuffer contrarieties, ſince my mind doth hourly ſuffer in it ſelf whole armies of mortal adverſaries. But, alas, if I had the uſe of mine own reaſon, then ſhould I not need, for want of it, to find my ſelf, in this deſperate miſchief: but becauſe my reaſon is vaniſhed, ſo have I likewiſe no power to correct my unreaſonableneſs. Do you therefore accept the protection of my mind, which hath no other reſting place; and drive it not, by being unregarded, to put it ſelf into unknown extremities. I deſire but to have my affection anſwered, and to have a right reflection of my love in you. That granted, aſſure your ſelf mine own love will eaſily teach me to ſeek your contentment; and make me think my daughter a very mean price to keep ſtill in mine eyes the food of my ſpirits. But take heed that contempt drive me not into deſpair, the moſt violent cauſe of that miſerable effect. *Zelmane*, that already ſaw ſome fruit of her laſt determined fancy, ſo far as came to a mollifying of *Gynecia*'s rage, ſeeing no other way to ſatisfy ſuſpicion, which was held open with the continual pricks of love: reſolved now with plainneſs to win truſt, which truſt ſhe might after deceive with a greater ſubtilty. Therefore looking upon her with a more relenting grace, than ever ſhe had done before, pretending a great baſhfulneſs before ſhe could come to confeſs ſuch a fault, ſhe thus ſaid unto her; Moſt worthy lady, I did never think till now, that pity of another could make me betray my ſelf, nor that the ſound of words could overthrow any wiſe body's determination. But your words, I think, have charmed me,

and

and your grace bewitched me. Your compaſſion makes me open my heart to you, and leave unharboured my own thoughts; for proof of it, I will diſcloſe my greateſt ſecret, which well you might ſuſpect, but never know, and ſo have your wandering hope in a more painful wilderneſs, being neither way able to be lodged in a perfect reſolution. I will, I ſay, unwrap my hidden eſtate, and after make you judge of it, perchance director. The truth is, I am a man: nay, I will ſay farther to you, I am born a prince. And to make up your mind in a thorough underſtanding of me ſince I came to this place, I may not deny I have had ſome ſprinkling of I know not what good liking to my lady *Philoclea*. For how could I ever imagine the heavens would have rained down ſo much of your favour upon me, and of that ſide there was a ſhew of poſſible hope, the moſt comfortable counſellor of love. The cauſe of this my changed attire, was a journey two years ago I made among the *Amazons*, where, having ſought to try my unfortunate valour, I met not one in all the country but what was too hard for me, till in the end, in the preſence of their queen *Marpeſia*, I hoping to prevail againſt her, challenged an old woman of fourſcore years, to fight on horſeback to the uttermoſt with me. Who, having overthrown me, for the ſaving of my life, made me ſwear I ſhould go like an unarmed *Amazon*, till the coming of my beard did, with the diſcharge of my oath, deliver me of that bondage. Here *Zelmane* ended, not coming to a full concluſion, becauſe ſhe would ſee what it wrought in *Gynecia*'s mind, having in her ſpeech ſought to win a belief of her, and, if it might be, by diſgrace of her ſelf to diminiſh *Gynecia*'s affection. For the firſt it had much prevailed: but *Gynecia*, whoſe end of loving her, was not her fighting, neither could love, too deeply grounded, receive diminiſhment; and beſides, ſhe had ſeen her ſelf ſufficient

proofs of *Zelmane*'s admirable proweſs. Therefore ſlightly paſſing over that point of her feigned diſhonour, but taking good hold of her confeſſing her manly ſex, with the ſhame-faced look of that ſuitor, who having already obtained much, is yet forc'd by want to demand more, put forth her ſorrowful ſuit in theſe words: The gods, ſaid ſhe, reward thee for thy virtuous pity of my over-laden ſoul, who yet hath received ſome breath of comfort, by finding thy confeſſion to maintain ſome poſſibility of my languiſhing hope. But alas! as they who ſeek to enrich themſelves by mineral induſtry, the firſt labour is to find the mine, which to their chearful comfort being found, if after any unlooked for ſtop, or caſual impediment keep them from getting the deſired ore, they are ſo much the more grieved, as the late conceived hope adds torment to their former want. So falls it out with me happy or hapleſs woman, as it pleaſeth you to ordain, who am now either to receive ſome guerdon of my moſt woful labours, or to return into a more wretched darkneſs, having had ſome glimmering of my bliſsful ſun. O *Zelmane*, tred not upon a ſoul that lies under your foot: let not the abuſing of my ſelf make me more baſe in your eyes, but judge of me according to that I am, and have been, and let my errors be made excuſable by the immortal name of love. With that, under a feigned rage, tearing her cloaths, ſhe diſcovered ſome parts of her fair body, which, if *Zelmane*'s heart had not been ſo fully poſſeſs'd as there was no place left for any new gueſt, no doubt it would have yielded to that gallant aſſault. But *Zelmane* ſo much the more arming her determination, as ſhe ſaw ſuch force threatned; yet ſtill remembring ſhe muſt wade betwixt conſtancy and courteſy, embracing *Gynecia*, and once or twice kiſſing her, Dear lady, ſaid ſhe, he were a great enemy to himſelf, that would refuſe ſuch an offer, in the purchaſe of which a man's life were bleſſed-

ly

ly beſtowed. Nay, how can I ever yield due recompence for ſo exceſſive a favour? but having nothing to give you but my ſelf, take that: I muſt confeſs a ſmall, but a very free gift: what other affection ſoever I have had, ſhall give place to as great perfection, working beſides upon the bond of gratefulneſs. The gods forbid I ſhould be ſo fooliſh as not to ſee, or ſo wicked, as not to remember, how much my ſmall deſerts are over-ballanced by your unſpeakable goodneſs. Nay, happy may I well account my miſhap among the *Amazons*, ſince that diſhonour hath been ſo true a path to my greateſt honour, and the changing of my outward raiment, hath clothed my mind in ſuch inward contention. Take therefore, noble lady, as much comfort to your heart, as the full commandment of me can yield you: wipe your fair eyes, and keep them for nobler ſervices. And now I will preſume thus much to ſay unto you, that you make much of your ſelf for my ſake, that my joys of my new obtained riches may be accompliſhed in you. But let us leave this place, leſt you be too long miſſed, and henceforward quiet your mind from any farther care, for I will now, to my too much joy, take the charge upon me, within few days to work your ſatisfaction, and my felicity. Thus much ſhe ſaid, and withal led *Gynecia* out of the cave, for well ſhe ſaw the boiling mind of *Gynecia* did eaſily apprehend the fitneſs of that lonely place. But indeed this direct promiſe of a ſhort ſpace, joined with the cumberſome familiarneſs of womankind, I mean modeſty, ſtaid ſo *Gynecia's* mind, that ſhe took thus much at that preſent for good payment: remaining with a painful joy, and a weariſome kind of comfort, not unlike to the condemned priſoner, whoſe mind ſtill running upon the violent arrival of his death, hears that his pardon is promiſed, but not yet ſigned. In this ſort they both iſſued out of that obſcure manſion: *Gynecia* already half perſuaded in her ſelf, O weak-

neſs of human conceit, that *Zelmane*'s affection was turned towards her. For ſuch, alas! we are all, in ſuch a mould are we caſt, that with the too much love we bear our ſelves, being firſt our own flatterers, we are eaſily hooked with our own flattery, we are eaſily perſuaded of others love.

But *Zelmane*, who had now to play her prize, ſeeing no way things could long remain in that ſtate, and now finding her promiſe had tied her trial to a ſmall compaſs of time, began to throw her thoughts into each corner of her invention, how ſhe might atchieve her life's enterprize: for well ſhe knew deceit cannot otherwiſe be maintained but by deceit: and how to deceive ſuch heedful eyes, and how to ſatisfy, and yet not ſatisfy ſuch hopeful deſires, it was no ſmall skill. But both their thoughts were called from themſelves with the ſight of *Baſilius*, who then lying down by his daughter *Philoclea*, upon the fair, though natural, bed of green graſs, ſeeing the ſun what [illegible]ed he made, to leave our weſt to do his office in the other hemiſphere, his inward muſes made him in his beſt muſick, ſing this madrigal.

Why doſt thou haſte away
O Titan *fair, the giver of the day?*
Is it to carry news
To weſtern wights, what ſtars in eaſt appear?
Or doſt thou think that here
Is left a ſun, whoſe beams thy place may uſe?
Yet ſtay and well peruſe,
What be her gifts, that make her equal thee,
Bend all thy light to ſee
In earthly cloaths enclos'd a heavenly ſpark:
Thy running courſe cannot ſuch beauties mark.
No, no, thy motions be
Haſtened from us with bar of ſhadow dark,
Becauſe that thou the author of our ſight
Diſdain'ſt we ſee thee ſtain'd with others light.

And

And having ended; dear *Philoclea*, ſaid he, ſing ſomething that may divert my thoughts from the continual task of their ruinous harbour: ſhe, obedient to him, and not unwilling to disburden her ſecret paſſion, made her ſweet voice be heard in theſe words.

O ſtealing time, the ſubject of delay,
(Delay, the rack of unrefrain'd deſire)
What ſtrange deſign haſt thou my hopes to ſtay,
My hopes which do but to mine own aſpire?

Mine own? O word on whoſe ſweet ſound doth prey
My greedy ſoul, with gripe of inward fire:
Thy title great I juſtly challenge may,
Since in ſuch phraſe his faith he did attire:

O time, become the chariot of my joys,
As thou draweſt on, ſo let my bliſs draw near,
Each moment loſt, part of my hope deſtroys.
Thou art the father of occaſion dear:
Join with thy ſon to edge thy long annoys,
In ſpeedy help, thank-worthy things appear.

Philoclea brake off her ſong, as ſoon as her mother with *Zelmane* came near unto them, riſing up with a kindly baſhfulneſs, being not ignorant of the ſpite her mother bare her, and ſtricken with the ſight of that perſon, whoſe love made all thoſe troubles ſeem fair flowers of her deareſt garland, nay, rather all thoſe troubles made the love increaſe. For as the arrival of enemies makes a town ſo fortify it ſelf, as ever after it remains ſtronger; ſo that a man may ſay, enemies were no ſmall cauſe of the town's ſtrength: ſo to a mind once fixed in a well-pleaſed determination, who hopes by annoyance to otherthrow it, does but teach it to knit together all his beſt grounds, and ſo perchance of a chanceable purpoſe, make an unchangeable reſolution. But no more did *Philoclea* ſee the wonted

ſigns of *Zelmane*'s affection towards her, ſhe thought ſhe ſaw another light in her eyes, with a bold and careleſs look upon her, which was wont to be dazled with her beauty; and the framing of her courteſies rather ceremonious than affectionate, and that which worſt liked her, was, that it proceeded with ſuch quiet ſettledneſs, as it rather threatned a full purpoſe than any ſudden paſſion. She found her behaviour bent altogether to her mother, and preſumed in herſelf ſhe diſcerned the well-acquainted face of his fancies now turned to another ſubject. She ſaw her mother's worthineſs, and too well knew her affection. Theſe joining their divers working powers together in her mind, but yet a prentice in the painful myſtery of paſſions, brought *Philoclea* into a new traverſe of her thoughts, and made her keep her careful look the more attentive upon *Zelmane's* behaviour, who indeed, tho' with much pain, and condemning herſelf to commit a ſacrilege againſt the ſweet ſaint that lived in her inmoſt temple, yet ſtrengthening her ſelf in it; being the ſureſt way to make *Gynecia* bite of her other baits, did ſo quite over-rule all wonted ſhews of love to *Philoclea*, and convert them to *Gynecia*, that the part ſhe played did work in both a full and lively perſuaſion: to *Gynecia*, ſuch exceſſive comfort, as the being preferred to a rival doth deliver to ſwelling deſire: but to the delicate *Philoclea*, whoſe calm thoughts were unable to nouriſh any ſtrong debate, it gave ſo ſtinging a hurt, that, fainting under the force of her inward torment, ſhe withdrew herſelf to the lodge, and there, weary of ſupporting her own burthen, caſt her ſelf upon her bed, ſuffering her ſorrow to melt it ſelf into abundance of tears; at length cloſing her eyes, as if each thing ſhe ſaw was a picture of her miſhap, and turning upon her heart-ſide, which, with vehement panting, did ſummon her to conſider her fortune, ſhe thus bemoaned her ſelf.

Alas

Alas *Philoclea*, is this the price of all thy pains? is this the reward of thy given-way liberty? hath too much yielding bred cruelty? or can too great acquaintance make me held for a ſtranger? hath the chuſing of a companion made me left alone? or doth granting deſire, cauſe the deſire to be neglecting? alas, deſpiſed *Philoclea*, why didſt thou not hold thy thoughts in their ſimple courſe, and content thy ſelf with the love of thine own virtue, which would never have betrayed thee? Ah ſilly fool, didſt thou look for truth in him that with his own mouth confeſſed his falſhood? for plain proceeding in him, that ſtill goes diſguiſed? They ſay *the falſeſt men will yet bear outward ſhews of a pure mind.* But he that even outwardly bears the badge of treachery, what hells of wickedneſs muſt needs in the depth be contained? but O wicked mouth of mine, how dareſt thou thus blaſpheme the ornament of the earth, the veſſel of all virtue? O wretch that I am, that will anger the gods in diſpraiſing their moſt excellent work: O no, no, there was no fault but in me, that could ever think ſo high eyes would look ſo low, or ſo great perfections would ſtain themſelves with my unworthineſs. Alas, why could I not ſee, I was too weak a band to tie ſo heavenly an heart? I was not fit to limit the infinite courſe of his wonderful deſtinies. Was it ever like, that upon only *Philoclea* his thoughts ſhould reſt? Ah ſilly ſoul, that couldeſt pleaſe thy ſelf with ſo impoſſible an imagination! an univerſal happineſs is to flow from him. How was I ſo inveigled to hope, I might be the mark of ſuch a mind? He did thee no wrong, O *Philoclea*, he did thee no wrong, it was thy weakneſs to fancy the beams of the ſun ſhould give light to no eyes but to thine! And yet, O prince *Pyrocles*, for whom I may well begin to hate my ſelf, but can never leave to love thee, what triumph canſt thou make of this conqueſt? what ſpoils wilt thou carry of this

my

my undeſerved overthrow? could thy force find out no fitter field than the feeble mind of a poor maid, who at the firſt ſight did wiſh thee all happineſs? Shall it be ſaid, the mirror of mankind hath been employed to deſtroy a hurtleſs gentlewoman? O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles*, let me yet call thee before the judgment of thy own virtue, let me be accepted for a plantiff in a cauſe which concerns my life: what need hadſt thou to arm thy face with the inchanting maſk of thy painted paſſions? what need hadſt thou to fortify thy excellencies with ſo exquiſite a cunning, in making our own arts betray us? what needeſt thou deſcend ſo far thy incomparable worthineſs, as to take on the habit of weak womankind. Was all this to win the undefended caſtle of a friend, which being won, thou wouldſt after raze? Could ſo ſmall a cauſe allure thee? or did not ſo unjuſt a cauſe ſtop thee? O me, what ſay I more? this is my caſe, my love hates me, virtue deals wickedly with me, and he does me wrong, whoſe doing I can never account a wrong. With that the ſweet lady turning her ſelf upon her weary bed ſhe happily ſaw a lute, upon the belly of which *Gynecia* had written this ſong, what time *Baſilius* imputed her jealous motions to proceed of the doubt ſhe had of his untimely loves. Under which veil ſhe contented to cover her never ceaſing anguiſh, had made the lute a monument of her mind; which *Philoclea* had never much marked, till now the fear of a competitor more ſtirred her, than before the care of a mother. The verſes were theſe:

My lute within thy ſelf thy tunes encloſe,
Thy miſtreſs's ſong is now a ſorrow's cry,
Her hand benumb'd with fortune's daily blows,
Her mind amaz'd can neither's help apply.
Wear theſe my words as mourning weeds of woes,
Black ink becomes the ſtate wherein I die,

And

And though my moans be not in muſick bound,
Of written griefs, yet be the ſilent ground.

The world doth yield ſuch ill conſorted ſhows,
With circled courſe, which no wiſe ſtay can try,
That childiſh ſtuff which knows not friends from foes,
(Better deſpis'd) be wonder gazing eye.
Thus noble gold, down to the bottom goes,
When worthleſs cork, aloft doth floating lie.
Thus in thy ſelf, leaſt ſtrings are loudeſt found,
And loweſt ſtops do yield the higheſt ſound.

Philoclea read them, and throwing down the lute, is this the legacy you have bequeathed me, O kind mother of mine, ſaid ſhe? did you beſtow the light upon me for this? or did you bear me to be the author of my burial? a trim purchaſe you have made of your own ſhame, robbed your daughter to ruin your ſelf? the birds unreaſonable, yet uſe ſo much reaſon, as to make neſts for their tender young ones; my cruel mother turns me out of mine own harbour; alas, plaint boots not, for my caſe can receive no help; for who ſhould give me help? ſhall I fly to my parents? they are my murtherers: ſhall I go to him, who already being won and loſt, muſt needs have killed all pity? alas, I can bring no new interceſſions; he knows already what I am is his. Shall I come home again to my ſelf? O me, contemned wretch; I have given away my ſelf. With that the poor ſoul beat her breaſt, as if that had been guilty of her faults, neither thinking of revenge, nor ſtudying for remedy, but, ſweet creature, gave grief a free dominion, keeping her chamber a few days after, not needing to feign her ſelf ſick, feeling even in her ſoul the pangs of extreme pain. But little did *Gynecia* reck that, neither when ſhe ſaw her go away from them, neither when ſhe after found that ſickneſs made her hide her fair face: ſo much had fancy prevailed againſt nature.

But

But O you that have ever known, how tender to every motion love makes the lover's heart, how he meaſures all his joys upon her contentment: and doth with reſpectful eye hang his behaviour upon her eyes: judge I pray you now of *Zelmane's* troubled thoughts, when ſhe ſaw *Philoclea*, with an amazed kind of ſorrow, carry away her ſweet preſence, and eaſily found, ſo happy conjecture unhappy affection hath, that her demeanour was guilty of that treſpaſs. There was never fooliſh ſoft-hearted mother, that, forced to beat her child, did weep firſt for his pains, and doing that ſhe was loth to do, did repent before ſhe began, did find half that motion in her weak mind, as *Zelmane* did, now that ſhe was forced by reaſon to give an outward blow to her paſſions, and for the lending of a ſmall time, to ſeek the uſury of her deſires. The unkindneſs ſhe conceived, *Philoclea* might conceive, did wound her ſoul, each tear ſhe doubted, ſhe ſpent, drowned all her [illegible]. Her ſickneſs was a death unto her. Often would ſhe ſpeak to the image of *Philoclea*, which lived and ruled in the higheſt of her inward part, and uſe vehement oaths, and proteſtations unto her; that nothing ſhould ever falſify the free choſen vow ſhe had made. Often would ſhe deſire her, that ſhe would look well to *Pyrocles's* heart, for as for her ſhe had no more intereſt in it to beſtow it any way: Alas, would ſhe ſay, only *Philoclea* haſt thou not ſo much feeling of thine own force, as to know no new conqueror can prevail againſt thy conqueſts? Was ever any dazled with the moon, that uſed his eyes to the beams of the ſun? Is he carried away with a greedy deſire of acorns, that hath had his ſenſes raviſhed with a garden of moſt delightful fruits? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, be thou but as merciful a princeſs to my mind, as thou art a true poſſeſſor, and I ſhall have as much cauſe of gladneſs, as thou haſt no cauſe of miſdoubting? O no, no, when a man's own

own heart is the gage of his debt, when a man's own thoughts are willing witneſſes to his promiſe; laſtly, when a man is the jaylor over himſelf; there is little doubt of breaking credit, and leſs doubt of ſuch an eſcape. In this combat of *Zelmane's* doubtful imaginations, in the end reaſon, well-backed with the vehement deſire to bring her matter ſoon to the deſired haven, did over-rule the boiling of her inward kindneſs, though as I ſay with ſuch a manifeſt ſtrife, that both *Baſilius* and *Gynecia's* well waiting eyes, had marked her muſes had laboured in deeper ſubjects then ordinary: which ſhe likewiſe perceiving they had perceived, awaking her ſelf out of thoſe thoughts, and principally caring how to ſatisfy *Gynecia*, whoſe judgment and paſſion ſhe ſtood moſt in regard of, bowing her head to her attentive ears, madam, ſaid ſhe, with practice of my thoughts, I have found out a way by which your contentment ſhall draw on my happineſs. *Gynecia* delivering in her face as thankful a joyfulneſs as her heart could hold, ſaid, It was then time to retire themſelves to their reſt, for what with riding abroad the day before, and late ſitting up for eclogues, their bodies had dearly purchaſed that night's quiet. So went they home to there lodge, *Zelmane* framing of both ſides bountiful meaſures of loving countenances to either's joy, and neither's jealouſy, to the ſpecial comfort of *Baſilius*, whoſe weaker bowels were ſtreight full with the leaſt liqour of hope. So that ſtill holding her by the hand, and ſometimes tickling it, he went by her with the moſt gay conceits that ever had entered his brains, growing now ſo hearted in his reſolution, that he little reſpected *Gynecia's* preſence. But with a luſtier note then wonted, clearing his voice, and cheering his ſpirits, looking ſtill upon *Zelmane*, whom now the moon did beautify with her ſhining almoſt at the full, as if her eyes had been

his

his ſong-book, he did the meſſage of his mind in ſinging theſe verſes.

When two ſuns do appear,
Some ſay it doth betoken wonders near;
As princes loſe or change:
Two gleaming Suns of ſplender like I ſee,
And ſeeing feel in me
Of Princes heart quite loſt the ruin ſtrange.

But now each where doth range
With ugly cloke the dark envious night:
Who full of guilty ſpite,
Such living beams ſhould her back ſeat aſſail,
Too weak for them our weaker ſight doth vail.

No ſay's fair moon, my light
Shall bar that wrong, and though it not prevail
Like to my brothers [illegible], yet thoſe I ſend
Hurt not the face, which nothing can amend.

And by that time being come to the lodge, and viſited the ſweet *Philoclea*, with much leſs than natural care of the parents, and much leſs than wanted kindneſs of *Zelmane*, each party full fraught with diverſly working fancies, made their pillows weak props of their over-laden heads. Yet of all other were *Zelmane*'s brain moſt tumoyled, troubled with love both active and paſſive; and laſtly, and eſpecially with care, how to uſe her ſhort limited time to the beſt purpoſe, by ſome wiſe, and happy diverting her two lovers unwelcome deſires. *Zelmane* having had the night, her only counſellor in the buſy enterpriſe ſhe was to undertake, and having all that time muſed, and yet not fully reſolved, how ſhe might join prevailing with preventing, was offended with day's bold entry into her chamber, as if he had now by cuſtom grown an aſſured bringer of evil news. Which ſhe taking

king a cittern to her, did lay to *Aurora's* charge, with theſe well ſung verſes:

Aurora *now thou ſheweſt thy bluſhing light,*
Which oft to hope lays out a guileful bait,
That truſt's in time to find the way aright,
To eaſe thoſe pains, which on deſire do wait.

Bluſh on for ſhame: that ſtill with thee do light
On penſive ſouls (inſtead of reſtful bait)
Care upon care (inſtead of doing right)
To over preſſed breaſts, more greivous weight.

As oh! my ſelf, whoſe woes are never light,
(Tide to the ſtake of doubt) ſtrange paſſion's bait.
While thy known courſe obſerving nature's right,
Stirs me to think what dangers lie in wait,
For miſchiefs great, day after day doth ſhow,
Make me ſtill fear, thy fair appearing ſhow.

Alas, ſaid ſhe, am not I run into a ſtrange gulf, that am fain for love to hurt her I love? and becauſe I deteſt the others, to pleaſe them I deteſt? O only *Philoclea*, whoſe beauty is matched with nothing, but with the unſpeakable beauty of thy faireſt mind, if thou didſt ſee upon what rack my tormented ſoul is ſet, little would you think I had any ſcope now to leap to any new change; with that with haſty hands ſhe got her ſelf up, turning her ſight to every thing, as if change of object might help her invention. So went ſhe again to the cave, where forthwith it came into her head, that ſhould be the fitteſt place to perform her exploit, of which ſhe had now a kind of confuſed conceit, although ſhe had not ſet down in her fancy, the meeting with each particularity that might fall out. But as the painter doth at the firſt but ſhew a rude proportion of the thing he imitates, which after with more curious

curious hand he draws to the repreſenting each lineament, ſo had her thoughts, beating about it continually, received into them a ground-plot of her device, although ſhe had not in each part ſhaped it according to a full determination. But in this ſort having early viſited the mornings beauty, in thoſe pleaſant deſarts, ſhe came to the king and queen, and told them, that for the performance of certain her country devotions, which only were to be exerciſed in ſolitarineſs, ſhe did deſire their leave ſhe might for a few days lodge her ſelf in the cave, the freſh ſweetneſs of which did greatly delight her, in that hot country; and that for that ſmall ſpace, they would not otherwiſe trouble themſelves in viſiting her, but at ſuch times as ſhe would come to wait upon them, which ſhould be every day at certain hours; neither ſhould it be long, ſhe would deſire this privileged abſence of them. They, whoſe minds had already taken out that leſſon, perfectly ready to yield a willing obedience to all her deſires, with conſenting countenance made her ſoon ſee her pleaſure was a law unto them. Both indeed inwardly glad of it, *Baſilius* hoping that her dividing her ſelf from them, might yet give him ſome fitter occaſion of coming in ſecret to her, whoſe favourable face had lately ſtrengthened his fainting courage. But *Gynecia* of all other moſt joyous, holding her ſelf aſſured that this was but a prologue to the play ſhe had promiſed her.

Thus both flattering themſelves with diverſly grounded hopes, they rang a bell, which ſerved to call certain poor women which ever lay in cabins not far off, to do the houſhold ſervices of both lodges, and never came to either but being called for; and commanded them to carry forthwith *Zelmane*'s bed and furniture of her chamber, into the pleaſant cave, and to deck it up as finely as it was poſſible for them, that their ſouls reſt might reſt her body to her beſt pleaſing manner: that was

was with all diligence performed of them, and *Zelmane* already in poſſeſſion of her new choſen lodging; where ſhe like one of *Veſta's* nuns, entertained her ſelf for a few days in all ſhew of ſtraightneſs, yet once a day coming to her duty to the king and queen, in whom the ſeldomneſs of the ſight increaſed the more unquiet longing, though ſomewhat qualified, as her countenance was decked to either of them with more comfort than wonted; eſpecially to *Gynecia*, who ſeeing her, wholly neglecting her daughter *Philoclea*, had now promiſed her ſelf a full poſſeſſion of *Zelmane's* heart, ſtill expecting the fruit of the happy and hoped for invention. But both ſhe and *Baſilius* kept ſuch a continual watch about the precincts of the cave, that either of them was a bar to the other from having any ſecret communing with *Zelmane*. While in the mean time the ſweet *Philoclea* forgotten of her father, deſpiſed of her mother, and in appearance left of *Zelmane*, had ſhe locked up her ſoul to be a prey to ſorrow and unkindneſs, not with raging conceit of revenge, as had paſſed through the ſtout and wiſe heart of her mother, but with a kindly meekneſs taking upon her the weight of her own woes, and ſuffering them to have ſo full a courſe, as it did exceedingly weaken the eſtate of her body; as well for which cauſe, as for that ſhe could not ſee *Zelmane*, without expreſſing, more than ſhe would, how far now her love was impriſoned in extremity of ſorrow, ſhe bound her ſelf firſt to the limits of her own chamber, and after, (grief breeding ſickneſs) of her bed. But *Zelmane* having now a full liberty to caſt about every way how to bring her conceived attempt to a deſired ſucceſs, was oft ſo perplexed with the manifold difficulty of it, that ſometimes ſhe would reſolve by force to take her away, though it were with the death of her parents, ſometimes to go away her ſelf with *Muſidorus*, and bring both their forces, ſo to win her. But laſtly, even the ſame day that *Muſidorus*

by feeding the humour of his three loathſome guardians, had ſtolen away the princeſs *Pamela* (whether it were that love meant to match them every way, or that her friend's example had holpen her invention, or that indeed *Zelmane* forbare to practiſe her device till ſhe found her friend had paſſed thro' his.) The ſame day, I ſay, ſhe reſolved on a way to rid out of the lodge her two cumberſome lovers, and in the night to carry away *Philoclea*: whereunto ſhe was aſſured her own love no leſs than her ſiſter's, would eaſily win her conſent; hoping that although their abrupt parting had not ſuffered her to demand of *Muſidorus* which way he meant to direct his journey; yet either they ſhould by ſome good fortune find him; or if that courſe failed, yet they might well recover ſome town of the *Helots*, near the frontiers of *Arcadia*, who being newly again up in arms againſt the nobility, ſhe knew would be as glad of her preſence, as ſhe of their protection. Therefore having taken order for all things requiſite for their going, and firſt put on a ſlight under-ſuit of man's apparel, which before for ſuch purpoſes ſhe had provided, ſhe curiouſly trimmed her ſelf to the beautifying of her beauties, that being now at her laſt tryal, ſhe might come unto it in her braveſt armour. And ſo putting on that kind of mild countenance, which doth encourage the looker on to hope for a gentle anſwer, according to her late received manner, ſhe left the pleaſant darkneſs of her melancholy cave, to go take her dinner of the King and Queen, and give unto them both a pleaſant food of ſeeing the owner of their deſires. But even as the *Perſians* were anciently wont to leave no riſing-ſun unſaluted, but as his fair beams appeared clearer unto them, would they more heartily rejoyce, laying upon them a great foretoken of their following fortune; ſo was there no time that *Zelmane* encountered their eyes with her beloved preſence, but that it bred a kind of burning devotion

tion in them, yet ſo much the more gladding their greedy ſouls, as her countenance was cleared with more favour upon them; which now being determinately framed to the greateſt deſcent of kindneſs, it took ſuch hold of her unfortunate lovers, that like children about a tender father from a long voyage returned, with lovely childiſhneſs hang about him, and yet with ſimple fear meaſure by his countenance, how far he accepts their boldneſs: ſo were theſe now thrown into ſo ſerviceable an affection, that the returning of *Zelmane's* eye was a ſtrong ſtern enough to all their motions, winding no way but as the inchanting force of it guided them. But having made a light repaſt of the pleaſant fruits of that country, interlarding their food with ſuch manner of general diſcourſes as lovers are wont to cover their paſſions in, when reſpect of a third perſon keeps them from plain particulars, at the earneſt intreaty of *Baſilius*, *Zelmane* firſt ſaluting the muſes with a baſe viol hung hard by her, ſent this ambaſſage in verſified muſick to both her ill-requited lovers.

Beauty hath force to catch the human ſight;
Sight doth bewitch the fancy evil awaked.
Fancy we feel includes all paſſion's might,
Paſſion rebell'd of reaſons ſtrength hath ſhaked.

No wonder then, though ſight my ſight did taint,
And though thereby my fancy was infected,
Though, yoked ſo, my mind with ſickneſs faint,
Had reaſon's weight for paſſion's eaſe rejected.

But now the fit is paſt; and time hath giv'n
Leiſure to weigh what due deſert requireth.
All thoughts ſo ſprung, are from their dwelling driv'n,
And wiſdom to his wonted ſeat aſpireth;
Crying in me: eye-hope deceitful prove;
Things rightly priz'd: love is the band of love.

And after her ſong with an affected modeſty, ſhe drew down her eye, as if the conſcience of a ſecret grant her inward mind made, had ſuddenly caſt a baſhful vail over her. Which *Baſilius* finding, and thinking now was the time to urge his painful petition, beſeeching his wife with more careful eye to accompany his ſickly daughter *Philoclea*, being rid for that time of her; who was content to grant him any ſcope, that ſhe might after have the like freedom; with a geſture governed by the force of his paſſions, making his knees his beſt ſupporters, he thus ſaid unto her: If either, ſaid he, O lady of my life, my deadly pangs could bear delay, or that this were the firſt time the ſame were manifeſted unto you, I would now but maintain ſtill the remembrance of my misfortune, without urging any farther reward, than time and pity might procure for me. But, alas, ſince my martyrdom is no leſs painful than manifeſt, and that I no more feel the miſerable danger, than you know the aſſured truth thereof: why ſhould my tongue deny his ſervice to my heart? why ſhould I fear the breath of my words, who daily feel the flame of your works? embrace in your ſweet conſideration, I beſeech you, the miſery of my caſe, acknowledge your ſelf to be the cauſe, and think it is reaſon for you to redreſs the effects. Alas, let no certain imaginative rules, whoſe truth ſtands but upon opinion, keep ſo wiſe a mind from gratefulneſs and mercy, whoſe never failing laws nature hath planted in us. I plainly lay my death unto you, the death of him that loves you, the death of him whoſe life you may ſave; ſay your abſolute determination, for *hope it ſelf is a pain, while it is overmaſtered with fear*, and if you, do reſolve to be cruel, yet is the ſpeedieſt condemnation, as in evils, moſt welcome. *Zelmane*, who had fully ſet to her ſelf the train ſhe ſhould keep, yet knowing that who ſooneſt means to yield, doth well to make the braveſt parley, keeping countenance aloft; Noble prince, ſaid

ſaid he, your words are too well couched to come out of a reſtleſs mind, and thanked be the gods, your face threatens no danger of death. Theſe are but thoſe ſwelling ſpeeches, which give the uttermoſt name to every trifle, which all were worth nothing, if they were not enameled with the goodly outſide of love. Truly love were very unlovely, if it were half ſo deadly, as you lovers, ſtill living, term it. I think well it may have a certain childiſh vehemency, which for the time to one deſire will engage all the ſoul, ſo long as it laſteth. But with what impatience you your ſelf ſhew, who confeſs the hope of it a pain, and think your own deſire ſo unworthy, as you would fain be rid of it; and ſo with over-much love ſue hard for a haſty refuſal. A refuſal! (cried out *Baſilius*, amazed with all, but pierced with the laſt.) Now aſſure your ſelf, whenſoever you [illegible] that word definitively, it will be the undoubted doom of my approaching death. And [illegible] ſhall your own experience know in me, how ſoon the ſpirits dried up with anguiſh, leave the performance of their miniſtry, whereupon our life dependeth. But alas, what a cruelty is this, not only to torment, but to think the torment ſleight? The terribleſt tyrants would ſay by no man they killed, he died not; nor by no man they puniſhed, that he eſcaped free: for of all other, there is leaſt hope of mercy where there is no acknowledging of the pain; and with like cruelty are my words breathed out from a flamy heart accounted as meſſengers of a quiet mind. If I ſpeak nothing, I choak my ſelf, and am in no way of relief; if ſimply neglected; if confuſedly, not underſtood: if by the bending together all my inward powers, they bring forth any lively expreſſing of that they truly feel, that is a token, forſooth, the thoughts are at too much leiſure. Thus in ſilence deſperate, folly puniſhed, and wit ſuſpected: but indeed it is vain to try any more, for words can bind no belief. Lady,

I ſay, determine of me, I muſt confeſs I cannot bear this battle in my mind, and therefore let me ſoon know what I may account of my ſelf; for *it is a hell of dolors when the mind ſtill in doubt for want of reſolution, can make no reſiſtance.*

Indeed, anſwered *Zelmane*, if I ſhould grant to your requeſt, I ſhould ſhew an example in my ſelf that I eſteem the holy band of chaſtity to be but an imaginative rule, as you termed it; and not the trueſt obſervance of nature, the moſt noble commandment that mankind can have over themſelves, as indeed both learning teacheth, and inward feeling aſſureth. But firſt ſhall *Zelmane*'s grave become her marriage-bed, before my ſoul ſhall conſent to his own ſhame, before I will leave a mark in my ſelf of an unredeemable treſpaſs. And yet muſt I confeſs that if ever my heart were ſtirred, it hath been with the manifeſt and manifold ſhews of the miſery you live in for me. For in truth ſo it is, nature gives not to us her degenerate children, any more general precept, than one to help the other, one to feel a true compaſſion of the other's miſhap. But yet if I were never ſo contented to ſpeak with you (for farther, never, O *Baſilius*, never look for at my hands) I know not how you can avoid your wife's jealous attendance, but that her ſuſpicion ſhall bring my honour into queſtion. *Baſilius*, whoſe ſmall ſails the leaſt wind did fill, was forthwith as far gone into a large promiſing himſelf his deſire, as before he was ſtricken down with a threatned denial. And therefore bending his brows as though he were not a man to take the matter as he had done; What, ſaid he, ſhall my wife become my miſtreſs? think you not that thus much time hath taught me to rule her? I will mew the gentlewoman till ſhe have caſt all her feathers, if ſhe rouze her ſelf againſt me. And with that he walked up and down, nodding his head, as though they miſtook him much that thought he was not his wive's maſter. But *Zelmane*

now

now ſeeing it was time to conclude; Of your wiſdom and manhood, ſaid ſhe, I doubt not, but that ſufficeth not me, for both they can hardly tame a malicious tongue, and impoſſibly bar the freedom of thought, which be the things that muſt be only witneſſes of honour, or judges of diſhonour. But that you may ſee I do not ſet light your affection, if to night after your wife be aſſuredly a-ſleep, whereof by your love I conjure you to have a moſt preciſe care, you will ſteal handſomly to the cave unto me, there do I grant you as great proportion as you will take of free conference with me, ever remembring you ſeek no more, for ſo ſhall you but deceive your ſelf, and for ever loſe me; *Baſilius*, that was old enough to know that *women are not wont to appoint ſecret night meetings for the purchaſing of land*, holding himſelf, already an undoubted poſſeſſor of his [illegible], kiſſing her hand, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, as if the greatneſs of the benefit did go beyond all meaſure of thanks, ſaid no more, leaſt ſtirring of more words, might bring forth ſome, perhaps, contrary matter. In which trance of joy, *Zelmane* went from him, ſaying ſhe would leave him to the remembrance of their appointment, and for her, ſhe would go viſit the lady *Philoclea*, into whoſe chamber being come, keeping ſtill her late taken-on gravity, and asking her how ſhe did, rather in the way of dutiful honour, than in any ſpecial affection, with extreme inward anguiſh to them both, ſhe turned from her, and taking the queen *Gynecia*, led her into a bay-window of the ſame chamber, determining in her ſelf, not to utter to ſo excellent a wit as *Gynecia* had, the uttermoſt point of her pretended device, but to keep the clauſe of it for the laſt inſtant, when the ſhortneſs of the time ſhould not give her ſpirits leiſure to look into all thoſe doubts, that eaſily enter to an open invention. But with ſmiling eyes, and with a delivered over grace, feigning as much love to her,

as ſhe did counterfeit little love to *Philoclea*, ſhe began with more credible, than eloquent ſpeech, to tell her, that with much conſideration of a matter ſo nearly importing her own fancy, and *Gynecia*'s honour, ſhe had now concluded that the night following ſhould be the fitteſt time for the joining together their ſeveral deſires, what time ſleep ſhould perfectly do his office upon the king her husband, and that the one ſhould come to the other into the cave: which place as it was the firſt receipt of their promiſed love, ſo it might have the firſt honour of the due performance. That the cauſe why thoſe few days paſt, ſhe had not ſought the like, was, leaſt the new change of her lodging might make the duke more apt to mark any ſudden event; which now the uſe of it would take out of his mind. And therefore now moſt excellent lady, ſaid ſhe, there reſteth nothing, but that quickly after ſupper, you train up the king to viſit his daughter *Philoclea*, and then feigning your ſelf not well at eaſe, by your going to bed, draw him not long to be after you. In the mean time I will be gone home to my lodging, where I will attend you, with no leſs devotion, but as I hope with better fortune, than *Thisbe* did the too much loving, and too much loved *Pyramus*. The blood that quickly came into *Gynecia*'s fair face, was the only anſwer ſhe made, but that one might eaſily ſee, contentment and conſent were both to the full in her; which ſhe did teſtify with the wringing *Zelmane* faſt by the hand, cloſing her eyes, and letting her head fall; as if ſhe would give her to know, ſhe was not ignorant of her fault, although ſhe were tranſported with the violence of her evil. But in this triple agreement did the day ſeem tedious of all ſides, till his never erring courſe had given place to the night's ſucceſſion: and the ſupper by each hand haſted, was with no leſs ſpeed ended, when *Gynecia* preſenting a heavy ſleepineſs in her countenance, brought up both *Baſilius* and *Zelmane*

to

to ſee *Philoclea*, ſtill keeping her bed, and far more ſick in mind than body, and more grieved than comforted with any ſuch viſitation. Thence *Zelmane* wiſhing eaſeful reſt to *Philoclea*, did ſeem to take that night's leave of this princely crew, when *Gynecia* likewiſe ſeeming ſomewhat diſeaſed, deſired *Baſilius* to ſtay a while with his daughter, while ſhe recommended her ſickneſs to her bed's comfort, indeed deſirous to determine again of the manner of her ſtealing away; to no leſs comfort to *Baſilius*, who the ſooner ſhe was a-ſleep, the ſooner hoped to come by his long purſued prey. Thus both were bent to deceive each other, and to take the advantage of either other's diſadvantage. But *Gynecia* having taken *Zelmane* into her bed-chamber, to ſpeak a little with her of their ſweet determination; *Zelmane* upon a ſudden, (as though ſhe had never thought of it before.) Now the gods forbid, ſaid ſhe, ſo great a lady as you are ſhould come to me; that I ſhould leave it to the hands of fortune, if by either the ill-governing of your paſſion, or your husband's ſudden waking, any danger might happen unto you: no, if there be any ſuperiority in the points of true love, it ſhall be yours: if there be any danger, ſince my ſelf am the author of this device, it is reaſon it ſhould be mine. Therefore do you but leave with me the keys of the gate, and upon your ſelf take my upper garment, that if any of *Dametas's* houſe ſee you, they may think you be my ſelf, and I will preſently lie down in your place, ſo muffled for your ſuppoſed ſickneſs, as the king ſhall nothing know me. And then as ſoon as he is a-ſleep, will I, as it much better becomes me, wait upon you. But if the uttermoſt of miſchiefs ſhould happen, I can aſſure you the king's life ſhall ſooner pay for it, than your honour. And with the ending of her words, ſhe threw off her mantle, not giving *Gynecia* any ſpace to take the full image of this new change into her fancy. But ſeeing no ready objecti-

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ion againſt it in her heart, and knowing that there was no time then to ſtand long diſputing; beſides remembring the giver was to order the manner of his gift, yielded quickly to this conceit, indeed not among the ſmalleſt cauſes, tickled thereunto by a certain wanton deſire, that her husband's deceit might be the more notable. In this ſort did *Zelmane* nimbly diſaraying her ſelf, poſſeſs *Gynecia*'s place, hiding her head in ſuch a cloſe manner, as grievious and over-watched ſickneſs is wont to invite to it ſelf the ſolace of ſleep. And of the other ſide the queen putting on *Zelmane*'s outmoſt apparel, went firſt into her cloſet, there quickly to beautify her ſelf with the beſt and ſweeteſt night-deckings. But there caſting an haſty eye over her precious things, which ever ſince *Zelmane*'s coming, her head otherwiſe occupied, had left unſeen, ſhe hapened to ſee a bottle of gold, upon which down along were graved theſe verſes:

Let him drink this, whom long in arms to fold.
Thou doſt deſire, and with free power to hold.

She remembered the bottle, for it had been kept of long time by the kings of *Cyprus*, as a thing of rare virtue, and given to her by her mother, when ſhe being very young married to her husband of much greater age, her mother perſuaded it was of property to force love with love effects, had made a precious preſent of it to this her beloved child, though it had been received rather by tradition to have ſuch a quality, than by any approved experiment. This *Gynecia* (according to the common diſpoſition, not only, though eſpecially, of wives, but of all other kinds of people, not to eſteem much ones own, but to think the labour loſt, employed about it) had never cared to give her husband, but ſuffered his affection to run according to his own ſcope. But now that love of her particular choice had awaken-

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ed her ſpirits, and perchance the very unlawfulneſs of it had a little blown the coal, among her other ornaments with glad mind ſhe took moſt part of this liquor, putting it into a fair cup all ſet with diamonds: for what dares not love undertake, armed with the night, and provoked with luſt? and thus down ſhe went to the cave-ward, guided only by the moon's fair ſhining, ſuffering no other thought to have any familiarity with her brains, but that which did preſent unto her a picture of her approaching contentment. She that had long diſdained this ſolitary life her husband had entred into, now wiſhed it much more ſolitary, ſo ſhe might only obtain the private preſence of *Zelmane*. She that before would not have gone ſo far, eſpecially by night, and to ſo dark a place, now took a pride in the ſame courage, and framed in her mind a pleaſure out of the pain it ſelf. Thus with thick doubled paces ſhe went to the cave, receiving to her ſelf, for her firſt contentment, the only lying where *Zelmane* had done; whoſe pillow ſhe kiſſed a thouſand times, for having born the print of that beloved head. And ſo keeping with panting heart her travelling fancies ſo attentive, that the wind could ſtir nothing, but that ſhe ſtirred her ſelf, as if it had been the pace of the longed for *Zelmane*, ſhe kept her ſide of the bed, defending only and cheriſhing the other ſide with her arms, till after a while waiting, counting with her ſelf how many ſteps were betwixt the lodge and the cave, and oft accuſing *Zelmane* of more curious ſtay than needed, ſhe was viſited with an unexpected gueſt.

For *Baſilius*, after his wife was departed to her feigned repoſe, as long as he remained with his daughter, to give his wife time of unreadying herſelf, it was eaſily ſeen it was a very thorny abode he made there: and the diſcourſes with which he entertained his daughter, not unlike to thoſe of earneſt players, when in the midſt of their game,

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trifling queſtions be put unto them, his eyes ſtill looking about, and himſelf ſtill changing places, beginning to ſpeak of a thing, and breaking it off before it were half done. To any ſpeech *Philoclea* miniſtered unto him, with a ſudden ſtarting and caſting up his head, made an anſwer far out of all grammer; a certain deep muſing, and by and by out of it: uncertain motions, unſtayed graces. Having born out the limit of a reaſonable time, with as much pain as might be, he came darkling into his chamber, forcing himſelf to tread as ſoftly as he could. But the more curious he was, the more he thought every thing creaked under him; and his mind being out of the way with another thought, and his eyes not ſerving his turn in that dark place, each coffer or cupboard he met, one ſaluted his ſhins, another his elbows; ſometimes ready in revenge to ſtrike them again with his face. At length, fearing his wife were not fully a-ſleep, he came lifting up the cloths as gently as, I think, poor *Pan* did, when inſtead of *Iules*'s bed he came into the rough embracing of *Hercules*; and laying himſelf down, as tenderly as a new bride, reſted a while with a very open ear, to mark each breath of his ſuppoſed wife. And ſometimes he himſelf would yield a long-fetched ſigh, as though that had been a muſick to draw on another to ſleep, till within a very little while, with the other party's well counterfeit ſleep, who was as willing to be rid of him as he was to be gone thence, aſſuring himſelf he left all ſafe there, in the ſame order ſtole out again, and putting on his night gown, with much groping and ſcrambling, he got himſelf out of the little houſe, and then did the moon light ſerve to guide his feet. Thus with a great deal of pain, did *Baſilius* go to her whom he fled, and with much cunning left the perſon for whom he had employed all his cunning. But when *Baſilius* was once gotten, as he thought, into a clear coaſt, what joy

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he then made, how each thing ſeemed vile in his ſight, in compariſon of his fortune, how far already he deemed himſelf in the chief tower of his deſires, it were tedious to tell: once, his heart could not chuſe but yield this ſong, as a fairing of his contentment.

Get hence ſoul grief the canker of the mind:
Farewel complaint, the miſer's only pleaſure.
Away vain cares, by which few men do find
Their ſought-for treaſure.

Ye helpleſs ſighs, blow out your breath to nought,
Tears drown your ſelves, for woe, your cauſe is waſted;
Thought, think to end, too long the fruit of thought
My mind hath taſted.

But thou, ſure hope, tickle my leaping heart.
Comfort, ſtep thou in place of wonted ſadneſs:
Fore-felt deſire, begin to ſavour part
Of coming gladneſs.

Let voice of ſighs into clear muſick run:
Eyes, let your tears with gazing now be mended,
In ſtead of thought, true pleaſure be begun,
And never ended.

Thus imagining as then with himſelf, his joys ſo held him up, that he never touched ground. And like a right old beaten ſoldier, that knew well enough the greateſt captains do never uſe long orations, when it comes to the very point of execution, as ſoon as he was gotten into the cave, and to the joyful, though ſilent, expectation of *Gynecia*, come cloſe to the bed, never recking his promiſe to look for nothing but conference, he leap'd in that ſide reſerved for a more welcome gueſt. And laying his lovingſt hold upon *Gynecia*: O *Zelmane*, ſaid he, embrace in your favour this humble ſervant of

yours: hold within me my heart, which pants to leave his maſter to come unto you. In what caſe poor *Gynecia* was, when ſhe knew the voice, and felt the body of her husband, fair ladies, it is better to know by imagination than experience. For ſtraight was her mind aſſaulted, partly with the being deprived of her unquenched deſire, but principally with the doubt that *Zelmane* had betrayed her to her husband, beſides the renewed ſting of jealouſy, what in the mean time might befal her daughter. But of the other ſide her love with a fixed perſuaſion ſhe had, taught her to ſeek all reaſon of hopes. And therein thought beſt before diſcovering of her ſelf, to mark the behaviour of her husband; who, both in deeds and words ſtill uſing her, as taking her to be *Zelmane*, made *Gynecia* hope that this might be *Baſilius*'s own enterpriſe, which *Zelmane* had not ſtaid, leſt ſhe ſhould diſcover the matter which might be performed at another time. Which hope accompanied with *Baſilius*'s manner of dealing, he being at that time fuller of livelier fancies, than many years before he had been, beſides the remembrance of her daughter's ſickneſs, and late ſtrange countenance betwixt her and *Zelmane*, all coming together into her mind, which was loth to condemn it ſelf of an utter overthrow, made her frame her ſelf, not truly with a ſurged joy, but with a determinate patience to let her husband think he had found a very gentle and ſupple-minded *Zelmane*; which he good man making full reckoning of, did melt in as much gladneſs, as ſhe was oppreſſed with divers ungrateful burthens.

But *Pyrocles*, who had at this preſent no more to play the part of *Zelmane*, having ſo naturally meaſured the manner of his breathing, that *Baſilius* made no doubt of his ſound ſleeping, and lain a pretty while with the quiet unquietneſs to perform his intended enterpriſe, as ſoon as by the debate betwixt

twixt *Baſilius*'s ſhins and the unregarding forms, he perceived that he had fully left the lodge: after him went he with his ſtealing ſteps, having his ſword under his arm, ſtill doubting leſt ſome miſchance might turn *Baſilius* back again, down to the gate of the lodge. Which not content to lock faſt, he barred and fortified with as many devices, as his wit and haſte would ſuffer him, that ſo he might have full time both for making ready *Philoclea*, and conveying her to her horſe, before any might come in to find them miſſing. For farther ends of thoſe ends, and what might enſue of this action, his love and courage well-matched never looked after, holding for an aſſured ground, that *whatſoever in great things will think to prevent all objections muſt ſit ſtill and do nothing*. This determination thus weighed, the firſt part was thus performed, up to *Philoclea*'s chamber-door went *Pyrocles*, rapt from himſelf with the exceſſive fore-feeling of his, as he aſſured himſelf, near-coming contentment. Whatever pains he had taken, what dangers he had run into, and eſpecially thoſe ſawcy pages of love, doubts, griefs, languiſhing hopes, and threatning deſpairs, came all now to his mind, in one rank to beautify his expected bliſsfulneſs, and to ſerve for a moſt fit ſawce, whoſe ſourneſs might give a kind of life to the delightful chear his imagination fed upon. All the great eſtate of his father, all his own glory, ſeemed unto him but a trifling pomp, whoſe good ſtands in other men's conceit, in compariſon of the true comfort he found in the depth of his mind, and the knowledge of any miſery that might enſue his joyous adventure, was recked of but as a ſlight purchaſe of poſſeſſing the top of happineſs; for ſo far were his thoughts paſt thro' all perils, that already he conceived himſelf ſafely arrived with his lady at the ſtately palace of *Pella*, among the exceeding joys of his father, and infinite congratulations of his friends, giving order for the royal

royal entertaining of *Philoclea*, and for ſumptuous ſhews and triumphs, againſt their marriage. In the thought whereof as he found extremity of joy, ſo well found he that the extremity is not without a certain joyful pain, by extending the heart beyond his wonted limits, and by ſo forcible a holding all the ſenſes to one object, that it confounds their mutual working, not without a charming kind of raviſhing them from the free uſe of their own function. Thus grieved only with too much gladneſs, being come to the door which ſhould be the entry to his happineſs, he was met with the latter end of a ſong, which *Philoclea* like a ſolitary nightingale, bewailing her guiltleſs puniſhment, and helpleſs misfortune, had newly delivered over, meaning none ſhould be judge of her paſſion, but her own conſcience. The ſong having been accorded to a ſweetly plaid on lute, contained theſe verſes, which ſhe had lately with ſome art curiouſly written, to enwrap her ſecret and reſolute woes.

1 2 3 1 2 3
Virtue, beauty and ſpeech, did ſtrike, wound, charm,
1 2 3 1 2 3
My heart, eyes, ears, with wonder, love, delight:
1 2 3 1 2 3
Firſt, ſecond, laſt, did bind, enforce and arm,
1 2 3 1 2 3
His works, ſhows, ſuits, with wit, grace and vows might,
1 2 3 1 2 3
Thus honour, liking, truſt, much, far, and deep,
1 2 3 1 2 3
Held, pierc'd, poſſeſs'd, my judgment, ſenſe and will.
1 2 3 1 2 3
Till wrong, contempt, deceit did grow, ſteal, creep,
1 2 3 1 2 3
Bands, favour, faith, to break, defile and kill,

Then

1 2 3 1 2 3
Then grief, unkindneſs, proof, took, kindled, taught,
1 2 3 1 2 3
Well-grounded, noble, due, ſpite, rage, diſdain
1 2 3 1 2 3
But ah, alas! (in vain) my mind, ſight, thought,
1 2 3 1 2 3
Doth him, his face, his words, leave, ſhun, refrain,
1 2 3 1 2 3
For no thing, time, nor place, can looſe, quench, eaſe,
1 2 3 1 2 3
Mine own, embraced, ſought, knot, fire, diſeaſe.

The force of love to thoſe poor folk, that feel it, is many ways very ſtrange, but no way ſtranger, then that it doth ſo enchain the lover's judgement upon her that holds the reins of his mind, that whatſoever ſhe doth is ever in his eyes beſt. And that beſt, being the continual motion of our changing life, turned by her to any other thing, that thing again becometh beſt. So that nature in each kind ſuffering but one ſuperlative, the lover only admits no poſitive. If ſhe ſits ſtill, that is beſt, for ſo is the conſpiracy of her ſeveral graces, held beſt together to make one perfect figure of beauty. If ſhe walk, no doubt that is beſt, for, beſides, the making happy the more places by her ſteps, the very ſtirring adds a pleaſing life to her native perfections. If ſhe be ſilent, that without compariſon is beſt, ſince by that means the untroubled eye moſt freely may devour the ſweetneſs of his object. But if ſhe ſpeak, he will take it upon his death that is beſt, the quinteſſence of each word being diſtilled down into his affected ſoul: example of this was well to be ſeen in the given-over *Pyrocles*, who with panting breath, and ſometimes ſighs, not ſuch as ſorrow reſtraining the inward parts doth make them glad to deliver, but ſuch as is the impatience of delay, with the unſurety of never ſo ſure hope, is

wont to breathe out. Now being at the door, of the one ſide hearing her voice, which he thought, if the philoſopher ſaid true of the heavenly ſeven-ſphered harmony, was by her not only repreſented, but far ſurmounted, and of the other having his eyes over-filled with her beauty, for the king at his parting had left the chamber open, and ſhe at that time lay, as the heat of that country did well ſuffer, upon the top of her bed, having her beauties eclipſed with nothing but with a fair ſmock, wrought all in flames of aſh-colour ſilk and gold, lying ſo upon her right ſide, that the left lay down to the foot, yielded his delightful proportion to the full view, which was ſeen by the help of a rich lamp, which through the curtains a little drawn caſt forth a light upon her, as the moon doth when it ſhines into a thin wood: *Pyrocles* I ſay was ſtopped with the violence of ſo many darts, caſt by *Cupid* altogether upon him, the quite forgetting himſelf, and thinking therein already he was in the beſt degree of felicity, he would have loſt much of his time, and with too much love omitted the enterprize undertaken for his love, had not *Philoclea*'s pitiful accuſing of him forced him to bring his ſpirits again to a new byaſs; for ſhe laying her hand under her fair cheek, upon which there did privily trickle the ſweet drops of her delightful, though ſorrowful, tears, made theſe words wait upon her moanful ſong. And hath that cruel *Pyrocles*, ſaid ſhe, deſerved thus much of me, that I ſhould for his ſake lift up my voice in my beſt tunes, and to him continually, with pouring out my plaint, make a diſdained oblation? ſhall my ſoul ſtill do this honour to his unmerciful tyranny, by my lamenting his loſs, to ſhew his worthineſs and my weakneſs? He hears thee not, ſimple *Philoclea*, he hears thee not; and if he did, ſome hearts grow the harder the more they find their advantage. Alas, what a miſerable conſtitution of mind have I! I diſdain

my

my fortune, and yet reverence him that diſdains me. I accuſe his ungratefulneſs, and have his virtue in admiration. O ye deaf heavens, I would either his injury could blot out mine affection, or my affection could forget his injury. With that giving a pitiful but ſweet ſhriek, ſhe took again the lute, and began to ſing this ſonnet, which might ſerve as an explaining to the other.

The love which is imprinted in my ſoul
With beauty's ſeal, and virtue fair diſguis'd,
With inward cries puts up a bitter roll
Of huge complaints, that now it is deſpis'd.

Thus, thus the more I love, the wrong the more
Monſtrous appears, long truth received late,
Wrong ſtirs remoſed Grief, grief's deadly ſore
Unkindneſs breeds, unkindneſs foſtereth hate.

But ah, the more I hate, the more I think
Whom I do hate; the more I think on him,
The more his matchleſs gifts do deeply ſink
Into my breaſt, and loves renewed ſwim.
What medicine then can ſuch diſeaſe remove,
Where love draws hate, and hate ingendereth love?

But *Pyrocles*, that had heard his name accuſed and condemned by the mouth, which of all the world, and more than all the world, he moſt loved, had then cauſe enough to call his mind to his home, and with the moſt haſte he could, for true love fears the accident of an inſtant, to match the excuſing of his fault, with declaration of his errand thither. And therefore, blown up and down with as many contrary paſſions, as *Æolus* ſent out winds upon the *Trojan* relicks guided upon the ſea by the valiant *Æneas*, he went into her chamber with ſuch a pace as reverend fear doth teach, where kneeling down, and having prepared a long diſcourſe for her,

her, his eyes were ſo filled with her ſight, that as if they would have robbed all their fellows of their ſervices, both his heart fainted, and his tongue failed in ſuch ſort that he could not bring forth one word, but referred her underſtanding to his eyes language. But ſhe in extremity amazed to ſee him there, at ſo undue a ſeaſon, and aſhamed that her beautiful body made ſo naked a proſpect, drawing in her delicate limbs into the weak guard of the bed, and preſenting in her face to him ſuch a kind of pitiful anger, as might ſhew this was only a fault; therefore, becauſe ſhe had a former grudge unto him, turning away her face from him, ſhe thus ſaid unto him: O *Zelmane* or *Pyrocles*, (for whether name I uſe, it much skills not, ſince by the one I was firſt deceived, and by the other now betrayed) what ſtrange motion is the guide of thy cruel mind hither? Doſt thou not think the day-torments thou haſt given me ſufficient, but that thou doſt envy me the night's quiet? Wilt thou give my ſorrows no truce, but by making me ſee before mine eyes how much I have loſt, offer me due cauſe of confirming my plaint? or is thy heart ſo full of rancour, that thou doſt deſire to feed thine eyes with the wretched ſpectacle of thine overthrown enemy, and ſo to ſatisfy the full meaſure of thy undeſerved rage, with the receiving into thy ſight the unrelieveable ruins of my deſolate life! O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles*, for thy own virtue's ſake, let miſeries be no muſick unto thee, and be content to take to thy ſelf ſome colour of excuſe, that thou didſt not know to what extremity thy inconſtancy, or rather falſhood hath brought me. *Pyrocles*, to whom every ſyllable ſhe pronounced, was a thunderbolt to his heart, equally diſtraught betwixt amazement and ſorrow, abaſhed to ſee ſuch a ſtop of his deſires, grieved with her pain, but tormented to find himſelf the author of it, with quaking lips, and pale chear, Alas, divine lady, ſaid he, your diſ-

diſpleaſure is ſo contrary to my deſert, and your words ſo far beyond all expectations, that I have leaſt ability now I have moſt need, to ſpeak in the cauſe upon which my life dependeth. For my troth is ſo undoubtedly conſtant unto you, my heart is ſo aſſured a witneſs to it ſelf, of his unſpotted faith, that having no one thing in me, whereout any ſuch ſacriledge might ariſe; I have likewiſe nothing in ſo direct a thing to ſay for my ſelf, but ſincere and vehement proteſtations; for in truth there may moſt words be ſpent, where there is ſome probability to breed of both ſides conjectural allegations. But ſo perfect a thing as my love is of you, as it ſuffers no queſtion, ſo it ſeems to receive injury by any addition of any words unto it. If my ſoul could have been polluted with treachery, it would likewiſe have provided for it ſelf due furniture of colourable anſwers, but as it ſtood upon the naked conſcience of his untouched duty, ſo I muſt confeſs it is altogether unarmed againſt ſo unjuſt a violence as you lay upon me: alas! let not the pains I have taken to ſerve you, be now accounted injurious unto you, let not the dangerous cunning I have uſed to pleaſe you, be deemed a treaſon againſt you: ſince I have deceived them whom you fear for your ſake, do not you deſtroy me for their ſake; what can I without you farther do? or to what more forwardneſs can any counſel bring our deſired happineſs? I have provided whatſoever is needful for our going, I have rid them both out of the lodge, ſo that there is none here to be hinderers or knowers of our departure, but only the almighty powers, whom I invoke as triers of mine innocency, and witneſſes of my well-meaning. And if ever my thoughts did receive ſo much as a fainting in their affections: if they have not continually with more and more ardour from time to time purſued the poſſeſſion of your ſweeteſt favour; if ever that poſſeſſion they re-

ceived either ſpot or falſhood: then let their moſt horrible plagues fall upon me, let mine eyes be deprived of the light, which did abaſe the heavenly beams that ſtrake them, let my falſified tongue ſerve to no uſe but to bemoan mine own wretchedneſs, let my heart impoiſoned with deteſtable treaſon, be the ſeat of infernal ſorrow, let my ſoul with the endleſs anguiſh of his conſcience become his own tormentor. O falſe mankind! cried out the ſweet *Philoclea*. How can an impoſthumed heart but yield forth evil matter by his mouth? are oaths there to be believed, where vows are broken? no no, who doth wound the eternal juſtice of the gods, cares little for abuſing their names, and who in doing wickedly doth not fear due recompencing plagues, doth little fear that invoking of plagues will make them come ever a whit the ſooner. But alas what aileth this new converſation, have you yet another ſleight to pay, or do you think to deceive me in *Pyrocles*'s form, as you have done in *Zelmane*'s: or rather, now you have betrayed me in both, is ſome third ſex left you, to transform your ſelf into, to inveigle my ſimplicity? enjoy, enjoy the conqueſt you have already won: and aſſure your ſelf you are to come to the fartheſt point of your cunning. For my part, unkind *Pyrocles*, my only defence ſhall be belief of nothing, my comfort my faithful innocency, and the puniſhment I deſire of you, ſhall be your own conſcience. *Philoclea*'s hard perſevering in this unjuſt condemnation of him, did ſo overthrow all the might of *Pyrocles*'s mind, who ſaw that time would not ſerve to prove by deeds, and that the better words he uſed, the more they were ſuſpected of deceitful cunning. That void of all counſel, and deprived of all comfort, finding beſt deſerts puniſhed, and neareſt hopes prevented, he did abandon the ſuccor of himſelf, and ſuffered grief ſo to cloſe his heart, that his breath failing him with a dreadful ſhutting of his eyes,

he

he fell down at her bed ſide. Having had time to ſay no more, but oh! whom doſt thou kill *Philoclea?* ſhe that little looked for ſuch an extream event of her doings, ſtarted out of her bed, like *Venus* riſing from her mother the ſea, not ſo much ſtricken down with amazement and grief of her fault, as lifted up with the force of love, and deſire to help, ſhe laid her fair body over his breaſt, and throwing no other water in his face, but the ſtream of her tears, not giving him other blows, but the kiſſing of her well-formed mouth, her only cries were theſe lamentations; O unfortunate ſuſpicion, ſaid ſhe, the very mean to loſe what we moſt ſuſpect to loſe. O unkind kindneſs of mine, which returns an imagined wrong with an effectual injury. O fool to make quarrel my ſupplication, or to uſe hate as the mediator of love: childiſh *Philoclea*, haſt thou thrown away the jewel wherein all thy pride conſiſted? Haſt thou with too much haſt over-run thy ſelf? then would ſhe renew her kiſſes, and yet not finding the life return, redouble her plaints in this manner. O divine ſoul, ſaid ſhe, whoſe virtue can poſſeſs no leſs than the higheſt place in heaven, if for mine eternal plague, thou haſt utterly left this moſt ſweet manſion, before I follow thee with *Thisbe's* puniſhment for my raſh unwarineſs, hear this proteſtation of mine: that as the wrong I have done thee proceeded of a moſt ſincere, but unreſiſtable affection, ſo led with this pitiful example, it ſhall end in the mortal hate of my ſelf, and, if it may be, I will make my ſoul a tomb of thy memory. At that word with anguiſh of mind and weakneſs of body increaſed one by the other, and both augmented by this fearful accident, ſhe had fallen down in a ſwoon, but that *Pyrocles*, then firſt ſevering his eyelids and quickly apprehending her danger, to him more than death, beyond all powers ſtriving to recover the commandment of all

his powers, stayed her falling, and then lifting the sweet burthen of her body in his arms, laid her again in her bed. So that she, but then the physician, was now become the patient, and he to whom her weakness had been serviceable, was now enforced to do service to her weakness, which performed by him with that hearty care which the most careful love on the best loved subject in greatest extremity could employ, prevailed so far, that e're long she was able, though in strength exceedingly dejected, to call home her wandring senses, to yield attention to that her beloved *Pyrocles* had to deliver. But he lying down on the bed by her, holding her hand in his, with so kind an accusing her of unkindness, as in accusing her he condemned himself, began from point to point to discover unto her all that had passed between his loathed lovers and him. How he had entertained, and by entertaining deceived, both *Basilius* and *Gynecia*; and that with such a kind of deceit, as either might see the cause in other, but neither espy the effect in themselves. That all his favours to them had tended only to make them strangers to this his action; and all his strangeness to her, to the final obtaining of her long promised, and now to be performed favour. Which device seeing it had so well succeeded to the removing all other hindrances, that only her resolution remained for the taking their happy journey, he conjured her by all the love she had ever borne him, she would make no longer delay to partake with him whatsoever honours the noble king of *Macedon*, and all other *Euarchus*'s dominions might yield him, especially since in this enterprize he had now waded so far, as he could not possibly retire himself back, without being overwhelmed with danger and dishonour: he needed not have used farther persuasion: for that only conjuration had so forcibly bound all her spirits, that could her body have seconded her mind,

mind, or her mind have ſtrengthened her body, without reſpect of any worldly thing, but only fear to be again unkind to *Pyrocles*, ſhe had condeſcended to go with him. But raiſing her ſelf a little in her bed, and finding her own inability in any ſort to endure the air: My *Pyrocles*, ſaid ſhe, with tearful eyes and a pitiful countenance, ſuch as well witneſſed ſhe had no will to deny any thing ſhe had power to perform, if you can convey me hence in ſuch plight as you ſee me, I am moſt willing to make my extreameſt danger a teſtimony, that I eſteem no danger in regard of your virtuous ſatisfaction. But ſhe fainted ſo faſt, that ſhe was not able to utter the reſt of her conceived ſpeech; which alſo turned *Pyrocles*'s thoughts from expecting farther anſwer, to the neceſſary care of reviving her, in whoſe fainting, himſelf was more than over-thrown. And that having affected with all the ſweet means his wits could deviſe, though his higheſt hopes were by this unexpected downfal ſunk deeper than any degree of deſpair: yet leaſt the appearance of his inward grief might occaſion her farther diſcomfort, having wracked his face to a more comfortable ſemblance, he ſought ſome ſhew of reaſon, to ſhew ſhe had no reaſon, either for him, or for herſelf to be afflicted. Which in the ſweet minded *Philoclea*, whoſe conſideration was limited by his words, and whoſe conceit pierced no deeper than his outward countenance, wrought within a while ſuch quietneſs of mind, and that quietneſs again ſuch repoſe of body, that ſleep by his harbinger's weakneſs, wearineſs, and watchfulneſs, had quickly taken up his lodging in all her ſenſes. Then indeed had *Pyrocles* leiſure to ſit in judgment on himſelf, and to hear his reaſon accuſe his raſhneſs, who, without forecaſt of doubt, without knowledge of his friend, without acquainting *Philoclea* with his purpoſe, or being made acquainted with her preſent eſtate, had fallen head

long

long into that attempt, the ſucceſs whereof he had long ſince ſet down to himſelf as the meaſure of all his other fortunes. But calling to mind how weakly they do, that rather find fault with what cannot be mended, than ſeek to amend wherein they have been faulty: he ſoon turned him from remembring what might have been done, to conſidering what was now to be done, and when that conſideration failed, what was now to be expected. Wherein having run over all the thoughts, his reaſon, called to the ſtricteſt accounts, could bring before him, at length he lighted on this. That as long as *Gynecia* bewrayed not the matter, which he thought ſhe would not do, as well for her own honour and ſafety, as for the hope ſhe might ſtill have of him, which is loth to die in a lover's heart, all the reſt might turn to a pretty merriment, and inflame his lover *Baſilius*, again to caſt about for the miſſed favour. And as naturally the heart ſtuffed up with wofulneſs, is glad greedily to ſuck the thineſt air of comfort: ſo did he at firſt, embrace this conceit, as offering great hope, if not aſſurance of well-doing, till looking more nearly unto it, and not able to anſwer the doubts and difficulties he ſaw therein more and more ariſing, the night being alſo far ſpent, his thoughts even weary of his own burthens, fell to a ſtraying kind of uncertainty; and his mind ſtanding only upon the nature of inward intelligences, left his body to give a ſleeping reſpite to his vital ſpirits, which he according to the quality of ſorrow received with greater greedineſs then ever in his life before: according to the nature of ſorrow, I ſay, which is paſt cares remedy; for care ſtirring the brains, and making thin the ſpirits, breaketh reſt; but thoſe griefs wherein one is determined there is no preventing, do breed a dull heavineſs which eaſily cloths it ſelf in ſleep, ſo as laid down ſo near the beauty of the world

Philoclea,

Philoclea, that their necks were ſubjects each to others chaſt embracements, it ſeemed love had come thither to lay a plot in that picture of death, how gladly, if death, came their ſouls would go together.

ECLOGUES.

THyrſis not with many painted words nor falſified promiſes had won the conſent of his beloved *Kala*, but with a true and ſimple making her know he loved her, not forcing himſelf beyond his reach to buy her affection, but giving her ſuch pretty preſents, as neither could weary him with the giving, nor ſhame her for the taking. Thus, the firſt ſtrawberries he could find, were ever in a clean waſht diſh, ſent to *Kala*; thus poſies of the ſpring-flowers were wrapt up in a little green ſilk, and dedicated to *Kala*'s breaſts; thus ſometimes his ſweeteſt cream, ſometimes the beſt cakebread his mother made, were reſerved for *Kala*'s taſte. Neither would he ſtick to kill a lamb when ſhe would be content to come over the way unto him. But then lo, how the houſe was ſwept, and rather no fire than any ſmoke left to trouble her. Then love-ſongs were not dainty, when ſhe would hear them, and as much mannerly ſilence, when ſhe would not: in going to church great worſhip to *Kala*. So that all the pariſh ſaid, never a maid they knew ſo well waited on: and when dancing was about the may-pole, no body taken out but ſhe, and he after a leap or two to ſhew her his own activity, would frame all the reſt of his dancing, only to grace her. As for her father's ſheep, he had no leſs care of them than his own: ſo that ſhe might play her as ſhe would, warranted with honeſt *Thyrſis*'s carefulneſs. But if he ſpied *Kala* favoured any one of the flock more than his fellows, then that was cheriſhed:

ed: ſhearing him ſo (when ſhorn he muſt be) as might moſt become him: but while the wool was on, wrapping within it ſome verſes, wherein *Thyrſis* had a ſpecial gift, and making the innocent beaſt his unweeting meſſenger. Thus conſtantly continuing, though he were none of the faireſt, at length he won *Kala*'s heart, the honeſteſt wench in all thoſe quarters. And ſo with conſent of both parents, without which neither *Thyrſis* would ask, nor *Kala* grant, their marrying day was appointed, which becauſe it fell out in this time, I think it ſhall not be impertinent, to remember a little our ſhepherds, while the other great perſons, are either ſleeping or otherwiſe troubled. *Thyrſis*'s marriage-time once known, there needed no inviting of the neighbours in that valley; for ſo well was *Thyrſis* beloved, that they were all ready to do him credit, neither yet came they like harpies to devour him; but one brought a fat pig, the other a tender kid, the third a great gooſe; as for cheeſe, milk and butter, were the goſſips preſents. Thither came of ſtrange ſhepherds only the melancholly *Philiſides*; for the virtuous *Corydon* had long ſince left off all joyful ſolemnities. And as for *Strephon* and *Claius*, they had loſt their miſtreſs, which put them into ſuch extream ſorrows, as they could ſcarcely abide the light of the day, much leſs the eyes of men. But of the *Arcadian*-born ſhepherds, thither came good old *Geron*, young *Hiſtor*, though unwilling, and upright *Dicus*, merry *Pas*, and jolly *Nico*. As for *Dametas*, they durſt not preſume, his pride was ſuch, to invite him, and *Dorus* they found might not be ſpared. And thereunder a bower was made of boughs, for *Thyrſis*'s houſe was not able to receive them, every one placed according to his age. The women, for ſuch was the manner of the country, kept together to make good chear among themſelves, from which otherwiſe a certain painful

painful modeſty reſtrains them, and there might the ſadder matrons give good counſel to *Kala*, who poor ſoul wept for fear of that ſhe deſired. But among the ſhepherds was all honeſt liberty, no fear of dangerous tell-tales, who hunt greater preys, nor indeed minds in them to give tell-tales any occaſion, but one queſtioning with another of the manuring his ground, and governing his flock, the higheſt point they reached to, was, to talk of the holineſs of marriage; to which purpoſe, as ſoon as their ſober dinner was ended, *Dicus* inſtead of thanks, ſung this ſong, with a clear voice and chearful countenance.

Let mother earth now deck her ſelf in flowers,
To ſee her off-ſpring, ſeek a good increaſe,
Where juſteſt love doth vanquiſh *Cupid*'s powers,
And war of thoughts is ſwallowed up in peace,
Which never may decreaſe,——
But like the turtles fair,
Live one in two, a well united pair;
Which that no chance may ſtain,——
O *Hymen* long their coupled joys maintain.

O Heav'n awake, ſhew forth thy ſtately face,
Let not theſe ſlumbring clouds thy beauties hide,
But with thy chearful preſence help to grace
The honeſt bridegroom and the baſhful bride,
Whoſe loves may ever bide,——
Like to the elm and vine,
With mutual embracements them to twine;
In which delightful pain,——
O *Hymen* long their coupled joys maintain.

Ye muſes all which chaſt affects allow,
And have to *Thyrſis* ſhewed your ſecret skill,
To this chaſte love your ſacred favours bow,
And ſo to him and her your gifts diſtil,
That they all vice may kill:——

And like to lillies pure,——
May pleaſe all eyes, and ſpotleſs may endure.
Where that all bliſs may reign,——
O *Hymen* long their coupled joys maintain.

Ye nymphs which in the waters empire have,
Since *Thyrſis* muſick oft doth yield your praiſe,
Grant to the thing which we for *Thyrſis* crave
Let one time, but long firſt, cloſe up their days.
One grave their bodies ſeize:——
And like two rivers ſweet,
When they, though divers, do together meet,
One ſtream both ſtreams contain:
O *Hymen* long their coupled joys maintain.

Pan, father *Pan* the god of ſilly ſheep,
Whoſe care is cauſe that they in number grow,
Have much more care of them that them do keep,
Since from theſe good the others good doth flow,
And make their iſſue ſhow——
In number like the herd
Of yonglings, which thy ſelf with love haſt rear'd;
Or like the drops of rain.
O *Hymen*, long their coupled joys maintain.

Virtue, if not a god, yet god's chief part
Be thou their knot of this their open vow,
That ſtill he be her head, ſhe be his heart;
He lean to her, ſhe unto him do bow:
Each other ſtill allow:——
Like oak and miſtletoe,
Her ſtrength from him, his praiſe from her do grow;
In which moſt lovely train,——
O *Hymen*, long their coupled joys maintain.

But thou foul *Cupid*, fire to lawleſs luſt,
Be thou far hence with thy impoiſon'd dart,
Which though of glitt'ring gold, ſhall here take ruſt
Where

Where ſimple love, which chaſtneſs doth impart,
Avoids thy hurtful art, ——
Not needing charming skill,
Such minds with ſweet affections for to fill,
Which being pure and plain, ——
O *Hymen*, long their coupled joys maintain.

All churliſh words, ſhrewd anſwers, crabbed looks,
All privateneſs, ſelf-ſeeking, inward ſpight,
All waywardneſs, which nothing kindly brooks,
All ſtrife for toys, and claiming maſter's right.
Be hence, aye put to flight: ——
All ſtirring husband's hate
'Gainſt neighbour's good for womaniſh debate,
Be fled as things moſt vain, ——
O *Hymen*, long their coupled joys maintain.

All peacock pride, and fruits of peacock's pride,
Longing to be with loſs of ſubſtance gay,
With wretchleſsneſs what may thy houſe betide,
So that you may on higher ſlippers ſtay,
For ever hence away: ——
Yet let not ſluttery
The ſink of filth, be counted houſewifery;
But keeping wholeſom mean, ——
O *Hymen*, long their coupled joys maintain.

But above all, away vile jealouſy,
The evil of evils, juſt cauſe to be unjuſt,
How can he love ſuſpecting treachery?
How can ſhe love, where love, cannot win truſt?
Go ſnake, hide thee in duſt, ——
Ne dare once ſhew thy face,
Where open hearts do hold ſo conſtant place,
That they thy ſting reſtrain, ——
O *Hymen*, long their coupled joys maintain.

The earth is deck'd with flowers, the heav'ns diſplay'd,
Muſes grant gifts, nymphs long and joined life,

Pan ſtore of babes, virtue their thoughts well ſtaid,
Cupid's luſt gone, and gone is bitter ſtrife,
Happy man, happy wife,——
No pride ſhall them oppreſs,
Nor yet ſhall yield to loathſome ſluttiſhneſs,
And jealouſy is ſlain:——
For *Hymen* will their coupled joys maintain.

Truly *Dicus*, ſaid *Nico*, although thou didſt not grant me the prize the laſt day, when undoubtedly I won it, yet muſt I needs ſay, Thou for thy part haſt ſung well and thriftily. *Pas* ſtraight deſired all the company they would bear witneſs that *Nico* had once in his life ſpoken wiſely: for, ſaid he, I will tell it his father, who will be a glad man when he hears ſuch news. Very true, ſaid *Nico*, but indeed ſo would not thine in like caſe, for he would look thou ſhouldeſt live but one hour longer, that a diſcreet word wandred out of thy mouth: And I pray thee, ſaid *Pas*, gentle *Nico*, tell me, what miſchance it was that brought thee to taſt ſo fine a meat? Marry goodman blockhead, ſaid *Nico*, becauſe he ſpeaks againſt jealouſy, the filthy traytor to true affection, and yet diſguiſing it ſelf in the raiment of love. Sentences, ſentences, cried *Pas*! Alas, how ripe witted theſe young folks be now-a-days! but well counſelled ſhall that huſband be, when this man comes to exhort him not to be jealous. And ſo ſhall he, anſwered *Nico*, for I have ſeen a freſh example, though it be not very fit to be known. Come, come, ſaid *Pas*, be not ſo ſqueamiſh, I know thou longeſt more to tell it, than we to hear it. But for all his words, *Nico*, would not beſtow his voice, till he was generally intreated of all the reſt. And then with a merry marriage-look he ſung this following diſcourſe, for with a better grace he could ſing than tell.

A neigh-

A neighbour mine, not long ago there was,
But nameleſs he, for blameleſs he ſhall be,
That married had a trick and bonny laſs,
As in a ſummer day a man might ſee:
But he himſelf a foul unhandſome groom,
And far unfit to hold ſo good a room.

Now whether moved with ſelf-unworthineſs,
Or with her beauty fit to make a prey;
Fell jealouſy did ſo his brain oppreſs,
That if he abſent were but half a day,
He gueſt the worſt (you wot what is the worſt)
And in himſelf new doubting cauſes nurſt.

While thus he fear'd the ſilly innocent,
Who yet was good, becauſe ſhe knew none ill,
Unto his houſe a jolly ſhepherd went,
To whom our prince did bear a great good will;
Becauſe in wreſtling, and in paſtoral,
He far did paſs the reſt of ſhepherd's all.

And therefore he a courtier was be-named,
And as a courtier was with chear received,
(For they have tongues to make a poor man blamed,
If he to them his duty miſconceived)
And ſure this courtier ſhould well like his table,
The good man bad his wife be ſerviceable.

And ſo ſhe was, and all with good intent;
But few days paſt while ſhe good manner used,
But that her husband thought her ſervice bent
To ſuch an end as he might be abuſed.
Yet like a coward fearing ſtranger's pride,
He made the ſimple wench his wrath abide;

With chumpiſh looks, hard words, and ſecret nips,
Grumbling at her when ſhe his kindneſs ſought.
Asking her how ſhe taſted courtier's lips,
He forced her to think that which ſhe never thought.

In fine, he made her gueſs, there was ſome ſweet,
In that which he ſo fear'd that ſhe ſhould meet.

When once this entred was in woman's heart,
And that it had inflamed a new deſire,
There reſted then to play a woman's part;
Fuel to ſeek, and not to quench the fire,
But (for his jealous eye ſhe well did find)
She ſtudied cunning how the ſame to blind.

And thus ſhe did. One day to him ſhe came,
And, though againſt his will, on him ſhe leaned:
And out gan cry, Ah well away for ſhame,
If you help not, our wedlock will be ſtained.
The good man ſtarting, askt what her did move?
She ſigh'd and ſaid, The bad gueſt ſought her love.

He little looking that ſhe ſhould complain
Of that, whereto he fear'd ſhe was inclin'd:
Buſſing her oft, and in his heart full fain,
He did demand what remedy to find,
How they might get that gueſt, from them to wend,
And yet the prince that lov'd him not offend.

Husband, quoth ſhe, go to him by and by,
And tell him you do find I do him love:
And therefore pray him think of courteſie,
He will abſent himſelf, leſt he ſhould move
A young girl's heart, to that were ſhame for both
Whereto you know his honeſt heart were loath.

Thus ſhall you ſhew that him you do not doubt,
And as for me, ſweet husband, I muſt bear;
Glad was the man when he had heard her out,
And did the ſame, although with mickle fear.
For fear he did, leſt he the young man might
In choler put, with whom he would not fight.

The

The courtly ſhepherd much agaſt at this,
Not ſeeing earſt ſuch token in the wife,
Though full of ſcorn, would not his duty miſs,
Knowing that ill becomes a houſehold ſtrife,
Did go his way, but ſojourn'd near thereby,
That yet the ground thereof he might eſpy.

The wife thus having ſettled husband's brain,
Who would have ſworn his ſpouſe *Diana* was,
Watched when ſhe a farther point might gain,
Which little time did fitly bring to paſs.
For to the court her man was call'd by name;
Whither he needs muſt go for fear of blame.

Three days before that he muſt ſure depart,
She written had, but in a hand diſguiſed,
A letter ſuch, which might from either part,
Seem to proceed, ſo well it was deviſed.
She ſeal'd it firſt, then ſhe the ſealing brake,
And to her jealous husband did it take.

With weeping eyes (her eyes ſhe taught to weep)
She told him that the courtier had it ſent:
Alas, quoth ſhe, thus womens ſhame doth creep.
The good man read on both ſides the content,
The title had, *Unto my only love*:
Subſcription was, *Yours moſt, if you will prove.*

Th' epiſtle ſelf ſuch kind of words it had;
My ſweeteſt joy, the comfort of my ſprite,
So may thy flocks increaſe thy dear heart glad,
So may each thing e'en as thou wiſheſt light,
As thou wilt deign to read, and gently read
This mourning ink in which my heart doth bleed.

Long have I lov'd, alas thou worthy art,
Long have I lov'd, alas love craveth love,
Long have I lov'd thy ſelf, alas my heart
Doth break, now tongue unto thy name doth move;

And think not that thy anſwer anſwer is,
But that it is my doom of bale or bliſs.

The jealous wretch muſt now to court be gone:
Ne can he fail, for prince hath for him ſent.
Now is the time we may be here alone,
And give a long deſire a ſweet content.
Thus ſhall you both reward a lover true,
And eke revenge his wrong ſuſpecting you.

And this was all, and this the husband read
With chaſe enough, till he him pacified:
Deſiring, that no grief in him he bred,
Now that he had her words ſo truly tried:
But that he would to him the letter ſhow,
That with his fault he might her goodneſs know.

That ſtraight was done with many a boiſterous threat,
That to the king he would his ſin declare;
But now the courtier gan to ſmell the feat,
And with ſome words which ſhewed little care:
He ſtaid until the good man was departed,
Then gave he him the blow which never ſmarted.

Thus may you ſee the jealous wretch was made
The pandar of the thing he moſt did fear.
Take heed therefore, how you enſue that trade,
Leſt the ſame marks of jealouſy you bear.
For ſure, no jealouſy can that prevent,
Whereto two parties once be full content.

Behold, ſaid *Pas*, a whole dicker of wit: he had picked out ſuch a tale with intention to keep a husband from jealouſy, which were enough to make a ſanctified husband jealous, to ſee ſubtilties ſo much in the feminine gender. But, ſaid he, I will ſtrike *Nico* dead, with the wiſe words ſhall flow out of my gorge. And without farther intreaty thus ſang:

Who

Who doth deſire that chaſte his wife ſhould be,
Firſt, be he true, for truth doth truth deſerve:
Then ſuch be he, as ſhe his worth may ſee,
And one man ſtill credit with her preſerve.

Not toying kind, nor cauſleſly unkind,
Not ſtirring thoughts, nor yet denying right,
Not ſpying faults, nor in plain errors blind,
Never hard hand, nor ever reins too light.

As far from want, as far from vain expence,
(The one doth force, the latter doth entice)
Allow good company, but keep from thence
All filthy mouths that glory in their vice.
This done, thou haſt no more, but leave the reſt,
To virtue, fortune, time and woman's breaſt.

Well concluded, ſaid *Nico*, when he hath done all, he leaves the matter to his wife's diſcretion. Now whenſoever thou marrieſt, let her diſcretion deck thy head with *Actæon's* ornament. *Pas* was ſo angry with his wiſh, being indeed towards marriage, that they might perchance have fallen to buffets, but that *Dicus* deſired *Philiſides*, who as a ſtranger ſat among them, revolving in his mind all the tempeſts of evil fortune he had paſſed, that he would do ſome grace to the company, as to ſing one of his country ſongs. *Philiſides*, knowing it no good manners to be queamiſh of his coming, having put himſelf into their company, without farther ſtudy began to utter that, wherewith his thoughts were then, as always, muſt buſied: and to ſhew what a ſtranger he was to himſelf, ſpake of himſelf, as of a third perſon in this ſort:

The lad *Philiſides*
Lay by a river ſide,
In flow'ry field a gladder eye to pleaſe;
His pipe was at his foot,
His lambs were him beſide,
A widow turtle near on bared root
Sat wailing without boot.

Each

Each thing both ſweet and ſad
Did draw his boiling brain
To think, and think with pain
Of *Mira*'s beams, eclips'd by abſence bad.
And thus, with eyes made dim
With tears, he ſaid, or ſorrow ſaid for him:
O earth, once anſwer giv[illegible],
So may thy ſtately grace
By north, or ſouth ſtill rich adorned live,
So *Mira* long may be
On thy then bleſſed face
Whoſe foot doth ſet a heav'n on curſed thee,
I ask, now anſwer me:
If th' author of thy bliſs,
Phœbus, that ſhepherd high,
Do turn from thee his eye,
Doth not thy ſelf, when he long abſent is,
Like rogue, all ragged go,
And pine away with daily waſting woe?
Tell me you wanton brook,
So may your ſliding race
Shun loathed loving banks with cunning crook;
So in you ever new
Mira may look her face,
And make you fair with ſhade of her hue:
So when to pay your d[illegible]
To mother ſea you come,
She chide you not for ſtay,
Nor beat you for your play,
Tell me if your diverted ſprings become
Abſented quite from you,
Are you not dried? can you your ſelves renew?
Tell me you flowers fair,
Cowſlip and columbine,
So may you make this wholſome ſpring-time air
With you embraced lie,
And lately thence untwine:
But with dew drops engender children high;
So may you never die,

But

But pull'd by *Mira*'s hand,
Dreſs boſom hers, or head,
Or ſcatter on her bed,
Tell me, if husband ſpring-time leave your land,
When he from you is ſent,
Whither not you, languiſh'd with diſcontent?
Tell me, my ſilly pipe,
So may thee ſtill betide,
A cleanly cloth thy moiſtneſs for to wipe:
So may the cherries red
Of *Mira*'s lips divide
Their ſugred ſelves to kiſs thy happy head:
So may her ears be held,
Her ears where muſick lives,
To hear and not deſpiſe
Thy lyric-liring cries;
Tell, if that breath, which thee thy ſounding gives,
Be abſent far from thee,
Abſent alone canſt thou then piping be?
Tell me my lamb of gold,
So mayſt thou long abide
The day well fed, the night in faithful fold:
So grow thy wool of note,
In time that richly dy'd
Be part of *Mira*'s petticoat,
Tell me, if wolf's the throat
Have caught of thy dear dam,
Or ſhe from thee be ſtaid,
Or thou from her be ſtray'd,
Canſt thou poor lamb, become another's lamb?
Or rather till you die,
Trill for thy dam, with baa-waymenting cry?
Tell me, O turtle true,
So may no fortune breed
To make thee nor thy better-loved rue:
So may thy bleſſings ſwarm,
That *Mira* may thee feed

With hand and mouth; with lap and breaſts keep warm:
Tell me of greedy arm,
Do fondly take away
With traitor lime the one
The other left alone:
Tell me poor wretch, parted from wretched prey
Diſdain not you the green,
Wailing till death, ſhun you not to be ſeen?
Earth, brook, flow'rs, pipe, lamb, dove,
Say all and I with them
Abſence is death or woſe, to them that love.
So I unlucky lad
Whom hills from her do hem,
What fits me now but tears, and ſighings ſad?
O fortune too too bad,
I rather would my ſheep
Th'adſt killed with a ſtroke,
Burnt *Caban*, loſt my cloke,
Then want one hour thoſe eyes which my joys keep.
Oh! what doth wailing win?
Speech without end had better not begin.
My ſong climb thou the wind,
Which *Holland* ſweet now gently ſendeth in,
That on his wings the leve thou may'ſt find
To hit, but kiſſing hit
Her ears the weights of wit.
If thou know not for whom thy maſter dies,
Theſe marks ſhall make thee wit:
She is the herdeſs fair that ſhines in dark,
And gives her kids no food, but willows bark.
This ſaid, at length he ended.
His oft ſigh broken ditty,
Then raiſe, but raiſe no legs with faintneſs bended,
With skin in ſorrow died,
With face the plot of pity,
With thoughts, which thoughts their own tormentors tried.
He roſe, and ſtreight eſpied

His

His ram, who to recover
The ewe another loved,
With him proud battle proved.
He envied ſuch a death in ſight of lover,
And always weſtward eying,
More envied *Phœbus* for his weſtern flying.

The whole company would gladly have taken this occaſion of requeſting *Philiſides* in plainer ſort to diſcover unto them his eſtate. Which he willing to prevent, as knowing the relation thereof more fit for funerals than the time of a marriage, began to ſing this ſong he had learned before he had ever ſubjected his thoughts to acknowledge no maſter, but a miſtreſs.

As I my little flock on *Iſter* bank
(A little flock; but well my pipe they couth)
Did piping lead, the ſun already ſank
Beyond our world, and e'er I got my booth,
Each thing with mantle black the night doth ſcoth;
Saving the glow-worm which would courteous be
Of that ſmall light oft watching ſhepherds ſee.

The welkin had full raggardly encloſed
In coffer of dim clouds his ſilver groats,
Ycleped ſtars; each thing to reſt diſpoſed,
The caves were full, the mountains void of goats:
The bird's eye cloſ'd; cloſed their chirping notes.
As for the nightingale, wood-muſick's king:
In *Auguſt* was, he deign'd not then to ſing.

Amid my ſheep, though I ſaw naught to fear,
(for I nothing ſaw) I feared ſore;
Then found I which thing is a charge to bear,
As for my ſheep I dreaded mickle more
Than ever for my ſelf ſince I was bore.
I ſat me down: for ſee to go ne could.
And ſang unto my ſheep leſt ſtray they ſhould.

The

The song I sang old *Lanquet* had me taught,
Lanquet, the shepherds best swift *Ister* knew,
For clarkly read, and hating what is naught,
For faithful heart, clean hands, and mouth as true;
With his sweet skill my skilless youth he drew,
To have a feeling taste of him that sits
Beyond the heaven, far more beyond your wits.

He said the musick best thilk powers pleased
Was jump concord between our wit and will;
Where highest notes to godliness are raised,
And lowest sink not down to jot of ill:
With old true tales he wont mine ears to fill,
How shepherds did of yore, how now they thrive,
Spoiling their flock, or while twixt them they strive.

He liked me, but pitied lustful youth:
His good strong staff my slipp'ry years up bore:
He still hop'd well because I loved truth:
Till forc'd to part with heart and eyes e'en sore,
To worthy *Corydon* he gave me o'er,
But thus in oak's true shade recounted be,
Which now in night's deep shade sheep heard of me.

Such manner time there was (what time I not)
When all this earth, this dam or mould of [illegible]
Was only won'd with such as beasts begot:
Unknown as then were they that builded towers,
The cattle wild, or tame, in nature's bowers
Might freely roam, or rest, as seemed them:
Man was not man their dwellings in to hem.

The beasts had sure some beastly policy:
For nothing can endure where order n'is.
For once the lion by the lamb did lie,
The fearful hind the leopard did kiss.
Hurtless was tyger's paw, and serpent's hiss.
This think I well the beasts with courage clad,
Like senators a harmless empire had.

At

At which whether the others did repine,
(For envy harb'reth most in feeblest hearts)
Or that they all to changing did encline,
(As e'en in beasts their dams leave changing parts)
The multitude to *Jove* a suit imparts,
With neighing, blaying, braying, and barking,
Roaring and howling for to have a king.

A king, in language theirs they said they would:
(For then their language was a perfect speech)
The birds likewise with chirps, and puing could
Cackling, and chatt'ring that of *Jove* beseech.
Only the owl still warn'd them not to seech
So hastily that which they would repent:
But saw they would, and he to desarts went.

Jove wisely said (for wisdom wisely says)
O beasts, take heed what you of me desire.
Rulers will think all things made them to please,
And soon forget the swink due to their hire:
But since you will, part of my heav'nly fire,
I will you lend; the rest your selves must give,
That it both seen and felt may with you live.

Full glad they were, and took the naked spright,
Which straight the earth cloathed in his clay:
The lion heart; the ounce gave active might;
The horse, good shape; the sparrow, lust to play;
Nightingale, voice, enticing songs to say.
Elephant gave a perfect memory:
And parrot, ready tongue, that to apply.

The Fox gave craft; the dog gave flattery:
Ass patience; the mole, a working thought;
Eagle, high look; wolf, secret cruelty:
Monkey, sweet breath; the cow, her fair eyes brought
The ermion, whitest skin, spotted with nought;
The sheep, mild seeming face; climbing, the bear.
The stag did give the harm eschewing fear.

The

The hare, her ſleights; the cat, his melancholy;
Ant, induſtry; and conny, skill to build;
Cranes, order; ſtorks, to be appearing holy;
Cameleon, eaſe to change; duck, eaſe to yield:
Crocadile, tears, which might be falſly ſpill'd:
Ape, great thing gave, though he did nothing ſtand;
The inſtrument of inſtruments, the hand.

Each other beaſt likewiſe his preſent brings:
And but thy dread their prince they ought ſhould want,
They all conſented were to give him wings:
And aye more awe towards him for to plaint,
To their own work this priviledge they grant,
That from thenceforth to all eternity,
No beaſt ſhould freely ſpeak, but only he.

Thus man was made; thus man their lord became:
Who at the firſt; wanting, or biding pride,
He did to beaſts beſt uſe his cunning frame
With water drink, herbs meat, and naked hide.
And fellow like let his dominion ſlide;
Not in his ſayings, ſaying I, but we;
As if he meant his lordſhip common be.

But when his ſeat ſo rooted he had found,
That they now skill'd not how him to wend;
Then gan in guiltleſs earth full many a wound,
Iron to ſeek, which 'gainſt it ſelf ſhould bend.
To tear the bowels, that good corn ſhould ſend,
But yet the common dam none did bemoan;
Becauſe (though hurt) they never heard her groan.

Then 'gan the factions in the beaſts to breed;
Where helping weaker ſort, the nobler beaſts,
(As tygers, leopards, bears, and lion's ſeed)
Diſdain'd with this, in deſarts fought their reſts:
Where famine ravine taught their hungry cheſts,
That

That craftily he forc'd them to do ill,
Which being done, he afterwards would kill.

For murders done, which never erſt was ſeen,
By thoſe great beaſts, as for the weakers good,
He choſe themſelves his guarders for to been,
Gainſt thoſe for might, of whom in fear they ſtood,
As horſe, and dog, not great, but gentle blood:
Blithe were the common cattle of the field,
Tho' when they ſaw their foen of greatneſs kill'd.

But they or ſpent, or made of ſlender might,
Then quickly did the meaner cattle find,
The great beam's gone, the houſe on ſhoulder's light:
For by and by the horſe fair bits did bind:
The dog was in a collar taught his kind.
As for the gentle birds like caſe might rue,
When falcon they, and goſs-hawk ſaw in mew.

Worſt fell to ſmalleſt birds, and meaneſt herd,
Whom now his own, full like his own he uſed.
Yet firſt but wool, or feathers off he tear'd:
And when they were well us'd to be abuſed,
For hungry teeth their fleſh with teeth he bruiſed:
At length for glutton taſte he did them kill:
At laſt for ſpoil their ſilly lives did ſpill.

But yet, O man, rage not beyond thy need:
Deem it not glory to ſwell in tyranny.
Thou art of blood, joy not to ſee things bleed:
Thou feareſt death: think they are loth to die.
A plant of guiltleſs hurt doth pierce the ſky,
And you poor beaſts in patience bide your hell,
Or know your ſtrengths, and then you ſhall do well.

Thus

Thus did I ſing and pipe eight ſullen hours
To ſheep, whom love, not knowledge, made to hear,
Now fancies fits, now fortune's baleful flowers:
But then I homewards call'd my lambkins dear:
For to my dimmed eyes began to appear
The night grown old, her black head waxen grey,
Sure ſhepherd's ſign, that morn ſhould ſoon fetch in day.

According to the nature of divers ears divers judgments ſoon followed: ſome praiſing his voice, other his words fit to frame a paſtoral ſtyle, others the ſtrangeneſs of the tale, and ſcanning what he ſhould mean by it. But old *Geron*, who had borne him a grudge ever ſince in one of their eclogues he had taken him up over-bitterly, took hold of this occaſion to make his revenge, and ſaid, He never ſaw a thing worſe proportioned, than to bring in a tale of he knew not what beaſts at ſuch a ſport-meeting, when rather ſome ſong of love, or matter for joyful melody was to be brought forth. *But*, ſaid he, *this is the right conceit of young men, who think then they ſpeak wiſelieſt, when they cannot underſtand themſelves.* But little did the melancholick ſhepherd regard either his diſpraiſes, or the other's praiſes, who had ſet the foundation of his honour there, where he was moſt deſpiſed. And therefore he returning again to the train of his deſolate penſiveneſs, *Geron* invited *Hiſtor* to anſwer him in eclogue-wiſe; who indeed having been long in love with the fair *Kala*, and now by *Lalus* over-gone, was grown into a deteſtation of marriage. But thus it was.

GERON and HISTOR.

GERON.

In faith, good *Hiſtor*, long is your delay,
From holy marriage, ſweet and ſureſt mean:
Our fooliſh luſt in honeſt rules to ſtay,

I pray

I pray you do to *Lalus'* ſample lean:
Thou ſeeſt how friſk, and jolly now he is,
That laſt day ſeem'd, he could not chew a bean.
Believe me man, there is no greater bliſs,
Than is the quiet joy of loving wife:
Which whoſo wants, half of himſelf doth miſs.
Friend with no change, play-fellow without ſtrife,
Food without fulneſs, counſel without pride,
Is this ſweet doubling of our ſingle life.

HISTOR.

No doubt, to whom ſo good chance did betide,
As for to find a paſture ſtrewed with gold,
He were a fool if there he did not bide.
Who would not have a *Phœnix* if he could:
The humming waſp if it had not a ſting,
Before all flies the waſp accept I would:
But this bad world, few golden fields doth bring;
Phœnix but one, of crows we millions have.
The waſp ſeems gay, but is a cumbrous thing.
If many *Kala's* our *Arcadia* gave,
Lalus' example I would ſoon enſue,
And think, I did my ſelf from ſorrow ſave.
But of ſuch wives we find a ſlender crew;
Shrewdneſs ſo ſtirs, pride ſo puffs up the heart,
They ſeldom ponder what to them is due.
With meagre looks as if they ſtill did ſmart
Puling or whimpering, or elſe ſcolding flat,
Make home more pain than following of the cars.
Either dull ſilence, or eternal chat;
Still contrary to what her husband ſays;
If he do praiſe the dog, ſhe likes the cat.
Auſtere ſhe is, when he would honeſt plays;
And gameſome then, when he thinks on his ſheep,
She bids him go, and yet from journey ſtays,
She war doth ever with his kinsfolk keep,
And makes them fremb'd, who friends by nature are,
Envying ſhallow toys with malice deep.
And if forſooth there come ſome new found ware,

The

The little coin his ſweating brows have got,
Muſt go for that if for her lowers he care:
Or elſe: Nay faith, mine is the lucklieſt lot,
That ever fell to honeſt woman yet:
No wife but I hath ſuch a man, god wot:
Such is their ſpeech, who be of ſober wit:
But, who do let their tongues ſhew well their rage,
Lord, what bye-words they ſpeak, what ſpite they ſpit?
The houſe is made a very loathſome cage,
Wherein the bird doth never ſing, but cry,
With ſuch a will as nothing can aſſwage.
Dearly their ſervants do their wages buy,
Revil'd for each ſmall fault, ſometimes for none:
They better live that in a jail do lie.
Let other fouler ſpots away be blown,
For I ſeek not their ſhame, but ſtill methinks
A better life it is to live alone.

GERON.

Who for each fickle fear from virtue ſhrinks,
Shall in his life embrace no worthy thing:
No mortal man the cup of ſurety drinks.
The heav'ns do not good haps in handfuls bring,
But let us pick our good from out much bad:
That ſtill our little world may know his king.
But certainly ſo long we may be glad,
While that we do what nature doth require,
And for th' event we never ought be ſad.
Man oft is plagu'd with air, is burnt with fire,
In water drown'd, in earth his burial is:
And ſhall we not therefore their uſe deſire?
Nature above all things requireth this,
That we our kind do labour to maintain:
Which drawn-out line doth hold all human bliſs.
Thy father juſtly may of thee complain
If thou do not repay his deeds for thee,
In granting unto him a grandſire's gain.
Thy Commonwealth may rightly grieved be,

Which

Which muſt by this immortal be preſerved,
If thus thou murther thy poſterity.
His very being he hath not deſerved,
Who for a ſelf-conceit will that forbear,
Whereby that being, aye muſt be, conſerved.
And god forbid, women ſuch cattle were,
As you paint them: but well in you I find,
No man doth ſpeak aright, who ſpeaks in fear
Who only ſees the ill is worſe than blind.
Theſe fifty winters married have I been:
And yet find no ſuch faults in womankind.
I have a wife worthy to be a queen,
So well ſhe can command, and yet obey:
In ruling of a houſe ſo well ſhe's ſeen.
And yet in all this time betwixt us tway,
We bear our double yoke with ſuch conſent,
That never paſt foul word, I dare well ſay:
But theſe are your love-toys, which ſtill are ſpent
In lawleſs games, and love not as you ſhould,
But with much ſtudy learn late to repent.
How well laſt day before our Prince you could
Blind *Cupid*'s works with wonder teſtify?
Yet now the root of him abaſe you would.
Go to, go to, and *Cupid* now apply,
To that where thou thy *Cupid* mayſt avow,
And thou ſhalt find in women virtues lie,
Sweet ſupple minds which ſoon to wiſdom bow
Where they by wiſdom's rule directed are,
And are not forc'd fond thraldom to allow.
As we to get are fram'd, ſo they to ſpare:
We made for pain, our pains they made to cheriſh:
We care abroad, and they of home have care.
O *Hiſtor*, ſeek within thy ſelf to flouriſh:
Thy houſe by thee muſt live, or elſe be gone:
And then who ſhall the name of *Hiſtor* nouriſh?
Riches of children paſs a prince's throne:

Which touch the father's heart with ſecret joy,
When without ſhame he ſaith, theſe be mine own.
Marry therefore, for marriage will deſtroy
Thoſe paſſions which to youthful head do climb,
Mothers and nurſes of all vain annoy.

HISTOR

Perchance I will, but now methinks it time,
To go unto the bride, and uſe this day:
To ſpeak with her while freely ſpeak we may.

He ſpake theſe words with ſuch affection, as a curious eye might eaſily have perceived he liked *Thyrſis* fortune better than he loved his perſon. But then indeed did all ariſe, and went to the women, where ſpending all the day, and good part of the night in dancing, carolling, and waſſalling; laſtly, they left *Thyrſis*, where he long deſired to be left, and with many unfeigned thanks, returned every man to his home. But ſome of them having to croſs the way of the two lodges, might ſee a lady making doleful lamentation over a body which ſeemed dead unto them. But methinks *Dametas* cries unto me, if I come not the ſooner to comfort him, he will leave off his golden work, that hath already coſt him ſo much labour and longing.

THE

COUNTESS of *Pembroke's*

ARCADIA.

BOOK IV.

THE almighty wiſdom evermore delighting to ſhew the world that by unlikelieſt means greateſt matters may come to concluſion: that human reaſon may be the more humbled, and more willingly give place to divine providence; as at the firſt it brought in *Dametas* to play a part in this royal pageant, ſo having continued him ſtill an actor, now that all things were grown ripe for an end, made his folly the inſtrument of revealing that, which far greater cunning had ſought to conceal. For ſo it fell out, that *Dametas* having ſpent the whole day in breaking up the cumberſome work of the paſtor *Dorus*, and feeling in all his labour no pain ſo much, as that his hungry hopes received any ſtay, having with the

price of much sweat and wearinesse gotten up the huge stone, which he thought should have such a golden lining, the good man in the great bed, that stone had made, found nothing but these two verses written upon a broad piece of vellum.

Who hath his hire, hath well his labour plac'd:
Earth thou didst seek, and store of Earth thou hast.

What an inward discountenance it was to master *Dametas*, to find his hope of wealth turned to poor verses, for which he never cared much, nothing can describe, but either the feeling in one's self the state of such a mind *Dametas* had, or at least, the bethinking what was *Midas*'s fancy, when after the great pride he conceived to be made judge between gods, he was rewarded with the ornament of an ass's ears. Yet the deep apprehension he had received of such riches, could not so suddenly lose the colour that had so throughly dyed his thick brain, but that he turned and tossed the poor bowels of the innocent earth, till the coming on of the night, and the tediousnes of his fruitless labour made him content rather to exercise his discontentation at home than there. But forced he was, his horse being otherwise burthened with digging instruments, to return as he came, most part of the way on foot: with such grudging lamentations as a nobler mind would, but more nobly, make for the loss of his mistress. For so far had he fed his foolish soul with the expectation of that which he reputed felicity, that he no less accounted himself miserable, than if he had fallen from such an estate his fancy had embraced. So then home again went *Dametas*, punished in conceit, as in conceit he had erred, till he found himself there from a fancied loss fallen to essential misery; for entring into his house three hours within night, instead of the lightsome countenance of *Pamela*, which gave such an inward decking to that lodge, as

proud-

proudeſt palaces might have cauſe to envy it, and of the grateful converſation of *Dorus*, whoſe witty behaviour made that lonelineſs to ſeem full of good company inſtead of the loud ſcolding of *Miſo*, and the buſy rumbling up and down of *Mopſa*, which though they were ſhort, as quite contrary to the others praiſe worthineſs, yet were they far before them in filling of a houſe; he found nothing but a ſolitary darkneſs: which as naturally it breeds a kind of irkſome gaſtfulneſs, ſo it was to him a moſt preſent terror, remembring the charge he had left behind, which he well knew imported no leſs than his life unto him. Therefore lighting a candle, there was no place a mouſe could have dwelled in, but that he with quaking diligence ſought into. But when he ſaw he could ſee nothing of that he moſt cared for, then became he the right pattern of a wretch dejected with fear: for, crying, and howling, knocking his head to the wall, he began to make pitiful complaints, where no body could hear him: and, with too much dread he ſhould not recover her, left all conſideration how to recover her. But at length looking like a ſhe-goat, when ſhe caſts her kid, for very ſorrow he took in his own behalf, out of the lodge he went running as hard as he could, having now received the very form of hanging into his conſideration. Thus running as a man that would gladly have run from himſelf, it was his fooliſh fortune to eſpy, by the glimmering light the moon did then yield him, one ſtanding aloft among the boughs of a fair aſh. He that would have asked, counſel at that time of a dog, caſt up his face, as if his tooth had been drawing: and with much bending his ſight, perceived it was *Mopſa*, fitly ſeated there for wit and dignity. There, I will not ſay with joy, for how could he taſt of joy, whoſe imagination was fallen from a palace to a gallows? but

yet with ſome refreſhing of comfort, in hopes he ſhould learn better tidings of her, he began to cry out; O *Mopſa*, my beloved chicken, here am I thine own father *Dametas*, never in ſuch a towardneſs of hanging, if thou canſt not help me. But never a word could his eloquence procure of *Mopſa*, who indeed was there attending for greater matters. This was yet a new burthen to poor *Dametas*, who thought all the world was conſpiring againſt him: and therefore with a ſilly choler he began another tune. Thou vile *Mopſa*, ſaid he, now the vengeance of my fatherly curſe overthwart thee, if thou do not ſtraightways anſwer me. But neither bleſſing nor curſing could prevail. *Mopſa*, who was now great with child with the expectation of her may-game hopes, did long to be delivered with the third time of being named. Which by and by followed, for *Dametas* rubbing his elbow, ſtamping and whining, ſeeing neither of theſe take place, he began to throw ſtones at her, and withal to conjure her by the name of helliſh *Mopſa*. But when he had named her the third time, no chime can more ſuddenly follow the ſtriking of a clock, than ſhe verily thinking it was the god, that uſed her father's voice, throwing her arms abroad, and not conſidering that ſhe was muffled upon ſo high a tree, came fluttering down like a hooded hawk, likely enough to have broken her neck, but that the tree full of boughs, toſſed her from one bough to another, and laſtly well bruiſed, brought her to receive an unfriendly ſalutation of the earth. *Dametas* as ſoon as ſhe was down, came running to her, and finding her ſo cloſe wrapt, pulled off the ſcarlet cloak: in good time for her, for with the ſoreneſs of the fall, if ſhe had not had breath given her, ſhe had delivered a fooliſh ſoul to *Pluto*. But then *Dametas* began afreſh to deſire his daughter not to forget the pains he had taken for her in

her

her childhood, which he was ſure ſhe could not remember, and to tell where *Pamela* was. O good *Apollo*, ſaid *Mopſa*, if ever thou didſt bear love to *Phaeton's* mother, let me have a king to my husband. Alas, what ſpeakeſt thou of *Phaeton*, ſaid *Dametas*? if by thy circumſpect means I find not out *Pamela*, thy father will be hanged to morrow. It is no matter though he be hanged, anſwered *Mopſa*: do but thou make *Dorus* a king, and let him be my husband, good *Apollo*, for my courage doth much prick me toward him. Ah *Mopſa*, cryed out *Dametas*, where is thy wit? doſt thou not know thy father? how haſt thou forgotten thy ſelf? I do not aſk wit of thee, mine own god, ſaid ſhe, but I ſee thou wouldſt have me remember my father, and indeed forget my ſelf. No, no, a good husband. Thou ſhalt have thy fill of husbands, ſaid *Dametas*, and do but anſwer me my queſtion. O thank thee, ſaid *Mopſa*, with all my heart heartily: but let them be all kings. *Dametas*, ſeeing no other way prevail, fell down on his knees, *Mopſa*, *Mopſa*, ſaid he, do not thus cruelly torment me: I am already wretched enough, alas, either help me, or tell me thou canſt not. She that would not be behind *Apollo* in courteſy, kneeled down on the other ſide, I will never leave tormenting thee, ſaid *Mopſa*, until thou haſt ſatisfied my longing; but I will proclaim thee a promiſe-breaker, that even *Jupiter* ſhall hear it. Now by the foſtering thou haſt received in this place ſave my life, ſaid *Dametas*. Now by the fair aſh, anſwered *Mopſa*, where thou didſt receive ſo great a good turn, grant poſt-haſte to my burning fancy. O where is *Pamela*, ſaid *Dametas*? O a luſty husband, ſaid *Mopſa*, *Dametas* that now verily aſſured himſelf, his daughter was mad, began utterly to diſpair of his life; and therefore amazedly catching her in his arms, to ſee whether he could bring her to her ſelf, he might feel the weight of a great

cudgel light upon his shoulders, and for the first greeting he knew his wife *Miso*'s voice, by the calling him ribald villain, and asking him whether she could not serve his turn as well as *Charita*? For *Miso* having according to *Dorus*'s counsel, gone to *Mantinea*, and there harboured her self in an old acquaintance's house of hers, as soon as ten of the clock was stricken (where she had remained closely all that while, I think with such an amiable chear, as when jealous *Juno* sat cross-legged, to hinder the child-birth of her husband's love) with open mouth she went to the magistrate appointed over such matters, and there with the most scolding invective, her rage rather than eloquence could bring forth, she required his aid to take *Dametas*, who had left his duty to the king and his daughter, to commit adultery in the house of *Charita*'s uncle, in the Oudemian street. But neither was the name of *Charita* remembred, nor any such street known. Yet such was the general mislike all men had of *Dametas*'s unworthy advancement, that every man was glad to make himself a minister of that, which might redound to his shame; and therefore with panick cries and laughters, there was no suspected place in all the city but was searched for under the title of *Dametas*, *Miso* ever foremost encouraging them with all the shameful blazings of his demeanour, increasing the sport of hunting her husband, with her diligent barking, till at length having already done both him and her self as much infamous shame, as such a tongue in such an action might perform, in the end not being able to find a thing that was not, to her mare again she went, having neither suspicion nor rage any thing mitigated. But (leaving behind her a sufficient comedy of her tragical fancies) away homeward she came, imputing the not finding her husband, to any chance rather than to his innocency. For her heart being apt to receive and nourish a bitter thought, it had so swallowed up a

deter-

determinate condemnation, that in the very anatomy of her ſpirits one ſhould have found nothing but deviliſh diſdain, and hateful jealouſy. In this ſort grunting out her miſchievous ſpite, ſhe came by the tree, even as *Dametas* was making that ill-underſtood interceſſion to his fooliſh *Mopſa*. As ſoon as ſhe heard her husband's voice, ſhe verily thought ſhe had her play: and therefore ſtealing from her mare as ſoftly as ſhe could, ſhe came creeping and halting behind him even as he (thinking his daughter's little wits had quite left her great noul) began to take her in his arms, thinking perchance her feeling ſenſe might call her mind's-parts unto her. But *Miſo*, who ſaw nothing but thorough the choler of revengeful anger, eſtabliſhed upon the fore-judgment of his treſpaſs, undoubtedly reſolving that *Mopſa* was *Charita*, *Dorus* had told her of; mumping out her hoarſe chafe, ſhe gave him the wooden ſalutation you heard of; *Dametas*, that was not ſo ſenſible in any thing as in blows, turned up his blubbered face like a great lout new whipped: Alas thou woman, ſaid he, what hath thy poor husband deſerved to have his own ill luck loaden with thy diſpleaſure? *Pamela* is loſt, *Pamela* is loſt. *Miſo* ſtill holding on the courſe of her former fancy, what telleſt thou me naughty varlet of *Pamela*, doſt thou think that doth anſwer me, for abuſing the laws of marriage? have I brought thee children, have I been a true wife unto thee, to be deſpiſed in mine old age? and ever among ſhe would ſauce her ſpeeches with ſuch baſtinadoes, that poor *Dametas* began now to think, that either a general madding was fallen, or elſe that all this was but a viſion. But as for viſions the ſmart of the cudgel put out of his fancy; and therefore again turning to his wife, not knowing what in the world ſhe meant, *Miſo*, ſaid he, hereafter thou mayeſt examine me, do but now tell me what is become of *Pamela*. I will firſt examine this drab, ſaid ſhe, and withal let fall her ſtaff as hard

as

as ſhe could upon *Mopſa*, ſtill taking her for *Charita*. But *Mopſa* that was already angry, thinking that ſhe had hindered her from *Apollo*, leapt up and caught her by the throat, like to have ſtrangled her, but that *Dametas* from a condemned man was fain to become a judge, and part this fray, ſuch a picture of rude diſcord, where each was out with the other two. And then getting opportunity of their falling out to hold himſelf, in ſurety, who was indeed the verieſt coward of the three, he renewed his earneſt demand of them. But it was a ſport to ſee, how the former conceits *Dorus* had printed in their imaginations, kept ſtill ſuch dominion in them, that *Miſo*, though now ſhe found and felt it was her daughter *Mopſa*, yet did *Charita* continually paſs through her thoughts, which ſhe uttered with ſuch crabbed queſtions to *Dametas*, that he not poſſibly conceiving any part of her doubt, remained aſtoniſhed, and the aſtoniſhment increaſed her doubt. And as for *Mopſa*, as firſt ſhe did aſſuredly take him to be *Apollo*, and thought her mother's coming did but mar the bargain: ſo now much talking to and fro had delivered ſo much life into the miſty mould of her capacity, as to know him to be her father. Yet remained there ſuch footſteps of the foretaken opinion, that ſhe thought verily her father and mother were haſted thither to get the firſt wiſh. And therefore to whatſoever they asked of her, ſhe would never anſwer, but embracing the tree, as if ſhe feared it had been running away, Nay, ſays ſhe, I will have the firſt wiſh, for I was here firſt; which they underſtood no more than *Dametas* did what *Miſo* meant by *Charita*; till at length with much urging them, being indeed better able to perſuade both, than to meet hand to hand with either, he prevailed ſo much with them, as to bring them into the lodge to ſee what loſs their negligence had ſuffered. Then indeed the near neighbourhood they bare to themſelves, made them leave other toys, and look

look into what dangerous plight they were all fallen, as ſoon as the king ſhould know his daughter's eſcape. And as for the women, they began a-freſh to enter into their brawling, whether were in the fault. But *Dametas*, who did fear that among his other evils, the thunderbolt of that ſtorm would fall upon his ſhoulders, ſlipt away from them, but with ſo maugre a chear, as might much ſooner ingender laughter than pity. O true *Arcadia*, would he ſay (tearing his hair and beard, and ſometime for too much woe, making unwieldy former-faults) how dareſt thou bear upon thee ſuch a felonious traytor as I am? And you falſe hearted trees, why would you make no noiſe, to make her ungracious departure known? Ah *Pamela*, *Pamela*, how often when I brought thee in fine poeſies of all coloured flowers, wouldſt thou clap me on the cheek, and ſay thou wouldſt be one day even with me? was this thy meaning, to bring me to an even pair of gallows? ah ill-taught *Dorus*, that cameſt hither to learn good manners of me? did I ever teach thee to make thy maſter ſweat out his heart for nothing, and in the mean time to run away with thy miſtreſs? O my dun-cow, I did think ſome evil was towards me ever ſince the laſt day thou didſt run away from me, and held up thy tail ſo pitifully: did I not ſee an eagle kill a cuckoo, which was a plain foretoken unto me, *Pamela* ſhould be my deſtruction? O wife *Miſo*, if I durſt ſay it to thy face, why didſt thou ſuſpect thy husband, that loveth a piece of cheeſe better than a woman? and thou little *Mopſa*, that ſhall inherit the ſhame of thy father's death, was it time for thee to climb trees, which ſhould ſo ſhortly be my beſt burial? O that I could live without death, or die before I were aware! O heart, why haſt thou no hands at commandment to diſpatch thee? O hands, why want you a heart to kill this villain? in this ſort did he inveigh againſt every thing, ſometimes thinking to

run

run away, while it was yet night: but he that had included all the world within his ſheep cote, thought that worſe than any death; ſometime for dread of hanging he meant to hang himſelf; finding, as indeed it is, that *fear is far more painful to cowardiſe, than death to a true courage.* But his fingers were nothing nimble in that action, and any thing was lett enough thereto, he being a true lover of himſelf without any rival. But laſtly, guided by a far greater conſtellation than his own, he remembred to ſearch the other lodge, where it might be *Pamela* that night had retired her ſelf. So thither with trembling hams he carried himſelf; but employing his double key, which the king for ſpecial credit had unworthily beſtowed upon him, he found all the gates ſo barred, that his key could not prevail, ſaving only one trap door which went down into a vault by the cellar, which as it was unknown of *Pyrocles*, ſo had he left it unregarded. But *Dametas*, that ever knew the buttery better than any other place, got in that way, and paſſing ſoftly to *Philoclea*'s chamber, where he thought moſt likely to find *Pamela*; the door being left open, he entred in, and by the light of the lamp he might diſcern one on the bed by her; which he although he took to be *Pamela*, yet thinking no ſurety enough in a matter touching his neck, he went hard to the bedſide of theſe unfortunate lovers, who at that time being not much before the break of day (whether it were they were ſo divinely ſurpriſed, to bring this whole matter to the deſtined concluſion, or that the unreſiſtable force of their ſorrows had overthrown the wakeful uſe of their ſenſes) were as then poſſeſſed with a mutual ſleep, yet not forgetting with viny embracements to give any eye a perfect model of affection. But *Dametas* looking with the lamp in his hand, but neither with ſuch a face nor mind upon theſe excellent creatures, as *Pſyche* did upon her unknown lover, and giving every way freedom to his fearful eyes

eyes, did not only perceive it was *Zelmane*, and therefore much different from the lady he ſought: but that this ſame *Zelmane* did more differ from the *Zelmane* he and others had ever taken her for, wherein the change of her apparel chiefly confirmed his opinion; ſatisfied with that, and not thinking it good to awake the ſleeping lion, he went down again, taking with him *Pyrocles*'s ſword (wherewith upon his ſlight under-ſuit *Pyrocles* came only apparelled thither) being ſure to leave no weapon in the chamber, and ſo making the doors as faſt as he could on the outſide, hoping with the revealing of this, as he thought greater fault, to make his own the leſs, or at leaſt that this injury would ſo fill the king's head, that he ſhould not have leiſure to chaſtiſe his negligence (like a fool, not conſidering, that *the more rage breeds the crueller puniſhment*) he went firſt into the king's chamber; and not finding him there, he ran down crying with open mouth, the king was betrayed, and that *Zelmane* did abuſe his daughter. The noiſe he made, being a man of no few words, joined to the yelping ſound of *Miſo*, and his unpleaſant inheretrix, brought together ſome number of the ſhepherds, to whom he without any regard of reſerving it for the king's knowledge, ſpattered out the bottom of his ſtomach, ſwearing by him that he never knew that *Zelmane*, whom they had taken all the while to be a woman, was as arrant a man as himſelf was, whereof he had ſeen ſufficient ſigns and tokens, and that he was as cloſe as a butterfly with the lady *Philoclea*. The poor men jealous of their prince's honour, were ready with weapons to have entred the lodge; ſtanding yet in ſome pauſe, whether it were not beſt, firſt to hear ſome news from the king himſelf, when by the ſudden coming of other ſhepherds, which with aſtoniſhed looks ran from the one cry to the other, their griefs were ſurcharged with the evil tidings of the king's death. Turning therefore all their minds and eyes that way,

they

they ran to the cave where they said he lay dead; the sun beginning now to send some promises of coming light, making haste, I think, to be spectator of the following tragedies. For *Basilius* having past over the night more happy in contemplation than action, having had his spirits sublimed with the sweet imagination of embracing the most desired *Zelmane*, doubting lest the cave's darkness might deceive him in the day's approach, thought it now season to return to his wedlock-bed, remembring the promises he had made to *Zelmane*, to observe true orders towards *Gynecia*. Therefore departing, but not departing without bequeathing by a will of words, sealed with many kisses, a full gift of all his love and life to his misconceived bedfellow, he went to the mouth of the cave, there to apparel himself; in which doing, the motion of his joy could not be bridled from uttering such like words: Blessed be thou, O night, said he, that hast with thy sweet wings shrowded me in the vale of bliss, it is thou that art the first gotten child of time, the day hath been but an usurper upon thy delightful inheritance, thou inviteſt all living things to comfortable rest, thou art the stop of strife, and the necessary truce of approaching battles. And therewith he sung these verses to confirm his former praises.

O night, the ease of care, the pledge of pleasure,
Desire's best mean, harnest of hearts affected,
The seat of peace, the throne which is erected,
Of humane life to be the quiet measure.

Be victor still of Phœbus *golden treasure,*
Who hath our sight with too much sight infected,
Whose light is cause we have our lives neglected,
Turning all nature's course to self-displeasure.

These stately stars in their now shining faces,
With senseless sleep, and silence wisdom's mother,

Witness

Witneſs his wrong, which by thy help is eaſed.
Thou art therefore of theſe our deſart places
The ſure refuge; by thee and by no other
My ſoul is bleſt, ſenſe joy'd, and fortune raiſed.

And yet farther would his joys needs break forth. O *Baſilius*, ſaid he, the reſt of thy time hath been but a dream unto thee; it is now only thou beginneſt to live, now only thou haſt entred into the way of bliſsfulneſs. Should fancy of marriage keep me from this paradiſe? or opinion of I know not what promiſe bind me from paying the right duties to nature and affection? O who would have thought there could have been ſuch difference betwixt women? Be jealous no more, O *Gynecia*, but yield to the preheminence of more excellent gifts, ſupport thy ſelf with ſuch marble pillars as ſhe doth, deck thy breaſt with thoſe alabaſter bowls that *Zelmane* doth; then accompanied with ſuch a title, perhaps thou mayeſt recover the poſſeſſion of my otherwiſe inclined love. But alas *Gynecia* thou canſt not ſhew ſuch evidence, therefore thy plea is vain. *Gynecia* heard all this he ſaid, who had caſt about her *Zelmane's* garment, wherein ſhe come thither, and had followed *Baſilius* to the cave entry, full of inward vexation, betwixt the deadly accuſation of her own guiltineſs, and the ſpiteful doubt ſhe had *Zelmane* had abuſed her. But becauſe of the one ſide, finding the king did think her to be *Zelmane*, ſhe had liberty to imagine it might rather be the king's own unbridled enterpriſe, which had barred *Zelmane*, than *Zelmane's* cunning deceiving of her; and that of the other, if ſhe would headily ſeek a violent revenge, her own honour might be as much intereſted, as *Zelmane* endangered; ſhe fell to this determination: Firſt with fine handling of the king to ſettle in him a perfect good opinion of her, and then as ſhe ſhould learn how things had paſſed, to take into her ſelf new deviſed counſel: but this being

ing her firſt action, having given unlooked for attendance to the king, ſhe heard with what partiality he did prefer her to her ſelf, ſhe ſaw in him how much fancy doth not only darken reaſon, but beguile ſenſe, ſhe found opinion miſtreſs of the lover's judgment, which ſerving as a good leſſon to her good conceit, ſhe went out to *Baſilius*, ſetting her ſelf in a grave behaviour and ſtately ſilence before him; until he, (who at the firſt thinking her by ſo much ſhadow as he could ſee to be *Zelmane*, was beginning his loving ceremonies) did now being helped by the peeping light wherewith the morning did overcome the night's darkneſs, know her face and his error, which acknowledging in himſelf with ſtarting back from her, ſhe thus with a modeſt bitterneſs ſpake unto him: Alas my lord, well did your words decipher your mind, and well be thoſe words confirmed with this geſture. Very loathſome muſt that woman be from whom a man hath cauſe to go back; and little better liked is that wife, before whom the husband prefers them he never knew. Alas, hath my faithful obſerving my part of duty made you think your ſelf ever a whit the more exempted? hath that which ſhould claim gratefulneſs, been a cauſe of contempt? Is the being mother of *Pamela* become an odious name unto you? if my life hitherto led have not avoided ſuſpicion, if my violated truth to you be deſerving of any puniſhment, I refuſe not to be chaſtiſed with the moſt cruel torment of your diſpleaſure; I refuſe not miſery, purchaſed by mine own merit. Hard I muſt needs ſay (although till now I never thought I ſhould have had cauſe to ſay) is the deſtiny of womankind, the trial of whoſe virtue muſt ſtand upon the loving of them that employ all their induſtry not to be beloved. If *Zelmane*'s young years had not had ſo much gravity hidden under a youthful face, as your gray hairs have been but the vizor of unfitting youthfulneſs, your vicious mind had brought ſome fruits

fruits of repentance, and *Gynecia* might then have been with much more right ſo baſely deſpiſed.

Baſilius, that was more aſhamed to ſee himſelf overtaken, than vulcan was, when with much cunning he proved himſelf a cuckold, began to make certain extravagant excuſes: but the matter in it ſelf hardly brooking any purgation, with the ſuddenneſs of the time, which barred any good conjoined invention, made him ſometimes alledge one thing, to which by and by, he would bring in a contrary, one time with flat denial, another time with mitigating the fault; now brave, then humble, uſe ſuch a ſtammering defenſive, that *Gynecia*, the violence of whoſe ſore indeed ran another way, was content thus to faſten up the laſt ſtitch of her anger. Well, well my lord, ſaid ſhe, it ſhall well become you to govern your ſelf, as you may be fit rather to direct me, than to be judged of me, and rather to be a wiſe maſter of me, than an unskilful pleader before me. Remember the wrong you have done, is not only to me, but to your children, whom you had of me: to your country, when they ſhall find they are commanded by him, that cannot command his own indecent appetites: laſtly, to your ſelf, ſince with theſe pains you do but build up a houſe of ſhame to dwell in: if from thoſe moveable goods of nature (wherewith, in my firſt youth my royal parents beſtowed me upon you) bearing you children, and increaſe of years have withdrawn me, conſider I pray you, that as you are the cauſe of the one, ſo in the other, time hath not left to work his never-failing effects in you. Truly, truly, Sir, very untimely are theſe fires in you; it is time for us both to let reaſon enjoy his due ſoveraignty. Let us not plant a new thoſe weeds, which by nature's courſe are content to fade.

Baſilius that would rather than his life the matter had been ended, the beſt rhetorick he had, was flat demanding pardon of her, ſwearing it was the very

force of *Apollo*'s deſtiny which had carried him thus from his own byaſs; but that now like as far travellers were taught to love their own country, he had ſuch a leſſon without book, of affection unto her, as he would repay the debt of this error with the intereſt of a great deal more true honour than ever before he had done her. Neither am I to give pardon to you, my lord, ſaid ſhe, nor you to bear honour to me. I have taken this boldneſs for the unfained love I owe unto you, to deliver my ſorrow unto you; much more for the care I have of your well-doing, than for any other ſelf fancy. For well I know that by your good eſtate my life is maintained, neither, if I would, can I ſeparate my ſelf from your fortune. For my part therefore I claim nothing but that which may be ſafeſt for your ſelf; my life, will, honour, and whatſoever elſe, ſhall be but a ſhadow of that body. How much *Baſilius*'s own ſhame had found him culpable, and had already even in ſoul read his own condemnation, ſo much did this unexpected mildneſs of *Gynecia* captive his heart unto her, which otherwiſe perchance would have grown to a deſperate careleſneſs. Therefore embracing her, and confeſſing that her virtue ſhined in his vice, he did even with a true reſolved mind vow unto her, that as long as he, unworthy of her, did live, ſhe ſhould be the fartheſt and only limit of his affection. He thanked the deſtinies that had wrought her honour out of his ſhame, and that made his own ſtriving to go amiſs, to be the beſt mean ever after to hold him in the right path. Thus reconciled to *Baſilius*'s great contentation, who began ſomething to mark himſelf in his own doings, his hard hap guided his eye to the cup of gold wherein *Gynecia* had put the liquor meant for *Zelmane*, and having failed of that gueſt, was now carrying it home again. But he whom perchance ſorrow, perchance ſome long diſaccuſtomed pains, had made extremely thirſty, took it out of her hands,

hands, although ſhe directly told him, both of whom ſhe had it, what the effect of it was, and the little proof ſhe had ſeen thereof; hiding nothing from him, but that ſhe meant to miniſter it to another patient. But the king, whoſe belly had no ears, and much drouth kept from the deſiring a taſter, finding it, not unpleaſant to his palate, drank it almoſt off, leaving very little to cover the cup's bottom. But within a while that from his ſtomach the drink had delivered to his principal veins his noiſome vapours, firſt with a painful ſtretching, and forced yawning, then with a dark yellowneſs dying his skin, and a cold deadly ſweat principally about his temples, his body by natural courſe longing to deliver his heavy burthern to his earthly dam, wanting force in his knees, which utterly abandoned him, with heavy fall gave ſome proof whether the operation of that unknown potion tended. For, with pang-like groans, and gaſtly turning of his eyes, immediately all his limbs ſtiffened, and his eyes fixed, he having had time to declare his caſe only in theſe words: O *Gynecia*, I die; have care. Of what, or how much farther he would have ſpoken, no man can tell: For *Gynecia* having well perceived the changing of his colour, and thoſe other evil ſigns, yet had not looked for ſuch a ſudden overthrow, but rather had bethought her ſelf what was beſt for him, when ſhe ſuddenly ſaw the matter come to that period, coming to him, and neither with any cries getting a word of him, nor with any other poſſible means, able to bring any living action from him; the height of all ugly ſorrows did ſo horribly appear before her amazed mind, that at the firſt, it did not only diſtract all power of ſpeech from her, but almoſt wit to conſider, remaining as it were quick buried in a grave of miſeries. Her painful memory had ſtraight filled her with the true ſhapes of all the fore-paſt miſchiefs; her reaſon began to cry out againſt the filthy rebellion of ſinful ſenſe, and to tear it ſelf with

anguiſh, for having made ſo weak a reſiſtance, her conſcience a terrible witneſs of the inward wickedneſs, ſtill nouriſhing this debateful fire; her complaint now not having an end to be directed unto, ſomething to disburthen ſorrow, but a neceſſary downfal of inward wretchedneſs. She ſaw the rigour of the laws was like to lay a ſhameful death upon her, which being for that action undeſerved, made it the more inſupportable, and yet in depth of her ſoul moſt deſerved, made it more miſerable. At length, letting her tongue go as dolorous thoughts guided it, ſhe thus with lamentable demeanour ſpake:

O bottomleſs pit of ſorrow, in which I cannot contain my ſelf, having the firebrands of all furies within me, ſtill falling, and yet by the infiniteneſs of it never fallen. Neither can I rid my ſelf, being fettered with the everlaſting conſideration of it. For whither ſhould I recommend the protection of my diſhonoured fall? to the earth? it hath no life, and waits to be encreaſed by the relicks of my ſhamed carcaſs: to men? who are always cruel in their neighbour's faults, and make others overthrow become the badge of their ill masked virtue? to the heavens? O unſpeakable torment of conſcience, which dare not look unto them. No ſin can enter there, Oh there is no receipt for polluted minds. Whither then wilt thou lead this captive of thine, O ſnaky deſpair! Alas, alas, was this the free-holding power that accurſed poiſon hath granted unto me, that to be held the ſurer it ſhould deprive life? was this the folding in mine arms promiſed, that I ſhould nothing but a dead body, O mother of mine, what a deathful ſuck have you given me? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, well hath my mother revenged upon me my unmotherly hating of thee. O *Leſmane*, to whom yet, left any miſery ſhould fail me, remain ſome ſparks of my deteſtable love, if thou haſt, as now alas! now my

mind aſſures me thou haſt, deceived me, there is a fair ſtage prepared for thee, to ſee the tragical end of thy hated lover. With that word there flowed out two rivers of tears out of her fair eyes, which before were dry, the remembrance of her other miſchiefs being dried up in a furious fire of ſelf deteſtation, love only, according to the temper of it, melting it ſelf into thoſe briny tokens of paſſion. Then turning her eyes again upon the body, ſhe remembred a dream ſhe had had ſome nights before, wherein thinking her ſelf called by *Zelmane*, paſſing a troubleſome paſſage; ſhe found a dead body which told her there ſhould be her only reſt: This no ſooner caught hold of her remembrance, than that ſhe determined with her ſelf, it was a direct viſion of her fore-appointed end, took a certain reſolution to embrace death, as ſoon as it ſhould be offered unto her, and no way ſeek the prolonging of her annoyed life. And therefore kiſſing the cold face of *Baſilius*; And even ſo will I reſt, ſaid ſhe, and join this faulty ſoul of mine to thee, if ſo much the angry gods will grant me.

As ſhe was in this plight, the ſun now climbing over the horizon; the firſt ſhepherds came by: who ſeeing the king in that caſe, and hearing the noiſe *Dametas* made of the lady *Philoclea*, ran with the doleful tidings of *Baſilius*'s death unto him, who preſently with all his company came to the cave's entry, where the king's body lay; *Dametas* for his part more glad for the hope he had of his private eſcape, than ſorry for the publick loſs his country received for a prince not to be miſliked. But in *Gynecia* nature prevailed above judgment, and ſhame ſhe conceived to be taken in that order, overcame for that inſtant the former reſolution; ſo that as ſoon as ſhe ſaw the foremoſt of the paſtoral troop, the wretched princeſs ran to have hid her face in the next woods; but with ſuch a mind, that ſhe knew not almoſt herſelf what ſhe could

wiſh to be the ground of her ſafety. *Dametas* that ſaw her run away in *Zelmane*'s upper raiment, and judging her to be ſo, thought certainly all the ſpirits in hell were come to play a tragedy in theſe woods, ſuch ſtrange change he ſaw every way. The king dead at the cave's mouth; the queen, as he thought, abſent; *Pamela* fled away with *Dorus*; his wife and *Mopſa* in divers frenzies. But of all other things *Zelmane* conquered his capacity, ſuddenly from a woman grown to a man; and from a lock'd chamber gotten before him into the fields, which he gave the reſt quickly to underſtand; for inſtead of doing any thing as the exigent required, he began to make circles, and all thoſe fantaſtical defences that he had ever heard were fortification againſt devils. But the other ſhepherds who had both better wits, and more faith, forthwith divided themſelves, ſome of them running after *Gynecia*, and eſteeming her running away a great condemnation of her own guiltineſs: others going to their prince, to ſee what ſervice was left for them, either in recovery of his life, or honouring his death. They that went after the queen, had ſoon overtaken her, in whom now the firſt fears were ſtaid, and the reſolution to die had repoſſeſſed his place in her mind. But when they ſaw it was the queen, to whom, beſides the obedient duty they owed to her ſtate, they had always carried a ſingular love, for her courteous liberalities, and other wiſe and virtuous parts, which had filled all that people with affection and admiration. They were all ſuddenly ſtopped, begining to ask pardon for their following her in that ſort, and deſiring her to be their good lady, as ſhe had ever been. But the queen, who now thirſted to be rid of her ſelf, whom ſhe hated above all things; with ſuch an aſſured countenance as they have, who already have diſpenſed with ſhame and digeſted the ſorrows of death, ſhe thus ſaid unto them, Continue, continue, my friends; your

your doing is better than your excuſing; the one argues aſſured faith, the other want of aſſurance. If you loved your prince, when he was able and willing to do you much good, which you could not then requite to him; do you now publiſh your gratefulneſs, when it ſhall be ſeen to the world, there are no hopes left to lead you unto it; Remember, remember you have loſt *Baſilius*, a prince to defend you, a father to care for you, a companion in your joys, a friend in your wants. And if you loved him, ſhew you hate the author of his loſs. It is I, faithful *Arcadians*, that have ſpoiled the country of their protector. I, none but I, was the miniſter of his unnatural end. Carry therefore my blood in your hands, to teſtify your own innocency, neither ſpare for my title's ſake, but conſider it was he that ſo entitled me. And if you think of any benefits by my means, think with it that I was but the inſtrument and he the ſpring. What ſtay ye ſhepherds, whoſe great ſhepherd is gone? you need not fear a woman, reverence your lords murtherer, nor have pitty of her, who hath no pity of her ſelf. With this ſhe preſented her fair neck; ſome by name, others by ſigns, deſiring them to do juſtice to the world, duty to their good king, honour to themſelves, and favour to her. The poor men looked one upon the other, unuſed to be arbiters in princes matters, and being now fallen into a great perplexity, between a prince dead, and a princeſs alive. But once for them ſhe might have gone whither ſhe would, thinking it a ſacriledge to touch her perſon, when ſhe finding ſhe was not a ſufficient orator to perſuade her own death by their hands; Well, ſaid ſhe, it is but ſo much more time of miſery; for my part I will not give my life ſo much pleaſure from hence-forward as to yield to his deſire of his own choice of death; ſince all the reſt is taken away, yet let me excel in miſery. Lead me therefore whither you will; only

happy, becauſe I cannot be more wretched. But neither ſo much would the honeſt ſhepherds do, but rather with many tears bemoaned this increaſe of their former loſs, till ſhe was fain to lead them with a very ſtrange ſpectacle, either that a princeſs ſhould be in the hands of ſhepherds, or a priſoner ſhould direct her guardians: laſtly, before either witneſs or accuſer, a lady condemn her ſelf to death. But in ſuch moanful march they went towards the other ſhepherds, who in the mean time had left nothing unaſſayed to revive the king, but all was bootleſs: and their ſorrows increaſed the more they had ſuffered any hopes vainly to ariſe. Among other trials they made to know at leaſt the cauſe of his end, having eſpied the unhappy cup, they gave the little liquor that was left to a dog of *Dametas*, in which within a ſhort time it wrought the like effect; although *Dametas* did ſo much to recover him, that for very love of his life he daſh'd out his brains. But now altogether, and having *Gynecia* among them, who, to make her ſelf the more odious, did continually record to their minds the acceſs of their loſs, they yielded themſelves over to all thoſe forms of lamentation, that doleful images do imprint in the honeſt, but over-tender hearts; eſpecially when they think the rebound of the evil falls to their own ſmart. Therefore after the ancient *Greek* manner, ſome of them remembring the nobility of his birth, continued by being like his anceſtors; others his ſhape, which though not excellent, yet favour and pity drew all things now to the higheſt point; others his peaceable government, the thing which moſt pleaſeth men, reſolved to live of their own; others his liberality, which though it cannot light upon all men, yet all men naturally hoping it may be, they make it a moſt amiable virtue. Some calling in queſtion the greatneſs of his power, which increaſed the compaſſion to ſee the preſent change, (having a

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doleful memory how he had tempered it with ſuch familiar courteſy among them, that they did more feel the fruits, than ſee the pomps of his greatneſs, all with one conſent giving him the ſacred titles of good, juſt, merciful, the father of the people, the life of his country, they ran about his body, tearing their beards and garments; ſome ſending their cries to heaven, others inventing particular howling muſick; many vowing to kill themſelves at the day of his funeral, generally giving a true teſtimony that *men are loving creatures when injuries put them not from their natural courſe:* and how eaſy a thing it is for a prince by ſucceſſion, deeply to ſink into the ſouls of his ſubjects, a more lively monument than *Mauſolus's* tomb. But as with ſuch hearty lamentation, they diſperſed among thoſe woods their reſounding ſhrieks, the ſun, the perfecteſt mark of time, having now gotten up two hours journey in his daily changing circle, their voice helped with the only anſwering eccho, came to the ears of the faithful and worthy gentleman *Philanax:* who at that time was coming to viſit the king, accompanied with divers of the worthy *Arcadian* Lords, who with him had viſited the place adjoining for the more aſſurance of *Baſilius's* ſolitarineſs, a thing after the late mutiny he had uſually done: and ſince the princeſs's return more diligently continued; which having now likewiſe performed, thinking it as well his duty to ſee the king, as of good purpoſe, being ſo near, to receive his further direction: accompanied as above-ſaid he was this morning coming unto him, when theſe unpleaſant voices gave his mind an uncertain preſage of his near approaching ſorrow. For by and by he ſaw the body of his dearly eſteemed prince, and heard *Gynecia's* lamenting: not ſuch as the turtle-like love is wont to make for the over-ſoon loſs of her only loved mate, but with curſings of her life, deteſting her own wickedneſs, ſeeming only there-

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fore not to deſire death, becauſe ſhe would not ſhew a love of any thing. The ſhepherds, eſpecially *Dametas*, knowing him to be the ſecond perſon in authority, gave forthwith relation unto him, what they knew and had proved of this dolorous ſpectacle, beſides the other accidents of his children. But he principally touched with his maſter's loſs, lighting from his horſe with a heavy chear, came and kneeled down by him, where, finding he could do no more than the ſhepherds had for his recovery, the conſtancy of his mind, ſurprized before he might call together his beſt rules, could not refrain ſuch like words. Ah dear maſter, ſaid he, what change it hath pleaſed the almighty juſtice to work in this place. How ſoon, not to your loſs, who having lived long to nature, and to time longer by your well deſerved glory, but longeſt of all in the eternal manſion you now poſſeſs. But how ſoon I ſay to our ruin, have you left the frail bark of your eſtate? O that the words I in moſt faithful duty delivered unto you, when you firſt entred this ſolitary courſe might have wrought as much perſuaſion in you, as they ſprang from truth in me, perchance your ſervant *Philanax* ſhould not now have cauſe in your loſs to bewail his own overthrow. And therewith taking himſelf; and indeed evil fitteth it me, ſaid he, to let go my heart womaniſh complaints, ſince my prince being undoubtedly well, it rather ſhews love of my ſelf; which makes me bewail mine own loſs. No, the true love muſt be proved in the honour of your memory, and that muſt be ſhewed with ſeeking juſt revenge upon your unjuſt and unnatural enemies, and far more honourable it will be for your tomb, to have the blood of your murtherers ſprinkled upon it, than the tears of your friends. And if your ſoul look down upon this miſerable earth, I doubt not it much rather your death were accompanied with well-deſerved puniſhment of the cauſers of it, than

than with the heaping on it more ſorrows with the end of them, to whom you vouchſafed your affection: let them lament that have woven the web of lamentation; let their own deaths make them cry out for your death, that were the authors of it. Therewith carrying manful ſorrow and vindicative reſolution in his face; he roſe up, ſo looking on the poor guiltleſs princeſs tranſported with an unjuſt juſtice, that his eyes were ſufficient heralds for him, to denounce a mortal hatred. She, whom furies of love, firebrands of her conſcience, ſhame of the world, with the miſerable loſs of her husband, towardo whom now the diſdain of her ſelf bred more love; with the remembrance of her viſion, wherewith ſhe reſolved aſſuredly the gods had appointed that ſhameful end to be her reſting place, had ſet her mind to no other way but to death, uſed ſuch like ſpeeches to *Philanax*, as ſhe had before to the ſhepherds; willing him not to look upon her as a woman, but a monſter; not as a princeſs, but as a traitor to his prince; not as *Baſilius*'s wife, but as *Baſilius*'s murtherer. She told him how the world required at his hands, the juſt demonſtration of his friendſhip; if he now forgot his prince, he ſhould ſhew he had never loved but his fortune: like thoſe vermine that ſuck of the living blood, and leave the body as ſoon as it is dead; poor princeſs needleſly ſeeking to kindle him, who did moſt deadly deteſt her, which he uttered in this bitter anſwer. Madam, ſaid he, you do well to hate your ſelf, for you cannot hate a worſe creature; and though we feel enough your helliſh diſpoſition, yet we need not doubt you are of counſel to yourſelf of much worſe than we know. But now fear not; you ſhall not long be cumbred with being guided by ſo evil a ſoul; therefore prepare your ſelf, that if it be poſſible you may deliver up your ſpirit ſo much purer, as you more waſh your wickedneſs with repentance. Then having preſently

ſently given order for the bringing from *Mantinea*, a great number of tents; for the receipt of the principal *Arcadians:* the manner of that country being, that where the prince died, there ſhould be orders taken for the country's government, and in the place any murther was commited, the judgment ſhould be given there, before the body was buried, both concurring in this matter, and already great part of the nobility being arrived, he delivered the princeſs to a gentleman of great truſt; and for *Dametas*, taking from him the keys of both the lodges, calling him the moth of his prince's eſtate, and only ſpot of his judgment, he cauſed him, with his wife and daughter, to be fettered up in as many chains and clogs, as they could bear, and every third hour to be cruelly whip'd, till the determinate judgment ſhould be given of all theſe matters. That done, having ſent already at his coming, to all the quarters of the country to ſeek *Pamela*, although with ſmall hope of overtaking them, he himſelf went well accompanied to the lodge, where the two unfortunate lovers were attending a cruel concluſion of their long, painful, and late moſt painful affection. *Dametas*'s clowniſh eyes, having been the only diſcoverers of *Pyrocles*'s ſtratagem, had no ſooner taken a full view of them, which in ſome ſights would rather have bred any thing, than an accuſing mind, and locked the door upon theſe two young folks, now made priſoners for love, as before they had been priſoners to love; but that immediately upon his going down, whether with noiſe *Dametas* made, or with the creeping in of the light, or rather that as extreme grief had procured his ſleep, ſo extreme care had meaſured his ſleep, giving his ſenſes a very early ſalve to come to themſeves, *Pyrocles* awaked, and being up, the firſt evil handſel he had of the ill caſe wherein he was, was the ſeeing himſelf deprived of his ſword, from which he had never ſeparated

himſelf

himſelf in any occaſion, and even that night firſt by the king's bed, and then there had laid it, as he thought ſafe: putting great part of the truſt of his well-doing in his own courage ſo armed. For indeed the confidence in ones ſelf is the chief nurſe of magnanimity, which confidence notwithſtanding doth not leave the care of neceſſary furnitures for it: and therefore of all the *Grecians*, *Homer* doth ever make *Achilles* the beſt armed. But that, as I ſay, was the firſt ill-token: but by and by he perceived he was a priſoner before any arreſt: for the door which he had left open was made ſo faſt of the outſide, that for all the force he could employ unto it, he could not undo *Dametas's* doing; then went he to the windows, to ſee if that way there were any eſcape for him and his dear lady. But as vain he found all his employment there, not having might to break out but only one bar; wherein notwithſtanding he ſtrained his ſinews to the uttermoſt: and that he rather took out to uſe for other ſervice, than for any poſſibility he had to eſcape; for even then it was that *Dametas* having gathered together the firſt coming ſhepherds, did blabber out what he had found in the lady *Philoclea's* chamber. *Pyrocles* markingly hearkned to all that *Dametas* ſaid, whoſe voice and mind acquaintance had taught him ſufficiently to know. But when he aſſuredly perceived that his being with the lady *Philoclea* was fully diſcovered: and by the folly or malice, or rather malicious folly of *Dametas*, her honour therein touched in the higheſt degree: remembring withal the cruelty of the *Arcadian* laws, which without exception did condemn all to death, who were found, as *Dametas* reported of them, in act of marriage without ſolemnity of marriage, aſſuring himſelf, beſides the law, the king and the queen will uſe ſo much the more hate againſt their daughter, as they had found themſelves ſotted by him in the purſuit of their love.

Laſtly,

Laſtly, ſeeing they were not only in the way of death, but fitly incaged for death, looking with a hearty grief upon the honour of love, the fellowleſs *Philoclea*, whoſe innocent ſoul now enjoying his own goodneſs did little know the danger of his ever fair than ſleeping harbour, his excellent wit ſtrengthened with virtue, but guided by love, had ſoon deſcribed to himſelf a perfect viſion of their preſent condition, wherein having preſently caſt a reſolute reckoning of his own part of the miſery, not only the chief but ſole burthen his anguiſh conſiſted in the unworthy caſe, which was like to fall upon the beſt deſerving *Philoclea*. He ſaw the misfortune, not the miſmeaning of his work, was like to bring that creature to end, in whom the world, as he thought, did begin to receive honour: he ſaw the weak judgment of man, would condemn that as death-deſerving vice in her, which had in troth never broken the bonds of a true living vertue: and how oft his eye turned to his attractive adamant, ſo often did an unſpeakable horror ſtrike his noble heart to conſider ſo unripe years, ſo faultleſs a beauty, the manſion of ſo pure goodneſs, ſhould have her youth ſo untimely cut off, her natural perfections ſo unnaturally conſumed, her virtue rewarded with ſhame: ſometimes he would accuſe himſelf of negligence, that had not more curiouſly looked to all the houſe-entries, and yet could he not imagine the way *Dametas* was gotten in: and to call back what might have been, to a man of wiſdom and courage, carries but a vain ſhadow of diſcourſe; ſometimes he could not chuſe but with a diſſolution of his inward might lamentably conſider with what face he might look upon his, till then, joy *Philoclea*, when the next light waking ſhould deliver unto her, ſhould perchance be the laſt of her hurtleſs life. And that the firſt time ſhe ſhould bend her excellent eyes upon him, ſhe ſhould ſee the accurſed author of her dreadful end, and even this

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conſideration more than any other, did ſo ſet it ſelf in his well-diſpoſed mind, that diſperſing his thoughts to all the ways that might be of her ſafety, finding a very ſmall diſcourſe in ſo narrow limits of time and place, at length in many difficulties he ſaw none bear any likelihood for her life, but his death. For then he thought it would fall out, that when they found his body dead, having no accuſer but *Dametas*, as by his ſpeech he found there was not, it might juſtly appear that either *Philoclea* in defending her honour, or elſe he himſelf in diſpair of atchieving, had left his carcaſs proof of his intent, but witneſs of her clearneſs. Having a ſmall while ſtayed upon the greatneſs of his reſolution, and looked to the fartheſt of it: (be it ſo, ſaid the valiant *Pyrocles*,) never life for better cauſe, nor to better end was beſtowed; for if death be to follow this doing, which no death of mine could make me leave undone, who is to die ſo juſtly as my ſelf? and if I muſt die, who can be ſo fit executioners as mine own hands, which as they were acceſſories to the doing, ſo in killing me they ſuffer their own puniſhment? but then aroſe there a new impediment; for *Dametas* having carried away any thing which he thought might hurt as tender a man as himſelf, he could find no fit inſtrument which might give him a final diſpatch: at length making the more haſt, leaſt his lady ſhould awake, taking the iron bar, which being ſharper ſomewhat at the one end than the other, he hoped, joined to his willing ſtrength, might break off the feeble thread of mortality: truly, ſaid he, fortune thou haſt well preſerved mine enemy, that will grant me no fortune to be unfortunate, nor let me have an eaſy paſſage now I am to trouble thee no more. But ſaid he, O bar bleſſed in that thou haſt done ſervice to the chamber of the paragon

ragon of life, ſince thou couldſt not help me to make a perfecter eſcape, yet ſerve my turn I pray thee, that I may eſcape from my ſelf; therewithal yet once looking to fetch the laſt repaſs of his eyes, and new again tranſported with the pitiful caſe he left her in, kneeling down he thus prayed. O great maker and great ruler of this world, ſaid he, to thee do I ſacrifice this blood of mine, and ſuffer, lord, the errors of my youth to paſs away therein, and let not the ſoul by thee made, and ever bending unto thee, be now rejected of thee, neither be offended that I do abandon this body, to the government of which thou hadſt placed me, without thy leave; ſince how can I know but that thy unſearcheable mind is, I ſhould ſo do, ſince thou haſt taken from me all means longer to abide in it? and ſince the difference ſtands but in a ſhort time of dying, thou that haſt framed my ſoul inclined to do good, how can I in this ſmall ſpace of mine, benefit ſo much all the human kind, as in preſerving thy perfecteſt workmanſhip, their chiefeſt honour? O juſtice it ſelf, howſoever thou determineſt of me, let this excellent innocency not be oppreſſed! let my life pay her loſs, O lord give me ſome ſign that I may die with this comfort. (And pauſed a while as if he had hoped for ſome token) and whenſoever to the eternal darkneſs of the earth ſhe doth follow me, let our ſpirits poſſeſs one place, and let them be more happy in that uniting. With that word ſtriking the bar upon his heart-ſide, with all the force he had, and falling withal upon to give it the thorower paſſage, the bar in troth was too blunt to do the effect, although it pierced his skin, and bruiſed his ribs very ſore, ſo that his breath was almoſt paſt him. But the noiſe of his fall drove away ſleep from the quiet ſenſes of the dear *Philoclea*, whoſe ſweet ſoul had an early ſalutation of a deadly ſpectacle unto her,

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with ſo much more aſtoniſhment, as the falling aſleep but a little before ſhe had retired her ſelf from the utmoſt point of wofulneſs, and ſaw now again before her eyes the moſt cruel enterprize that human nature can undertake, without diſcerning any cauſe thereof. But the lively print of her affection had ſoon taught her not to ſtay long upon deliberation in ſo urgent a neceſſity; therefore getting with ſpeed her weak, though well accorded limbs out of her ſweetened bed, as when jewels are haſtily pulled out of ſome rich coffer, ſhe ſpared not the nakedneſs of her tender feet, but, I think borne as faſt with deſire as fear carried *Daphne*, ſhe came running to *Pyrocles*, and finding his ſpirits ſomething troubled with the fall: ſhe put by the bar that lay cloſe to him, and ſtraining him in her moſt beloved embracements; My comfort, my joy, my life, ſaid ſhe, what haſt have you to kill your *Philoclea* with the moſt cruel torment that ever lady ſuffered? do you not yet perſwade your ſelf that any hurt of yours is a death unto me: and that your death ſhould be my hell? alas, if any ſudden miſlike of me, for other cauſe I ſee none, have cauſed you to loath your ſelf, if any fault or defect of mine hath bred this terrible rage in you, rather let me ſuffer the bitterneſs of it, for ſo ſhall the deſerver be puniſhed, mankind preſerved from ſuch a ruin, and I for my part ſhall have that comfort, that I die by the nobleſt hand that ever drew ſword. *Pyrocles* grieved with his fortune, that he had not in one inſtant cut of all ſuch deliberation, thinking his life only reſerved to be bound to be the unhappy news-teller: alas ſaid he, my only ſtar, why do you this wrong to god, your ſelf, and me, to ſpeak of faults in you? no, no, moſt faultleſs, moſt perfect lady, it is your excellency that makes me haſten my deſired end; it is the right I owe to the general nature,

that, though againſt private nature, makes me ſeek the preſervation of all that ſhe hath done in this age, let me, let me die. There is no way to ſave your life, moſt worthy to be conſerved, then that my death be your clearing: then did he with far more pain and backward loathneſs, than the ſo near killing himſelf was, but yet driven with neceſſity to make her yield, to that he thought was her ſafety, make her a ſhort, but pithy diſcourſe, what he had heard by *Dametas*'s ſpeeches, confirming the reſt with a plain demonſtration of their impriſonment. And then ſought he a new means of ſtopping his breath: but that by *Philoclea*'s labour, above her force, he was ſtayed to hear her. In whom a man might perceive what ſmall difference in the working there is, betwixt a ſimple voidneſs of evil, and a judicial habit of virtue. For ſhe, not with an unſhaken magnanimity, wherewith *Pyrocles* weighed, and deſpiſed death, but with an innocent guiltleſneſs, not knowing why ſhe ſhould fear to deliver her unſtained ſoul to god, helped with the true loving of *Pyrocles*, which made her think no life without him, did almoſt bring her mind to as quiet attending all accidents, as the unmaſtered virtue of *Pyrocles*. Yet having with a pretty paleneſs, which did leave milken lines upon her roſy cheeks, paid a little duty to human fear, taking the prince by the hand, and kiſſing the wound he had given himſelf: O the only life of my life, and, if it fall out ſo, the comfort of my death, ſaid ſhe, far, far from you, be the doing of me ſuch wrong, as to think I will receive my life as a purchaſe of your death, but well may you make my death ſo much more miſerable, as it ſhall any thing be delayed after my only felicity. Do you think I can account of the moment of death, like the unſpeakable afflictions my ſoul ſhould ſuffer, ſo oft as I call *Pyrocles* to my mind, which ſhould be

be as oft as I breathed? ſhould theſe eyes guide my ſteps, that had ſeen your murderer? ſhould theſe hands feed me, that had not hindred ſuch a miſchief? ſhould this heart remain within me, at every pant to count the continual clock of my miſeries: O no, if die we muſt, let us thank death, he hath not divided ſo true an union. And truly my *Pyrocles*, I have heard my father, and other wiſe men ſay, that the killing of ones ſelf is but a falſe colour of true courage, proceeding rather of a fear of a further evil, either of torment or ſhame. For if it were a not reſpecting the harm, that would likewiſe make him not reſpect what might be done unto him: and hope, being of all other the moſt contrary thing to fear; this being an utter baniſhment of hope, it ſeems to receive his ground in fear. Whatſoever, would they ſay, comes out of deſpair, cannot bear the title of valour, which ſhould be lifted up to ſuch a height, that holding all things under it ſelf, it ſhould be able to maintain his greatneſs even in the midſt of miſeries. Laſtly, they would ſay, god had appointed us captains of theſe our bodily forts, which without treaſon to that majeſty, were never to be delivered over till they were re-demanded. *Pyrocles*, who had that for a law unto him, not to leave *Philoclea* in any thing unſatisfyed, although he ſtill remained in his former purpoſe, and knew that time would grow ſhort for it, yet hearing no noiſe, the ſhepherds being as then run to *Baſilius*, with ſettled and humble countenance, as a man that ſhould have ſpoken of a thing that did not concern himſelf, bearing even in his eyes ſufficient ſhews, that it was nothing but *Philoclea's* danger, which did any thing burthen his heart, far ſtronger than fortune, having with vehement embracings of her, got yet ſome fruit of his delayed end, he thus anſwered the wiſe innocency of *Philoclea*. Lady moſt worthy not only of life,

but to be the very life of all things: the more notable demonſtrations you make of the love, ſo far beyond my deſart, with which it pleaſeth you to overcome fortune, in making me happy: the more am I even in courſe of humanity, to leave that love's force, which I neither can nor will leave, bound to ſeek requitals witneſs, that I am not ungrateful to do which, the infiniteneſs of your goodneſs being ſuch as I cannot reach unto it, yet doing all I can, and paying my life which is all I have, though it be far, without meaſure, ſhort of your deſart, yet ſhall I not die in debt to mine one duty. And truly, the more excellent arguments you made, to keep me from this paſſage, imagined far more terrible then it is, the more plainly it makes me to ſee what reaſon I have, to prevent the loſs not only of *Arcadia*, but all the face of the earth ſhould receive, if ſuch a tree, which even in his firſt ſpring doth not only bare moſt beautiful bloſſoms, but moſt rare fruit, ſhould be ſo untimely cut off. Therefore, O moſt truly beloved lady, to whom I deſire for both our goods, that theſe may be my laſt words, give me your conſent even out of that wiſdom which muſt needs ſee, that, beſides your unmatched betterneſs, which perchance you will not ſee; it is fitter one die than both... And ſince you have ſufficiently ſhewed you love me, let me claim by that love, you will be content rather to let me die contentedly, than wretchedly: rather with a clear and joyful conſcience, than with deſperate condemnation in my ſelf, that I accurſed villian, ſhould be the mean of baniſhing from the ſight of men the true example of virtue. And becauſe there is nothing left me to be imagined, which I ſo much deſire, as that the memory of *Pyrocles* may ever have an allowed place in your wiſe judgment, I am content to draw ſo much breath longer, as by anſwering the ſweet objections you alledged,

ledged, may bequeath, as I think, a right conceit unto you, that this my doing is out of judgment, and not ſprung of paſſion. Your father, you ſay, was wont to ſay, that this like action doth more proceed of fear of farther evil or ſhame, than of a true courage: truly firſt, they put a very gueſſing caſe, ſpeaking of them who can never after come to tell, with what mind they did it. And as for my part, I call the immortal truth to witneſs, that no fear of torment can appal me: who know it is but diverſe manners of apparelling: death and have long learned to ſet bodily pain, but in the ſecond form of my being. And as for ſhame, how can I be aſhamed of that, for which my well-meaning conſcience will anſwer for me to god, and your unreſiſtable beauty to the world? but to take that argument in his own force, and grant it done for avoiding of farther pain or diſhonour: (for as for the name of fear, it is but an odious title of a paſſion, given to that which true judgment performeth) grant, I ſay, it is to ſhun a worſe caſe, and truly I do not ſee, but that true fortitude, looking into all human things with a perſiſting reſolution, carried away neither with wonder of pleaſing things, nor aſtoniſhment of the unpleaſant, doth not yet deprive it ſelf of the diſcerning the difference of evil, but rather is the only virtue, which with an aſſured tranquility ſhun's the greater by the valiant entring into the leſs. Thus for his country's ſafety he will ſpend his life, for the ſaving of a limb he will not niggardly ſpare his goods; for the ſaving of all his body he will not ſpare the cutting off a limb, where indeed the weak-hearted men will rather die, than ſee the face of a ſurgeon, who might with as good reaſon ſay, that the conſtant man abides the painful ſurgery for fear of a farther evil: but he is content to wait for death it ſelf, but neither is true; for neither

had the one any fear, but a well-chuſing judgment: nor the other hath any contentment, but only fear, and not having a heart actively to perform a matter of pain, is forced paſſively to abide a greater damage. For to do, requires a whole heart; to ſuffer falleth eaſilieſt in the broken minds. And if in bodily torment thus, much more in ſhame, wherein ſince valour is a virtue, and virtue is ever limited, we muſt not run ſo infinitely, as to think the valiant man is willingly to ſuffer any thing, ſince the very ſuffering of ſome things is a certain proof of want of courage. And if any thing unwillingly, among the chiefeſt may ſhame go; for if honour be to be held dear, his contrary is to be abhorred; and that not for fear, but of a true election. For which is the leſs inconvenient, either the loſs of ſome years more or leſs when (once, we know our lives be not immortal) or the ſubmitting our ſelves to each unworthy miſery, which the fooliſh world may lay upon us? as for their reaſon, that fear is contrary to hope, neither do I defend fear, nor much yield to the authority of hope; to either of which great inclining ſhews but a feeble reaſon, which muſt be guided by his ſervants; and who builds not upon hope, ſhall fear no earthquake of deſpair. Their laſt alledging of the heavenly powers, as it bears the greateſt name, ſo it is the only thing that at all breeds any combat in my mind, and yet I do not ſee, but that if god had made us maſters of any thing, it is of our own lives; out of which, without doing wrong to any body, we are to iſſue at our own pleaſure. And the ſame argument would as much prevail to ſay, we ſhould for no neceſſity lay away from us any of our joints, ſince they being made of him, without his warrant we ſhould not depart from them; or if that may be, for a greater cauſe we may paſs to a greater degree. And if we be lieutenants of god in this little caſtle, do you not think we muſt take warning of him to give over our charge when he leaves us unprovided

of

of good means to tarry in it? No certainly do I not, anſwered the ſorrowful *Philoclea*, ſince it is not for us to appoint that mighty majeſty what time he will help us; the uttermoſt inſtant is ſcope enough for him to revoke every thing to ones own deſire. And therefore to prejudicate his determination, is but a doubt of goodneſs in him, who is nothing but goodneſs. But when indeed he doth either by ſickneſs, or outward force lay death upon us, then are we to take knowledge that ſuch is his pleaſure, and to know that all is well that he doth. That we ſhould be maſters of our ſelves, we can ſhew at all no title, nor claim; ſince neither we made our ſelves, nor bought our ſelves, we can ſtand upon no other right but his gift, which he muſt limit as it pleaſeth him. Neither is there any proportion betwixt the loſs of any other limb, and that, ſince the one bends to the preſerving of all, the other to the deſtruction of all; the one takes not away the mind from the actions for which it is placed in the world, the other cuts off all poſſibility of his working. And truly, my moſt dear *Pyrocles*, I muſt needs proteſt unto you, that I cannot think your defence even in rules of virtue ſufficient. Sufficient and excellent it were, if the queſtion were of two outward things, wherein a man might by nature's freedom determine, whether he would prefer ſhame to pain; preſent ſmaller torment, to greater following, or no. But to this, beſides the compariſon of the matter's valour, there is added of the one part a direct evil doing, which maketh the ballance of that ſide too much unequal; ſince a virtuous man without any reſpect, whether the grief be leſs or more, is never to do that which he cannot aſſure himſelf is allowable before the everliving rightfulneſs; but rather is to think honours or ſhames, which ſtand in other mens true or falſe judgments, pains or not pains, which yet never approach our ſouls, to be nothing in regard of an unſpotted conſcience. And theſe reaſons do I remem-

ber, I have heard good men bring in, that since it hath not his ground in an assured virtue, it proceeds rather of some other disguised passion. *Pyrocles* was not so much persuaded as delighted, by her well-conceived and sweetly pronounced speeches: but when she had closed her pitiful discourse, and as it were sealed up her delightful lips, with the moistness of her tears, which followed still one another like a precious rope of pearl; now thinking it high time: Be it as you say, said he, most virtuous beauty, in all the rest, but never can god himself persuade me, that *Pyrocles*'s life is not well lost, for to preserve the most admirable *Philoclea*. Let that be, if it be possible, written on my tomb, and I will not envy *Codrus*'s honour. With that he would again have used the bar, meaning if that failed, to leave his brains upon the wall: when *Philoclea* now brought to that she most feared, kneeled down unto him, and embracing so his legs, that without hurting her, (which for nothing he would have done) he could not rid himself from her; she did with all the conjuring words, which the authority of love may lay, beseech him, he would not now so cruelly abandon her, he would not leave her comfortless in that misery, to which he had brought her. That then indeed she would even in her soul accuse him, to have most foully betrayed her; that then she would have cause to curse the time that ever the name of *Pyrocles* came to her ears, which otherwise no death could make her do. Will you leave me, said she, not only dishonoured, as supposed unchaste with you, but as a murderer of you? Will you give mine eyes such a picture of hell, before my near approaching death, as to see the murdered body of him I love more than all the lives nature can give? with that she sware by the highest cause of all devotions, that if he did persevere in that cruel resolution, she would, though untruly, not only confess to her father, that with her consent this act had

been

been committed, but if that would not ſerve (after ſhe had pulled out her own eyes made accurſed by ſuch a ſight) ſhe would give her ſelf ſo terrible a death, as ſhe might think the pain of it would countervail the never dying pain of her mind. Now therefore kill your ſelf to crown this virtuous action with infamy: kill your ſelf to make me, whom you ſay you love, as long as I after live, change my loving admiration of you, to a deteſtable abhorring your name. And ſo indeed you ſhall have the end you ſhoot at: for inſtead of one death, you ſhall give me a thouſand, and yet in the mean time, deprive me of the help god may ſend me. *Pyrocles*, even over-weighed with her ſo wiſely uttered affection, finding her determination ſo fixed, that his end ſhould but deprive them both of a preſent contentment, and not avoid a coming evil (as a man that ran not unto it, by a ſudden qualm of paſſion, but by a true uſe of reaſon, preferring her life to his own) now that wiſdom did manifeſt unto him, that way would not prevail, he retired himſelf, with as much tranquility from it, as before he had gone unto it. Like a man, that had ſet the keeping or leaving of the body, as a thing without himſelf, and ſo had thereof a freed and untroubled conſideration. Therefore throwing away the bar from him, and taking her up from the place, where he thought the conſummating of all beauties, very unworthily lay; ſuffering all his ſenſes to devour up their chiefeſt food, which he aſſured himſelf they ſhould ſhortly after for ever be deprived of: Well, ſaid he, moſt dear lady, whoſe contentment I prefer before mine own, and judgment eſteem more than mine own, I yield unto your pleaſure. The gods ſend you have not won your own loſs. For my part they are my witneſſes, that I think I do more at your commandment, in delaying my death then another would in beſtowing his life. But now, ſaid he, as thus far I have yielded unto you, ſo grant me recompence thus much

much again, that I may find your love in granting, as you have found your authority in obtaining. My humble ſuit is, you will ſay I came in by force into your chamber, for ſo am I reſolved now to affirm, and that will be the beſt for us both, but in no caſe name my name, that whatſoever come of me, my houſe be not diſhonoured. *Philoclea* fearing leaſt refuſal would turn him back again to his violent refuge, gave him a certain countenance that might ſhew ſhe did yield to his requeſt, the latter part whereof indeed ſhe meant for his ſake to perform. Neither could they ſpend more words together: for *Philanax* with twenty of the nobleſt perſonages of *Arcadia* after him, were come into the lodge, *Philanax* making the reſt to ſtay below, for the reverence he bare to womanhood, as ſtilly as he could came up to the door, and opening it, drew the eyes of theſe two doleful lovers upon him. *Philoclea* cloſing again for modeſty's ſake, within her bed the riches of her beauties, but *Pyrocles* took hold of his bar, minding at leaſt to die, before the excellent *Philoclea* ſhould receive any outrage. But *Philanax* reſted a while upon himſelf, ſtricken with admiration at the goodly ſhape of *Pyrocles*, whom before he had never ſeen, and withal remembring, beſides others, the notable act he had done, when with his courage and eloquence, he had ſaved *Baſilius*, perchance the whole ſtate from utter ruin, he felt a kind of relenting mind towards him. But when that ſame thought came waited on with the remembrance of his maſter's death, which he by all probabilities thought he had been of council unto with the queen, compaſſion turned to hateful paſſion, and left in *Philanax* a ſtrange medly, betwixt pity and revenge, betwixt liking and abhorring. O lord, ſaid he to himſelf, what wonders doth nature in our time, to ſet wickedneſs ſo beautifully garniſhed? and that which is ſtrangeſt, out of one ſpring to make wonderful effects both of virtue and

vice

vice to iſſue? *Pyrocles* ſeeing him in ſuch a muſe, neither knowing the man, nor the cauſe of his coming, but aſſuring himſelf, it was for no good, yet thought beſt to begin with him in this ſort. Gentleman, ſaid he, what is the cauſe of your coming to my lady *Philoclea's* chamber? is it to defend her from ſuch violence, as I might go about to offer unto her? if it be ſo, truly your coming is vain, for her own virtue hath been a ſufficient reſiſtance; there needs no ſtrength to be added to ſo inviolate chaſtity, the excellency of her mind makes her body impregnable. Which for my own part I had ſoon yielded to confeſs, with going out of this place, where I found but little comfort being ſo diſdainfully received, had I not been, I know not by whom preſently upon my coming hither, ſo locked into this chamber, that I could never eſcape hence; where I was fettered in the moſt guilty ſhame that ever man was, ſeeing what a paradiſe of unſpotted goodneſs, my filthy thoughts ſought to defile. If for that therefore you come, already I aſſure you your errand is performed; but if it be to bring me to any puniſhment whatſoever, for having undertaken ſo inexcuſable preſumption; truly I bear ſuch an accuſer about me in mine own conſcience, that I willingly ſubmit my ſelf unto it. Only thus much let me demand of you, that you will be a witneſs unto the king what you hear me ſay, and oppoſe your ſelf, that neither his ſudden fury, nor any other occaſion may offer any hurt to this lady; in whom you ſee nature hath accompliſhed ſo much, that I am fain to lay mine own faultineſs, as a foil of her pureſt excellency. I can ſay no more, but look upon her beauty, remember her blood, conſider her years, and judge rightly of her virtues, and I doubt not a gentleman's mind will then be a ſufficient inſtructor unto you, in this I may term it miſerable chance, happened unto her by my unbridled audacity. *Philanax* was content to hear him

him out, not for any favour he owed him, but to ſee whether he would reveal any thing of the original cauſe and purpoſe of the king's death. But finding it ſo far from that, that he named *Baſilius* unto him, as ſuppoſing him alive, thinking it rather cunning than ignorance: Young man, ſaid he, whom I have cauſe to hate, before I have mean to know, you uſe but a point of skill by confeſſing the manifeſt ſmaller fault, to be believed hereafter in the denial of the greater. But for that matter, all paſſeth to one end, and hereafter we ſhall have leiſure by torments to ſeek the truth, if the love of the truth it ſelf will not bring you unto it. As for my lady *Philoclea*, if it ſo fall out as you ſay, it ſhall be the more fit for her years, and comely for the great houſe that ſhe is come of, that an ill-governed beauty hath not cancelled the rules of virtue. But howſoever it be, it is not for you to teach an *Arcadian* what reverend duty we owe unto any of that progeny. But, ſaid he, come you with me without reſiſtance, for the one cannot avail, and the other may procure pity. Pity? ſaid *Pyrocles*, with a bitter ſmiling, diſdaining with ſo curriſh an anſwer; no, no, *Arcadian*, I can quickly have pity of my ſelf, and would think my life moſt miſerable, which ſhould be a gift of thine. Only I demand this innocent lady's ſecurity, which until thou haſt confirmed unto me by an oath, aſſure thy ſelf, the firſt that lays hands upon her ſhall leave his life, for a teſtimony of his ſacriledge. *Philanax*, with an inward ſcorn, thinking it moſt manifeſt they were both, he at leaſt, of council with the king's death: Well, ſaid he, you ſpeak much to me of the king: I do here ſwear unto you, by the love I have ever borne him, ſhe ſhall have no worſe howſoever it fall out, than her own parents. And upon that word of yours I yield, ſaid the poor *Pyrocles*, deceived by him that meant not to deceive him. Then did *Philanax* deliver him into the hands of a nobleman in the company, every one deſirous

deſirous to have him in his charge, ſo much did his goodly preſence, wherein true valour ſhined, breed a delightful admiration in all the beholders. *Philanax* himſelf ſtaid with *Philoclea*, to ſee whether of her he might learn ſome diſcloſing of his former concluſion. But ſhe, ſweet lady, whom firſt a kindly ſhamefaſtneſs had ſeparated from *Pyrocles*, having been left in a more open view than her modeſty would well bear, than the attending her father's coming, and ſtudying how to behave herſelf towards him for both their ſafeties, had called her ſpirits all within her; now that upon a ſudden *Pyrocles* was delivered out of the chamber from her, at the firſt ſhe was ſo ſurprized with the extreme ſtroke of the woful ſight, that like thoſe that in their dreams are taken with ſome ugly viſion, they would fain cry for help, but have no force, ſo remained ſhe a while quite deprived not only of ſpeech, but almoſt of any other lively action. But when indeed *Pyrocles* was quite drawn from her eyes, and that her vital ſtrength began to return unto her, now not knowing what they did to *Pyrocles*, but, according to the nature of love, fearing the worſt, wringing her hands, and letting abundance of tears be the firſt part of her eloquence, bending her amber crowned head over her bed-ſide to the hard-hearted *Philanax*. O *Philinax*, *Philanax*, ſaid ſhe, I know how much authority you have with my father: there is no man whoſe wiſdom he ſo much eſteems, nor whoſe faith he ſo much repoſes upon. Remember how oft you have promiſed your ſervice unto me, how oft you have given me occaſion to believe that there was no lady in whoſe favour you more deſired to remain: and if the remembrance be not unpleaſant to your mind, or the rehearſal unfitting for my fortune, remember there was a time when I could deſerve it. Now my chance is turned, let not your truth turn. I preſent my ſelf unto you, the moſt humble and miſe-

miſerable ſuppliant living, neither ſhall my deſire be great: I ſeek for no more life than I be found worthy of. If my blood may waſh away the diſhonour of *Arcadia*, ſpare it not, although through me it hath indeed never been diſhonoured. My only ſuit is, you will be a mean for me, that while I am ſuffered to enjoy this life, I may not be ſeparated from him, to whom the gods have joined me, and that you determine nothing of him more cruelly than you do of me. If you rightly judge of what hath paſt, wherein the gods, that ſhould have been of our marriage, are witneſſes of our innocencies: then procure, we may live together. But if my father will not ſo conceive of us, as the fault, if any were, was united, ſo let the puniſhment be united alſo. There was no man that ever loved either his prince, or any thing pertaining to him, with a truer zeal than *Philanax* did. This made him, even to the depth of his heart, receive a moſt vehement grief, to ſee his maſter made as it were more miſerable after death. And for himſelf, calling to mind in what ſort his life had been preſerved by *Philoclea*, what time taken by *Amphialus* he was like to ſuffer a cruel death, there was nothing could have kept him from falling to all tender pity, but the perfect perſuaſion he had, that all this was joined to the pack of his maſter's death, which the miſconceived ſpeech of marriage made him the more believe. Therefore firſt muttering to himſelf to ſuch like words: the violence the gentleman ſpake of, is now turned to marriage: he alledged *Mars*, but ſhe ſpeaks of *Venus*. O unfortunate maſter! this hath been that fair devil *Gynecia*; ſent away one of her daughters, proſtituted the other, impoiſoned thee, to overthrow the diadem of *Arcadia*. But at length thus unto her ſelf he ſaid, If your father, Madam, were now to ſpeak unto, truly there ſhould no body be found a more ready advocate for you than my ſelf. For I would ſuffer this fault, though very great, to be blotted

blotted out of my mind, by your former led life, your benefit towards my ſelf, and being daughter to ſuch a father. But ſince among your ſelves you have taken him away, in whom was the only power, to have mercy, you muſt be clothed in your own working, and look for none other, than that which dead pitileſs laws may allot unto you. For my part, I loved you for your virtue, but now where is that? I loved you in reſpect of a private benefit, what is that in compariſon of the publick loſs? I loved you for your father, unhappy folks you have robbed the world of him. Theſe words of her father were ſo little underſtood by the only well-underſtanding *Philoclea*, that ſhe deſired him to tell her, what he meant to ſpeak in ſuch dark ſort unto her of her lord and father, whoſe diſpleaſure was more dreadful unto her, than her puniſhment: that ſhe was free in her own conſcience, ſhe had never deſerved evil of him, no not in this laſt fact: wherein, if it pleaſed him to proceed with patience, he ſhould find her choice had not been unfortunate. He that ſaw her words written in the plain table of her fair face, thought it impoſſible there ſhould therein be contained deceit: and therefore ſo much the more abaſhed: Why, ſaid he, Madam, would you have me think, you are not of conſpiracy with the princeſs *Pamela's* flight, and your father's death? with that word the ſweet lady gave a pitiful cry, having ſtreight in her face and breaſt abundance of witneſſes, that her heart was far from ſuch abominable conſent. Ah of all ſides utterly ruined *Philoclea*, ſaid ſhe, now indeed I may well ſuffer all conceit of hope to die in me. Dear father, where was I, that might not do you my laſt ſervice before, ſoon after miſerably following you? *Philanax*, perceived the demonſtration ſo lively and true in her, that he eaſily acquitted her in his heart of that fact, and the more was moved to join with her in moſt hearty lamentation. But remembring him, that the

burthen

burthen of the ſtate, and puniſhment of his maſter's murderers, lay all upon him: Well, ſaid he, madam I can do nothing, without all the ſtates of *Arcadia*: what they will determine of you, I know not: for my part your ſpeeches would much prevail with me, but that I find not how to excuſe your giving over your body to him, that for the laſt proof of his treaſon lent his garments to diſguiſe your miſerable mother, in the moſt vile fact ſhe committed. Hard ſure will it be to ſeparate your cauſes, with whom you have ſo nearly joined your ſelf. Neither do I deſire it, ſaid the ſweetly-weeping *Philoclea*: Whatſoever you determine of him, do that likewiſe to me, for I know, from the fountain of virtue nothing but virtue could ever proceed, only as you find him faultleſs, let him find you favourable, and build not my diſhonour upon ſurmiſes. *Philanax*, feeling his heart more and more mollifying unto her, renewed the image of his dead maſter in his fancy, and uſing that for the ſpurs of his revengeful choler, went ſuddenly without any more ſpeech from the deſolate lady, to whom now fortune ſeemed to threaten unripe death, and undeſerved ſhame among her leaſt evils. But *Philanax* leaving good guard upon the lodge, went himſelf to ſee the order of his other priſoners, whom even then as he iſſued, he found increaſed by this unhoped means.

The noble *Pamela* having delivered over the burthen of her fearful cares to the natural eaſe of a well-refreſhing ſleep, repoſed with mind and body upon the truſted ſupport of her princely ſhepherd, when with the braying cries of a raſcal company ſhe was robed of her quiet, ſo that at one inſtant ſhe opened her eyes, and the enraged *Muſidorus* roſe from her, enraged betwixt the doubt, he had what theſe men would go about, and the ſpite he conceived againſt their ill-

ill-pleaſing preſence. But the clowns having with their hideous noiſe brought them both to their feet, had ſoon knowledge what gueſts they had found, for indeed theſe were the skummy remnants of thoſe rebels, whoſe naughty minds could not truſt ſo much to the goodneſs of their prince, as to lay their hang-worthy necks upon the conſtancy of his promiſed pardon. Therefore when the reſt, who as ſheep had but followed their fellows, ſo ſheepiſhly had ſubmitted themſelves, theſe only omitted their ſafety to the thickeſt part of thoſe deſert woods: who as they were in the conſtitution of their minds, little better than beaſts, ſo were they apt to degenerate to a beaſtly kind of life, having now framed their gluttoniſh ſtomachs to have for food the wild benefits of nature, the uttermoſt end they had, being but to draw out, as much as they could, the line of a tedious life. In this ſort vagabonding in thoſe untroden places, they were guided by the everlaſting juſtice, uſing themſelves to be puniſhers of their faults, and making their own actions the begining of their chaſtiſements, unhappily both for him and themſelves, to light on *Muſidorus*. Whom as ſoon as they ſaw turned towards them, they full well remembred it was he, that accompanied with *Baſilius*, had come to the ſuccour of *Zelmane*: and had left among ſome of them bloody tokens of his valour. As for *Pamela*, they had many times ſeen her. Thus firſt ſtirred up with a ruſtical revenge againſt him, and then deſire of ſpoil to help their miſerable wants, but chiefly thinking it was the way to confirm their own pardon, to bring the princeſs back unto her father, whom they were ſure he would never have ſent ſo far ſo ſlightly accompanied, without any other denouncing of war, ſet altogether upon the worthy *Muſidorus*. Who being before-hand as much enflamed againſt them, gave them ſo brave a welcome, that

the ſmart of ſome made the reſt ſtand farther off, crying and prating againſt him, but like bad curs, rather barking than cloſing: he, in the mean time placing his trembling lady to one of the pyne-trees, and ſo ſetting himſelf before her, as might ſhew the cauſe of his courage grew in himſelf, but the effect was only imployed in her defence; the villians that now had a ſecond proof, how ill-wards they had for ſuch a ſword, turned all the courſe of their violence into throwing darts and ſtones, indeed the only way to overmaſter the *valour* of *Muſidorus*. Who finding them ſome already touched, ſome fall ſo near his chiefeſt life *Pamela*, that in the end ſome one or other might hap to do an unſuccourable miſchief, ſetting all his hope in deſpair, ran out from his lady among them. Who ſtreight like ſo many ſwine, when a hardy maſtiff ſets upon them, diſperſed themſelves. But the firſt he overtook, as he run away, carrying his head as far before him, as thoſe manner of runnings are wont to do, with one blow ſtruck it ſo clean off, that it falling betwixt the hands, and the body falling upon it, it made a ſhew as though the fellow had had great haſte to gather up his head again. Another the ſpeed he made to run for the beſt game, bare him full butt againſt a tree, ſo that tumbling back with a bruiſed face, and a dreadful expectation, *Muſidorus* was ſtreight upon him: and parting with his ſword one of his legs from him, left him to make a roaring lamentation that his mortar-treading was marred for ever. A third finding his feet too ſlow, as well as his hands too weak, ſuddenly turned back, beginning to open his lips for mercy. But before he had well entred a rudely compiled oration, *Muſidorus*'s blade was come between his jaws into his throat, and ſo the poor man reſted there for ever with a very evil mouth full of an anſwer. *Muſidorus* in this furious chaſe

would

would have followed ſome other of theſe hateful wretches, but that he heard his lady cry for help, whom three of this villianous crew, had, whilſt *Muſidorus* followed their fellows, compaſſing about ſome trees, ſuddenly come upon and ſurprized, threatning to kill her if ſhe cried, and meaning to convey her out of ſight, whilſt the prince was making his blood-thirſty chaſe. But ſhe that was reſolved no worſe thing could fall unto her, than the being deprived of him, on whom ſhe had eſtabliſhed all her comfort, with a pitiful cry fetched his eyes unto her: who then thinking ſo many weapons thruſt into his eyes, as with his eyes he ſaw bent againſt her, made all hearty ſpeed to her ſuccour. But one of them wiſer than his companions, ſet his dagger to her alabaſter throat, ſwearing, if he threw not away his ſword, he would kill her preſently. There was never poor ſcholar, that having inſtead of his book ſome playing toy about him, did more ſuddenly caſt it from him, at the child-feared preſence of a cruel ſchoolmaſter, than the valiant *Muſidorus* diſcharged himſelf of his only defence, when he ſaw it ſtood upon the inſtant point of his lady's life. And holding up his noble hands to ſo unworthy audience, O *Arcadians*, it is I that have done you the wrong, ſhe is your princeſs, ſaid he, ſhe never had will to hurt you, and you ſee ſhe hath no power. Uſe your choler upon me that have better deſerved it, do not your ſelves the wrong to do her any hurt, which in no time or place will ever be forgiven you. They that yet truſted not to his courteſy, bid him ſtand farther off from his ſword, which he obediently did. So far was love above all other thoughts in him. Then did they call together the reſt of their fellows, who though they were few, yet according to their number poſſeſſed many places. And then began theſe ſavage ſenators to make a conſultation what

they should do: some wishing to spoil them of their jewels and let them go on their journey, for that if they carried them back, they were sure they should have least part of their prey, others preferring their old homes to any thing, desired to bring them to *Basilius* as pledges of their surety. And their wanted not which cried, the safest way was to kill them both; to such an unworthy thraldom were these great and excellent personages brought. But the most part resisted to the killing of the princes, foreseeing their lives would never be safe after such a fact committed: and began to wish rather the spoil then death of *Musidorus:* when the villian that had his leg cut off came scrawling towards them, and being helped to them by one of the company, began with a groaning voice, and a disfigured face, to demand the revenge of his blood, which since he had spent with them in their defence, it were no reason he should be suffered by them to die discontented. The only contentment he required was, that by their help with his own hands he might put his murtherer to some cruel death: he would fain have cried more against *Musidorus*, but that the much loss of blood helped on with this vehemency, choked up the spirits of his life, leaving him to make betwixt his body and soul an ill favoured partition. But they seeing their fellow in that sort die before their faces, did swell in new mortal rages: all resolved to kill him, but now only considering what manner of terrible death they should invent for him. Thus was a while the agreement of his slaying broken by disagreement of the manner of it; and extremity of cruelty grew for a time to be the stop of cruelty. At length they were resolved every one to have a piece of him, and to become all as well hangmen as judges: when *Pamela* tearing her hair, and falling down among them, sometimes with all the sort

ſort of humble prayers, mixt with promiſes of great good turns, which they knew her ſtate was able to perform, ſometimes threatning them, that if they killed him and not her, ſhe would not only revenge it upon them, but upon all their wives and children: bidding them conſider, that, though they might think ſhe was come away in her father's diſpleaſure, yet they might be ſure he would ever ſhew himſelf a father; that the gods would never, if ſhe lived, put her in ſo baſe eſtate, but that ſhe ſhould have ability to plague ſuch as they were: returning afreſh to prayers and promiſes, and mixing the ſame again with threatnings, brought them who were now grown colder in their fellow's cauſe, who was paſt aggravating the matter with his cries, to determine with themſelves there was no way, but either to kill them both, or ſave them both, as for the killing, already they having anſwered themſelves, that that was a way to make them citizens of the woods for ever, they did in fine conclude they would return them back again to the king, which they did not doubt would be cauſe of a great reward, beſides their ſafety from there fore-deſerved puniſhment. Thus having either by fortune or the force of theſe two lovers inward working virtue, ſettled their cruel hearts to this gentler courſe, they took the two horſes, and having ſet upon them their princely priſoners, they returned towards the lodge. The villians having decked all their heads with lawrel branches, as thinking they had done a notable act, ſinging and ſhouting, ran by them, in hope to have brought them the ſame day again to the king. But the time was ſo far ſpent, that they were forced to take up that night's lodging in the midſt of the woods. Where while the clowns continued their watch about them, now that the night, according to his dark nature, did add a kind of deſolation to the penſive hearts of theſe

two afflicted lovers, *Muſidorus* taking the tender hand of *Pamela*, and bedewing it with his tears, in this ſort gave an iſſue to the ſwelling of his heart's grief. Moſt excellent lady, ſaid he, in what caſe think you am I with my ſelf, how unmerciful judgments do I lay upon my ſoul, now that I know not what god hath ſo reverſed my well-meaning enterprize, as inſtead of doing you that honour which I hoped, and not without reaſon hoped, *Theſſalia* ſhould have yielded unto you, am now like to become a wretched inſtrument of your diſcomfort? alas! how contrary an end have all the inclinations of my mind taken: my faith falls out a treaſon unto you, and the true honour I bear you is the field wherein your diſhonour is like to be ſown! but I invoke that univerſal and only wiſdom, which examining the depth of hearts, hath not his judgment fixed upon the event, to bear teſtimony with me, that my deſire, though in extremeſt vehemency, yet did not ſo overcharge my remembrance, but that as far as man's will might be extended, I ſought to prevent all things that might fall to your hurt. But now that all the evil fortunes of evil fortune have croſſed my beſt framed intent, I am moſt miſerable in that, that I cannot only not give you help; but, which is worſt of all, am barred from giving you counſel. For how ſhould I open my mouth to counſel you in that, wherein by my counſel you are moſt undeſervedly fallen? The fair and wiſe *Pamela*, although full of cares of the unhappy turning of this matter, yet ſeeing the grief of *Muſidorus* only ſtirred for her, did ſo tread down all other motions with the true force of virtue, that ſhe thus anſwered him, having firſt kiſſed him, which before ſhe had never done, love commanding her, which doubted how long they ſhould enjoy one another; or of a lively ſpark of nobleneſs, to deſcend in moſt favour to one, when he is loweſt in affliction. My dear and ever dear *Muſidorus*, ſaid

ſhe,

ſhe, a greater wrong do you to your ſelf, that will torment you thus with grief for the fault of fortune. Since a man is bound no farther to himſelf than to do wiſely: chance is only to trouble them that ſtand upon chance. But greater is the wrong, at leaſt, if any thing that comes from you may bear the name of wrong, you do unto me, to think me either ſo childiſh, as not to perceive your faithful faultleſneſs; or perceiving it, ſo baſely diſpoſed, as to let my heart be overthrown, ſtanding upon it ſelf in ſo unſpotted a pureneſs. Hold for certain, moſt worthy *Muſidorus*, it is your ſelf I love, which can no more be diminiſhed by theſe ſhowers of evil hap, than flowers are marred with the timely rains of *April*. For how can I want comfort that have the true and living comfort of my unblemiſhed virtue? And how can I want honour, as long as *Muſidorus*, in whom indeed honour is, doth honour me? nothing bred from my ſelf can diſcomfort me: and fools opinions I will not reckon as diſhonour. *Muſidorus* looking up to the ſtars, O mind of mine! ſaid he, the living power of all things, which doſt with all theſe eyes behold our ever-varying actions, accept into thy favourable ears this prayer of mine: if I may any longer hold out this dwelling on the earth, which is called a life, grant me ability to deſerve at this lady's hands the grace ſhe hath ſhewed unto me: grant me wiſdom to know her wiſdom, and goodneſs ſo to increaſe my love of her goodneſs, that all mine own choſen deſires, be to my ſelf but ſecond to her determination. Whatſoever I be, let it be to her ſervice: let me herein be ſatisfied, that for ſuch infinite favours of virtue, I have ſome way wrought her ſatisfaction. But if my laſt time approacheth, and that am I no longer to be amongſt mortal creatures, make yet my death ſerve her to ſome purpoſe, that hereafter ſhe may not have cauſe to repent her ſelf that ſhe beſtowed ſo excellent a mind upon

Muſidorus. *Pamela* could not chuſe but accord the conceit of their fortune to theſe paſſionate prayers, in ſo much that their conſtant eyes yielded ſome tears, which wiping from her fair face with *Muſidorus*'s hand, ſpeaking ſoftly unto him, as if ſhe had feared more any body ſhould be witneſs of her weakneſs, than of any thing elſe ſhe had ſaid, You ſee, ſaid ſhe, my prince and only lord, what you work in me, by your too much grieving for me. I pray you think I have no joy but in you, and if you fill that with ſorrow, what do you leave for me? what is prepared for us we know not, but that with ſorrow we cannot prevent it, we know. Now let us turn from theſe things, and think you how you will have me behave my ſelf towards you in this matter. *Muſidorus* finding the authority of her ſpeech confirmed with direct neceſſity, the firſt care came to his mind was of his dear friend and couſin *Pyrocles*; with whom long before he had concluded what names they ſhould bear, if upon any occaſion they were forced to give themſelves out for great men, and yet not make themſelves fully known. Now fearing leſt if the princeſs ſhould name him for *Muſidorus*, the ſame of their two being together, would diſcover *Pyrocles*; holding her hand betwixt his hands a good while together: I did not think, moſt excellent princeſs, ſaid he, to have made any further requeſt unto you; for having been already unto you ſo unfortunate a ſuitor; I know not what modeſty can bear any farther demand. But the ſtate of one young man, whom, next to you, far above my ſelf, I love more than all the world, one worthy of all well-being for the notable conſtitution of his mind, and moſt unworthy to receive hurt by me, whom he doth in all faith and conſtancy love, the pity of him only goes beyond all reſolution to the contrary. Then did he, to the princeſs's great admiration, tell her the whole ſtory as far as he knew of it, and that when they made the grievous diſjunction of

their

their long company, they had concluded *Muſidorus* ſhould intitle himſelf *Palladius*, prince of *Iberia*, and *Pyrocles* ſhould be *Diaphantus* of *Lycia*.

Now, ſaid *Muſidorus*, he keeping a woman's habit, is to uſe no other name than *Zelmane*: but I that find it beſt, of the one ſide for your honour, you went away with a prince, and not with a ſhepherd; of the other ſide, accounting my death leſs evil than the betraying of that ſweet friend of mine, will take this mean betwixt both, and uſing the name of *Palladius*, if the reſpect of a prince will ſtop your father's fury, that will ſerve as well as *Muſidorus*, until *Pyrocles's* fortune being ſome way eſtabliſhed, I may freely give good proof that the noble country of *Theſſalia* is mine: and if that will not mitigate your father's opinion to me-wards, nature I hope, working in your excellency, will make him deal well with you; for my part the image of death is nothing fearful unto me; and this good I ſhall have reaped by it, that I ſhall leave my moſt eſteemed friend in no danger to be diſcloſed by me. And beſides, ſince I muſt confeſs, I am not without a remorſe of her caſe, my virtuous mother ſhall not know her ſon's violent death hid under the fame will go of *Palladius*. But as long as her years, now of good number, be counted among the living, ſhe may joy her ſelf with ſome poſſibility of my return. *Pamela* promiſing him upon no occaſion ever to name him, fell into extremity of weeping, as if her eyes had been content to ſpend all their ſeeing moiſtneſs, now that there was a ſpeech of the loſs of that which they held as their chiefeſt light. So that *Muſidorus* was forced to repair her good counſels with ſweet conſolations, which continued betwixt them until it was about midnight, that ſleep having ſtollen into their heavy ſenſes, and now abſolutely commanding in their vital powers, left them delicately wound one in another's arms, quietly to wait for the coming of the morn-

morning: which as ſoon as ſhe appeared to play her part, laden, as you have heard, with ſo many well-occaſioned lamentations; their lobbiſh guard, who all night had kept themſelves awake, with prating how valiant deeds they had done when they ran away: and how fair a death their fellow had died, who at his laſt gaſp ſued to be a hangman, awaked them, and ſet them upon their horſes, to whom the very ſhining force of excellent virtue, though in a very harriſh ſubject, had wrought a kind of reverence in them; *Muſidorus* as he rid among them, of whom they had no other hold but of *Pamela*, thinking it want of a well-ſquared judgment, to leave any mean unaſſayed of ſaving their lives, to this purpoſe ſpake to his unſeemly guardians, uſing a plain kind of phraſe to make his ſpeech the more credible. My maſters, ſaid he, there is no man that is wiſe but hath, in whatſoever he doth, ſome purpoſe, whereto he directs his doings, which ſo long he follows, till he ſee that either that purpoſe is not worth the pains, or that another doing carries with it a better purpoſe. That you are wiſe in what you take in hand, I have to my coſt learned: that makes me deſire you to tell me what is your end in carrying thē princeſs and me back to her father. Pardon, ſaid one; reward, cried another. Well, ſaid he, take both; although I know you are ſo wiſe to remember, that hardly they both will go together, being of ſo contrary a making; for the ground of pardon is an evil, neither any man pardons but remembers an evil done: the cauſe of reward is the opinion of ſome good act, and who ſo rewardeth, that holds the chief place of his fancy. Now one man of one company, to have the ſame conſideration both of good and evil, but that the conceit of pardoning, if it be pardoned, will take away the mind of rewarding, is very hard, if not impoſſible. For either even in juſtice will he puniſh the fault as well

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as reward the deſert, or elſe in mercy ballance the one by the other: ſo that the not chaſtiſing ſhall be a ſufficient ſatisfying. Thus then you may ſee, that in your own purpoſe reſts great uncertainty. But I will grant, that by this your deed you ſhall obtain your double purpoſe. Yet conſider, I pray you, whether by another mean, that may not better be obtained, and then I doubt not your wiſdoms will teach you to take hold of the better. I am ſure you know, any body were *better have no need of a pardon than enjoy a pardon*; for as it carries with it the ſurety of a preſerved life, ſo bears it a continual note of a deſerved death. This therefore, beſides the danger you may run into, my lady *Pamela* being the undoubted inheretrix of this ſtate, if ſhe ſhall hereafter ſeek to revenge your wrong done her, ſhall be continually caſt in your teeth, as men dead by the law: the honeſter ſort will diſdain your company, and your children ſhall be the more baſely reputed of, and you your ſelves in every ſlight fault hereafter, as men once condemned, apteſt to be overthrown. Now if you will, I doubt not you will, for you are wiſe, turn your courſe, and guard my lady *Pamela*, thitherward, whither ſhe was going: firſt, you need not doubt to adventure your fortune where ſhe goes, and there ſhall you be aſſured in a country as good and rich as this, of the ſame manners and language to be ſo far from the conceit of a pardon, as we both ſhall be forced to acknowledge we have received by your means whatſoever we hold dear in this life. And ſo for reward judge you whether it be not more likely, you ſhall there receive it where you have done no evil, but ſingular and undeſerved goodneſs; or here where this ſervice of yours ſhall be diminiſhed by your duty, and blemiſhed by your former fault. Yes I proteſt and ſwear unto you, by the fair eyes of that lady, there ſhall no gentleman in all that country be preferred: you ſhall have riches, eaſe, pleaſure, and that which is beſt to ſuch worthy minds,

minds, you ſhall not be forced to cry mercy for a good fact. You only, of all the *Arcadians*, ſhall have the praiſe, in continuing in your late valiant attempt, and not be baſely brought under a halter for ſeeking the liberty of *Arcadia*. Theſe words in their minds, who did nothing for any love of goodneſs, but only as their ſenſes preſented greater ſhews of profit, began to make them waver, and ſome to clap their hands and ſcratch their heads, and ſwear it was the beſt way. Others, that would ſeem wiſer than the reſt, to capitulate what tenements they ſhould have, what ſubſidies they ſhould pay: others to talk of their wives, in doubt whether it were beſt to ſend for them, or to take new where they went: moſt, like fools, not readily thinking what was next to be done, but imagining what chear they would make when they came there, one or two of the laſt diſcourſers beginning to turn their faces towards the woods which they had left. But being now come within the plain near to the lodges, unhappily they eſpied a troop of horſemen. But then their falſe hearts had quickly, for the preſent fear, forſaken their laſt hopes: and therefore keeping on the way toward the lodge, with ſongs and cries of joy, the horſemen, who were ſome of them *Philanax* had ſent out to the ſearch of *Pamela*, came galloping unto them; marvelling who they were that in ſuch a general mourning, durſt ſing joyful tunes, and in ſo publick a ruin wear the lawrel token of victory. And that which ſeemed ſtrangeſt, they might ſee two among them unarmed like priſoners, but riding like captains. But when they came nearer, they perceived the one was a lady, and the lady *Pamela*. Then glad they had by hap found that which they ſo little hoped to meet withal, taking theſe clowns, who firſt reſiſted them, for the deſire they had to be the deliverers of the two excellent priſoners, learning that they were of thoſe rebels, which had made the dangerous uproar, as well

well under colour to puniſh that, as this their laſt withſtanding them, but indeed their principal cauſe being, becauſe they themſelves would have the only praiſe of their own queſt, they ſuffered not one of them to live. Marry three of the ſtubborneſt of them they left their bodies hanging upon the trees, becauſe their doing might carry the likelier form of judgment. Such an unlooked-for end did the life of juſtice work for the naughty-minded wretches, by ſubjects to be executed, that would have executed princes: and to ſuffer that without law, which by law they had deſerved. And thus theſe young folks twice priſoners, before any due arreſt, delivered of their jailors, but not of their jail, had rather change than reſpite of miſery; theſe ſoldiers that took them with very few words of entertainment, haſting to carry them to their lord *Philanax*: to whom they came, even as he, going out of the lady *Philoclea's* chamber, had overtaken *Pyrocles*, whom before he had delivered to the cuſtody of a nobleman of that country. When *Pyrocles*, led towards his priſon, ſaw his friend *Muſidorus*, with the noble lady *Pamela* in that unexpected ſort returned, his grief, if any grief were in a mind which had placed every thing according to his natural worth, was very much augmented; for beſides ſome ſmall hope he had, if *Muſidorus* had once been clear of *Arcadia*, by his dealing and authority to have brought his only gladſome deſires to a good iſſue: the hard eſtate of his friend did no leſs, nay rather more vex him than his own. For ſo indeed it is ever found, where valour and friendſhip are perfectly coupled in one heart; the reaſon being, that the reſolute man having once digeſted in his judgment the worſt extremity of his own caſe, and having either quite expelled or at leaſt repelled all paſſion, which ordinarily follows an overthrown fortune, not knowing his friend's mind ſo well as his own, nor with what patience he brooks his caſe, which as it were the material cauſe

of

of making a man happy or unhappy, doubts whether his friend accounts not himſelf more miſerable, and ſo indeed be more lamentable. But as ſoon as *Muſidorus* was brought by the ſoldiers near unto *Philanax*, *Pyrocles* not knowing whether ever after he ſhould be ſuffered to ſee his friend, and determining there could be no advantage by diſſembling a not-knowing of him, leap'd ſuddenly from their hands that held him, and paſſing with a ſtrength ſtrengthened with a true affection, through them that encompaſſed *Muſidorus*, he embraced him as faſt as he could in his arms. And kiſſing his cheeks, O my *Palladius*, ſaid he, let not our virtue now abandon us; let us prove our minds are no ſlaves to fortune, but in adverſity can triumph over adverſity. Dear *Diaphantus*, anſwered *Muſidorus*, ſeeing by his apparel his being a man was revealed, I thank you for this beſt care of my beſt part: but fear not, I have kept too long company with you to want now a thorow determation of theſe things; I well know, *There is nothing evil but within us, the reſt is either natural or accidental.* *Philanax*, finding them of ſo near acquaintance, began preſently to examine them apart: but ſuch reſolution he met with in them, that by no ſuch means he could learn further than it pleaſed them to deliver. So that he thought beſt to put them both in one place, with eſpial of their words and behaviour, that way to ſift out the more of theſe forepaſſed miſchiefs. And for that purpoſe gave them both unto the nobleman, who before had the cuſtody of *Pyrocles*, by name *Sympathus*, leaving a truſty ſervant of his own to give diligent watch to what might paſs betwixt them No man that hath ever paſſed thorow the ſchool of affection, needs doubt what a tormenting grief it was to the noble *Pamela*, to have the company of him taken from her, to whoſe virtuous company ſhe had bound her life. But weighing with her ſelf, it was fit for her honour, till her doing were clearly manifeſted, that they ſhould remain

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ſeparate, kept down the riſing tokens of grief; ſhewing paſſion in nothing but her eyes, which accompanied *Muſidorus* even unto the tent, whither he and *Pyrocles* were led. Then, with a countenance more princely than ſhe was wont, according to the woſt of higheſt hearts, like the palm tree ſtriving moſt upwards, when he is moſt burthened, ſhe commanded *Philanax*, to bring her to her father and mother, that ſhe might render them an account of her doings. *Philanax* ſhewing a ſullen kind of reverence unto her, as a man that honoured her as his maſter's heir, but much miſliked her for her, in his conceit, diſhonourable proceedings, told her what was paſt, rather to anſwer her, than that he thought ſhe was ignorant of it. But her good ſpirit did preſently ſuffer a true compaſſionate affliction of thoſe hard adventures, which, with croſſing her arms, looking a great while upon the ground, with thoſe eyes which let fall many tears, ſhe well declared. But in the end, remembring how neceſſary it was for her, not to loſe her ſelf in ſuch an extremity, ſhe ſtrengthened her well-created heart, and ſtoutly demanded *Philanax*, what authority then they had to lay hands on her perſon, who being the undoubted heir, was then the lawful princeſs of that kingdom? *Philanax* anſwered, her grace knew the ancient laws of *Arcadia* bare, ſhe was to have no ſway of government till ſhe came to one and twenty years of age, or were married. And married I am, replied the wiſe princeſs, therefore I demand your due allegiance. The gods forbid, ſaid *Philanax*, *Arcadia* ſhould be a dowry of ſuch marriages. Beſides, he told her all the ſtates of her country were evil ſatisfied touching her father's death, which likewiſe according to the ſtatutes of *Arcadia*, was even that day to be judged of, before the body were removed to receive his princely funeral. After that paſt, ſhe ſhould have ſelf obedience, as by the laws were due unto her, deſiring god ſhe would ſhew her ſelf better in publick go-

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vernment, than ſhe had done in private. She would have ſpoken to the gentlemen and people gathered about her: but *Philanax* fearing leaſt thereby ſome commotion might ariſe, or at leaſt a hinderance of executing his maſter's murderers, which he longed after more than any thing, haſted her up to the lodge, where her ſiſter was, and there with a choſen company of ſoldiers to guard the place, left her with *Philoclea*, *Pamela* proteſting they laid violent hands on her, and that they entred into rebellious attempts againſt her. But high time it was for *Philanax* ſo to do: for already was all the whole multitude fallen into confuſed and dangerous diviſions.

There was a notable example, how great diſſipations, monarchial government is ſubject unto. For now their prince and guide had left them, they had not experience to rule, and had not whom to obey. Publick matters had ever been privately governed, ſo that they had no lively taſte what was good for themſelves. But every thing was either vehemently deſireful, or extreamly terrible. Neighbours invaſions, civil diſſention, cruelty coming of the prince, and whatſoever in common ſenſe carries a dreadful ſhew, was in all men's heads, but in few how to prevent: hearkning on every rumor, ſuſpecting every thing, condemning them whom before they had honoured, making ſtrange and impoſſible tales of the kings death, while they thought themſelves in danger, wiſhing nothing but ſafety; as ſoon as perſuaſion of ſafety took them, deſiring farther benefits, as amendment of fore-paſſed faults, which faults notwithſtanding none could tell either the grounds or effects of, all agreeing in the univerſal names of liking or miſliking, but of what in eſpecial points, infinitely diſagreeing. Altogether like a falling ſteeple, the parts whereof, as windows, ſtones, and pinacles were well, but the whole maſs ruinous. And this was the general cauſe of all, wherein not-

notwithſtanding was an extream medly of diverſifi-ed thoughts, the great men looking to make themſelves ſtrong by factions, the gentlemen ſome bending to them, ſome ſtanding upon themſelves, ſome deſirous to overthrow thoſe few which they thought were over them; the ſoldiers deſirous of trouble, as the nurſe of ſpoil, and not much unlike to them though in another way, were all the needy ſort, the rich fearful, the wiſe careful. This compoſition of conciets, brought forth a dangerous tumult, which yet would have been more dangerous, but that it had ſo many parts, that no body well knew againſt whom chiefly to oppoſe themſelves. For ſome there were that cried to have the ſtate alter-ed, and governed no more by a prince; marry in the alteration, many would have the *Lacedemonian* government of a few choſen ſenators, others the *Athenian*, where the peoples voice held the chief authority. But theſe were rather the diſcourſing ſort of men, than the active, being a matter more in imagination than practice. But they that went neareſt to the preſent caſe, as in a country that knew no government without a prince, were they that ſtrove whom they ſhould make. Whereof a great number there were that would have the princeſs *Pamela* preſently to enjoy it: ſome diſdaining that ſhe had as it were abandoned her own country, inclining more to *Philoclea*: and there wanted not of them, which wiſhed *Gynecia* were delivered, and made regent till *Pamela* were worthily married. But great multitudes there were, which having been accquainted with the juſt government of *Philanax*, meant to eſtabliſh him as lieutenant of the ſtate: and theſe were the moſt popular ſort, who judged by the commodities they felt. But the principal men in honour and might, who had long before envied his greatneſs with *Baſilius*, did much more ſpurn againſt any ſuch preferment of him:

For yet before their envy had ſome kind of breathing out his rancour, by laying his greatneſs as a fault to the prince's judgment, who ſhewed in *Dametas* he might eaſily be deceived in mens value: but now if the prince's choice, by ſo many mouths ſhould be confirmed, what could they object to ſo rightly eſteemed an excellency: they therefore were diſpoſed, ſooner to yield to any thing, than to his raiſing: and were content, for to croſs *Philanax*, to ſtop thoſe actions, which otherwiſe they could not but think good. *Philanax* himſelf as much hindred by thoſe, that did immoderately honour him, which brought both more envy, and ſuſpicion upon him, as by them that did manifeſtly reſiſt him: but, ſtanding only upon a conſtant deſire of juſtice, and a clear conſcience, went forward ſtoutly in the action of his maſter's revenge, which he thought himſelf particularly bound to. For the reſt, as the ordering of the government, he accounted himſelf but as one, wherein notwithſtanding he would employ all his loyal endeavour.

But among the noblemen, he that moſt openly ſet himſelf againſt him, was named *Timautus*, a man of middle age, but of extream ambition, as one that had placed his uttermoſt good in greatneſs, thinking ſmall difference by what means he came by it. Of commendable wit, if he had not made it a ſervant to unbridled deſires. Cunning to creep into men's favours, which he prized only as they were ſerviceable unto him. He had been brought up in ſome ſoldiery, which he knew how to ſet out with more than deſerved oſtentation. Servile, though envious, to his betters: and no leſs tyrannically minded to them he had advantage of. Counted revengeful, but indeed meaſuring both revenge and reward, as the party might either help or hurt him. Rather ſhameleſs than bold, and yet

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more bold in practice, than in perſonal adventures. In ſome, a man that could be as evil as he liſted, and liſted as much as any advancement might thereby be gotten. As for virtue he counted it but a ſchool-name. He even at the firſt aſſembling together, finding the great ſtroke *Philanax* carried among the people, thought it his readieſt way of ambition to join with him: which though his pride did hardly brook, yet the other vice carrying with it a more apparent object, prevailed over the weaker, ſo that with thoſe liberal proteſtations of friendſhip, which men that care not for their word are wont to beſtow, he offered unto him the choice in marriage of either the ſiſters, ſo he would likewiſe help him to the other, and make ſuch a partition of the *Arcadian* eſtate. Wiſhing him, that ſince he loved his maſter, becauſe he was his maſter, which ſhewed the love began in himſelf, he ſhould rather, now occaſion was preſented, ſeek his own good ſubſtantially, than affect the ſmoke of a glory, by ſhewing an untimely fidelity to him that could not reward it: and have all the fruit he could get, in mens opinions, which would be as divers, as many; few agreeing to yield him due praiſe of his true heart. But *Philanax*, who had limited his thoughts in that he eſteemed good, to which he was neither carried by the vain tickling of uncertain fame, nor from which he would be tranſported by enjoying any thing, whereto the ignorant world gives the excellent name of goods, with great miſlike of his offer, he made him ſo peremptory an anſwer, not without threatning, if he found him foſter any ſuch fancy, that *Timautus* went with an inward ſpite from him, whom before he had never loved: and meaſuring all mens marches by his own pace, rather thought it ſome farther fetch of *Philanax*, as that he would have all to himſelf alone, than

was any way taken with the lovely beauty of his virtue, whoſe image he had ſo quite defaced in his own ſoul, that he had left himſelf no eyes to behold it, but ſtayed waiting fit opportunity to execute his deſires both for himſelf and againſt *Philanax*, which by the bringing back of *Pamela*, the people being divided into many motions, which both with murmuring noiſes, and putting themſelves in ſeveral troops, they well ſhewed, he thought apt time was laid before him, the waters, being as the proverb ſaith, troubled, and ſo the better for his fiſhing. Therefore going amongſt the chiefeſt lords, whom he knew principally to repine at *Philanax*, and making a kind of convocation of them, he inveighed againſt his proceeding, drawing every thing to the moſt malicious interpretation, that malice it ſelf could inſtruct him to do. He ſaid, it was ſeaſon for them to look to ſuch a weed, that elſe would over-grow them all. It was not now time to conſult of the dead, but of the living: ſince ſuch a ſly wolf was entred among them, that could make juſtice the cloak of tyranny, and love of his late maſter the deſtruction of his now being children. Do you not ſee, ſaid he, how far his corruption hath ſtretched, that he hath ſuch a number of raſcals voices to declare him lieutenant, ready to make him prince, but that he inſtructs them, matters are not yet ripe for it? as for us, becauſe we are too rich to be bought, he thinks us the fitter to be killed. Hath *Arcadia* bred no man but *Philanax*? is ſhe become a ſtepmother to all the reſt, and hath given all her bleſſings to *Philanax*? or if there be men amongſt us, let us ſhew we diſdain to be ſervants to a ſervant. Let us make him know, we are far worthier not to be ſlaves, than he to be a maſter. Think you he hath made ſuch haſte in theſe matters, to give them over to another man's hand? think you, he durſt become the jay-

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lor of his princeſs, but either meaning to be her maſter, or her murtherer? and all this for the dear good-will, forſooth, he bears to the king's memory, whoſe authority as he abuſed in his life, ſo he would now perſevere to abuſe his name after his death. O notable affection, for the love of the father to kill the wife, and diſinherit the children! O ſingle minded modeſty, to aſpire no leſs than to the princely diadem! no, no, he hath veered all this while, but to come the ſooner to his affected end. But let us remember what we be, in quality his equal, in number far before him: let us deliver the queen and our natural princeſſes, and leave them no longer under his authority; whoſe proceedings would rather ſhew that he himſelf had been the murtherer of the king, then a fit guardian of his poſterity. Theſe words pierced much into the minds, already inclined that way: inſomuch that moſt part of the nobility confirmed *Timautus's* ſpeech, and were ready to execute it: when *Philanax* came among them, and with a conſtant, but reverent behaviour, deſired them they would not exerciſe private grudges in ſo common a neceſſity. He acknowledged himſelf a man, and a faulty man: to the clearing or ſatisfying of which, he would at all times ſubmit himſelf; ſince his end was to bring all things to an upright judgment, it ſhould evil fit him to fly the judgment. But ſaid he, my lords, let not *Timautus's* railing ſpeech, who whatſoever he finds evil in his own ſoul, can with eaſe lay it upon another, make me loſe your good favour. Conſider that all well-doing ſtands ſo in the middle betwixt his two contrary evils, that it is a ready matter to caſt a ſlanderous ſhade upon the moſt approved virtues. Who hath an evil tongue, can call ſeverity cruelty, and faithful diligence, diligent ambition. But my end is not to excuſe my ſelf, nor to accuſe him: for both thoſe,

hereafter will be time enough. There is neither of us, whoſe purging or puniſhing may ſo much import to *Arcadia*. Now I requeſt you, for your own honour's ſake, and require you by the duty you owe to this eſtate, that you do preſently, according to the laws, take in hand the chaſtiſement of our maſters murtherers, and laying order for the government: by whom ſoever it be done, ſo it be done, and juſtly done, I am ſatisfied. My labour hath been to frame things ſo, as you might determine: now it is in you to determine. For my part, I call the heavens to witneſs, the care of my heart ſtands to repay that, wherein both I, and moſt of you were tied to that prince, with whom all my love of worldly action is dead.

As *Philanax* was ſpeaking his laſt words, there came one running to him with open mouth, and fearful eyes, telling him, that there was a great number of the people, which were bent to take the young men out of *Sympathus*'s hands, and as it ſhould ſeem by their acclamations, were like enough to proclaim them princes. Nay, ſaid *Philanax*, ſpeaking aloud, and looking with a juſt anger upon the noblemen, it is no ſeaſon to hear *Timautus*'s idle ſlanders, while ſtrangers become our lords, and *Baſilius*'s murtherers ſit in his throne. But whoſoever is a true *Arcadian*, let him follow me. With that he went toward the place he heard of, followed by thoſe that had ever loved him, and ſome of the noblemen. Some other remaining with *Timautus*, who in the mean time was conſpiring by ſtrong hands to deliver *Gynecia*, of whom the weakeſt guard was had. But *Philanax* where he went, found them all in an uproar, which thus was faln out. The greateſt multitude of people, that were come to the death of *Baſilius*, were the *Mantinean* as being the neareſt city to the lodges. Among theſe, the chief man

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both in authority and love, was *Kalandar*, he that not long before had been hoſt to the two princes, whom though he knew not ſo much as by name, yet beſides the obligation he ſtood bound to them in, for preſerving the lives of his ſon and nephew, their noble behaviour had bred ſuch love in his heart towards them, as both with tears he parted from them, when they left him, under promiſe to return, and did keep their jewels and apparel as the reliques of two demigods. Among others he had entred the priſon, and ſeen them, which forthwith ſo inveſted his ſoul, both with ſorrow and deſire to help them, whom he tendred as his children, that calling his neighbours the *Mantineans* unto him, he told them all the praiſes of thoſe two young men, ſwearing he thought the gods had provided for them better, than they themſelves could have imagined. He willed them to conſider, that when all was done *Baſilius's* children muſt enjoy the ſtate, who ſince they had choſen, and choſen ſo, as all the world could not mend their choice, why ſhould they reſiſt god's doing, and their princeſs's pleaſure? this was the only way to purchaſe quietneſs without blood, where otherwiſe they ſhould at one inſtant crown *Pamela* with a crown of gold, and a diſhonoured title? which whether ever ſhe would forget, he thought it fit for them to weigh: ſuch, ſaid he, heroical greatneſs ſhines in their eyes, ſuch an extraordinary majeſty in all their actions, as ſurely either fortune by parantage, or nature in creation, hath made them princes. And yet a ſtate already we have, we need but a man, who ſince he is preſented unto you by the heavenly providence, embraced by our undoubted princeſs, worthy for their youth, of compaſſion, for their beauty, of admiration, for their excellent virtue, to be monarchs of the world; ſhall we not be content with our own bliſs? ſhall we put out our eyes becauſe

another man cannot see? or rather like some men, when too much good happens unto them, they think themselves in a dream, and have not spirits to taste their own goods? no, no, my friends, believe me, I am so impartial, that I know not their names, but so overcome with their virtue, that I shall then think, the destines have ordained a perpetual flourishing to *Arcadia*, when they shall allot such a governor unto it. This spoken by a grave man in years, great in authority, near allied to the prince, and known honest, prevailed so with all the *Mantineans*, that with one voice they run to deliver the two princes. But *Philanax* came in time to withstand them, both sides yet standing in arms, and rather wanting a beginning, than minds to enter into a bloody conflict. Which *Philanax* foreseeing, thought best to remove the prisoners secretly, and if need were, rather without form of justice to kill them, than against justice, as he thought, to have them usurp the state. But there again arose a new trouble. For *Sympathus*, the nobleman that kept them, was so stricken in compassion with their excellent presence, that as he would not falsify his promise to *Philanax*, to give them liberty, so yet would he not yield them to himself, fearing he would do them violence. Thus tumult upon tumult arising, the sun, I think, weary to see their discords, had already gone down to his western lodging. But yet to know what the poor shepherds did, who were the first discriers of these matters, will not to some ears perchance be a tedious digression.

ECLOGUES.

THE shepherds finding no place for them in these garboils, to which their quiet hearts, whose highest ambition was in keeping themselves up

up in goodneſs, had at all no aptneſs, retired themſelves from among the clamorous multitude: and as ſorrow deſires company, went up together to the weſtern-ſide of an hill, whoſe proſpect extended it ſo far, as they might well diſcern many of *Arcadia*'s beauties. And there looking upon the ſun's as then declining race, the poor men ſat penſive of their preſent miſeries, as if they found a wearineſs of their woful words: till at laſt good old *Geron*, who as he had longeſt taſted the benefits of *Baſilius*'s government, ſo ſeemed to have a ſpecial feeling of the preſent loſs, wiping his eyes and long white beard bedewed with great drops of tears, began in this ſort to complain; alas, poor ſheep, ſaid he, which hitherto have enjoyed your fruitful paſture in ſuch quietneſs, as your wool among other things hath made this country famous, your beſt days are now paſt: now you muſt become the victual of an army, and perchance an army of foreign enemies; you are now not only to fear home-wolves, but alien lions: now, I ſay, now that our right *Baſilius* is deceaſed. Alas, ſweet paſtures, ſhall ſoldiers that know not how to uſe you, poſſeſs you? ſhall they that cannot ſpeak the *Arcadian* language be lords over your ſhepherds? for alas with good cauſe may we look for any evil, ſince *Baſilius* our only ſtrength is taken from us. To that all the other ſhepherds preſent uttered pitiful voices, eſpecially the very born *Arcadians*. For as for the other, though humanity moved them to pity human caſes, eſpecially in a prince, under whom they had found a refuge of their miſeries, and juſtice equally adminiſtred? yet could they not ſo naturally feel the lively touch of ſorrow. Nevertheleſs, of that number one *Agelaſtus* notably noted among them, as well for his ſkill in poetry; as for an auſterely maintained ſorrowfulneſs, wherewith he ſeemed to deſpiſe the works of nature, framing an univerſal

ſal complaint in that univerſal miſchief, uttered it in this *Seiſtine.*

Since wailing is a bud of cauſeful ſorrow
Since ſorrow is the follower of evil fortune,
Since no evil fortune equals publick damage;
Now princes loſs hath made our damage publick,
Sorrow pay we to thee the rights of nature,
And inward grief, ſail up with inward wailing.

Why ſhould we ſpare our voice from endleſs wailing,
Who juſtly make our hearts the ſeat of ſorrow?
In ſuch a caſe where it appears that nature
Doth add her force unto the ſting of fortune;
Chuſing alas, this our theatre publick,
Where they would leave trophies of cruel damage.

Then, ſince ſuch powers conſpired unto our damage
(Which may be known, but never help with wailing)
Yet let us leave a monument in publick
Of willing tears, torn hairs, and cries of ſorrow.
For loſt, loſt is by blow of cruel fortune
Arcadia's gem, the nobleſt child of nature.

O nature doting old, O blind dead nature,
How haſt thou torn thy ſelf, ſought thine own damage!
In granting ſuch a ſcope to filthy fortune,
By thy imp's loſs to fill the world with wailing.
Caſt thy ſtep-mother eyes, upon our ſorrow,
Publick our loſs: ſo, ſee, thy ſhame is publick.

O that we had, to make our woes more publick,
Seas in our eyes, and brazen tongues by nature,
A yelling voice, and hearts compos'd of ſorrow,
Breath made of flames, wits knowing naught but damage,

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Our ſports murd'ring our ſelves, our muſicks wailing,
Our ſtudies fixt upon the falls of fortune.

No, no, our miſchief grows in this vile fortune,
That private pains cannot breathe out in publick
The furious inward griefs with helliſh wailing:
But forced are to burthen feeble nature
With ſecret ſenſe of our eternal damage,
And ſorrow feed, feeding our ſouls with ſorrow.

Since ſorrow then concluded all our fortune,
With all our deaths ſhew we this damage publick:
His nature fears to die who lives ſtill wailing.

It ſeemed that this complaint of *Agelaſtus* had awaked the ſpirits of the *Arcadians*, aſtoniſhed before with the exceedingneſs of ſorrow. For he had ſcarcely ended, when divers of them offered to follow his example, in bewailing the general loſs of that country which had been as well a nurſe to ſtrangers, as a mother to *Arcadians*. Among the reſt one accounted good in that kind, and made the better by the true feeling of ſorrow, roared out a ſong of lamentation, which, as well as might be, was gathered up in this form:

Since that to death is gone the ſhepherd high,
Who moſt the ſilly ſhepherd's pipe did prize,
Your doleful tunes ſweet *Muſes* now apply.
And you O trees, if any life there lies
In trees, now through your porous barks receive
The ſtrange reſound of theſe my cauſeful cries:
And let my breath upon your branches cleave,
My breath diſtinguiſhed into words of woe,
That ſo I may ſigns of my ſorrow leave.
But if among your ſelves ſome one tree grow,
That apteſt is to figure miſery,
Let it embaſſage bear your griefs to ſhow.

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The weeping myrrhe I think will not deny
Her help to this, this juſteſt cauſe of plaint.
Your doleful tunes ſweet *Muſes* now apply.

And thou, poor earth, whom fortune doth attaint,
In nature's name to ſuffer ſuch a harm,
As for to loſe thy gem, and ſuch a ſaint,
Upon thy face let coaly ravens ſwarm:
Let all the ſea thy tears accounted be;
Thy bowels will all killing metals arm.
Let gold now ruſt, let diamonds waſte in thee:
Let pearls be wan with woe their dam doth bear?
Thy ſelf henceforth the light do never ſee.
And you, O flowers, which ſometimes princes wear,
Tell theſe ſtrange alt'rings you did hap to try,
Of princes loſs your ſelves for tokens rear.
Lilly in mourning black thy whiteneſs die:
O *Hyacinth* let *Ai* be on thee ſtill,
Your doleful tunes ſweet *Muſes* now apply.

O *Echo*, all theſe words with roaring fill,
And do not only mark the accents laſt,
But all, for all reach out my wailful will:
One *Echo* to another *Echo* caſt
Sound of my griefs, and let it never end,
Till that it hath all words and waters paſt,
Nay to the heav'ns your juſt complaining ſend,
And ſtay the ſtars inconſtant conſtant race,
Till that they do unto our dolours bend:
And ask the reaſon of that ſpecial grace,
That they which have no lives ſhould live ſo long,
And virtuous ſouls ſo ſoon ſhould loſe their place?
Ask, if in great men good men do ſo throng,
That he for want of elbow-room muſt die?
Or if that they be ſcant, if this be wrong?

Did

Did wiſdom this our wretched time eſpy
In one true cheſt to rob all virtue's treaſure?
Your doleful tunes ſweet *Muſes* now apply.

And if that any counſel you to meaſure
Your doleful tunes, to them ſtill plaining ſay,
To well felt grief plaint is the only pleaſure.
O light of ſun, which is intitled day:
O well thou doſt that thou no longer bideſt;
For mourning night her black weeds may diſplay.
O *Phœbus* with good cauſe thy face thou hideſt,
Rather than have thy all beholding eye
Foul'd with this ſight, while thou thy chariot guideſt,
And well (methinks becomes this vaulty sky
A ſtately tomb to cover him deceaſed.
Your doleful tunes ſweet *Muſes* now apply.

O *Philomela* with thy breaſt oppreſſed
By ſhame and grief, help, help me to lament
Such curſed harms as cannot be redreſſed.
Or if thy mourning notes be fully ſpent,
Then give a quiet ear unto my plaining:
For I to teach the world complaint am bent.
You dimmy clouds, which well employ your ſtaining.
This chearful air with your obſcured chear,
Witneſs your woful tears with daily raining.
And if, O ſun, thou ever didſt appear,
In ſhape, which by man's eye might be perceived:
Virtue is dead, now ſet thy triumph here.
Now ſet thy triumph in this world, bereaved
Of what was good, where now no good doth lie:
And by the pomp our loſs will be conceived,
O notes of mine, your ſelves together tie:
With too much grief methinks you are diſſolved.
Your doleful tunes ſweet *Muſes* now apply.

Time

Time ever old, and young it ſtill revolved
Within it's ſelf, and never taſted end:
But mankind is for aye to nought reſolved,
The filthy ſnake her aged coat can mend,
And getting youth again, in youth doth flouriſh:
But unto man age ever death doth ſend.
The very trees with grafting we can cheriſh,
So that we can long time produce their time:
But man which helpeth them, helpleſs muſt periſh.
Thus, thus the minds which over all do climb,
When they by years experience get beſt graces,
Muſt finiſh then by death's deteſted crime.
We laſt ſhort while, and build long laſting places:
Ah let us all againſt foul nature cry:
We nature's works do help, ſhe us defaces.
For how can nature unto this reply:
That ſhe her child, I ſay, her beſt child killeth?
Your doleful tunes ſweet *Muſes* now apply.

Alas methinks my weak'ned voice but ſpilleth
The vehement courſe of this juſt lamentation:
Methinks, my ſound no place with ſorrow filleth.
I know not I, but once in deteſtation
I have my ſelf, and all what life containeth,
Since death on virtues fort hath made invaſion.
One word of woe another after traineth:
Ne do I care how rude be my invention,
So it be ſeen what ſorrow in me reigneth.
O elements, by whoſe, men ſay, contention,
Our bodies be in living power maintained,
Was this man's death the fruit of your diſſenſion?
O phyſick's power, which, ſome ſay, hath reſtrained
Approach of death, alas, thou helpeſt meagerly;
When once one is for *Atropos* diſtrained,
Great be phyſicians brags, but aid is beggarly,
When rooted moiſture fails or groweth dry;
They leave off all, and ſay, death comes too eagerly.
They are but words therefore that men do buy

Of

Of any, ſince god *Æſculapius* ceaſed,
Your doleful tunes ſweet *Muſes* now apply.

Juſtice, juſtice is now, alas, oppreſſed:
Bountifulneſs hath made his laſt concluſion:
Goodneſs for beſt attire in duſt is dreſſed.
Shepherds bewail your uttermoſt confuſion;
And ſee by this picture to you preſented,
Death is our home, life is but a deluſion,
For ſee, alas, who is from you abſented,
Abſented? nay I ſay for ever baniſhed
For ſuch as were to die for him contented?
Out of her ſight in turn of hand is vaniſhed
Shepherd of ſhepherds, whoſe well ſettled order
Private with wealth, public with quiet garniſhed
While he did live, far, far was all diſorder,
Example more prevailing than direction,
Far was home-ſtrife, and far was foe from border,
His life a law, his look a full correction:
As in his health we healthful were preſerved,
So in his ſickneſs grew our ſure infection.
His death our death. But ah, my muſe hath ſwerved,
For ſuch deep plaint as ſhould ſuch woes deſcry,
Which he of us for ever hath deſerved.
The ſtyle of heavy heart can never fly
So high, as ſhould make ſuch a pain notorious:
Ceaſe muſe therefore: thy dart O death apply,
And farewel prince, whom goodneſs hath made glorious.

Many were ready to have followed this courſe, but the day was ſo waſted, that only this riming *Seiſtine* delivered by one of great account among them, could obtain favour to be heard,

Fare-

Farewel, O ſun, *Arcadia*'s cleareſt light:
Farewel, O pearl, the poor man's plenteous treaſure.
Farewel, O golden ſtaff, the weak man's might:
Farewel, O joy, the joyful's only pleaſure.
Wiſdom, farewel, the skill-leſs man's direction:
Farewel with thee, farewel all our affection.

For what place now is left for our affection,
Now that of pureſt lamp is quench'd the light,
Which to our darkned mind was beſt direction?
Now that the mine is loſt of all our treaſure?
Now death hath ſwallowed up our worldly pleaſure,
We orphans made, void of all publick might?

Orphans indeed, depriv'd of father's might:
For he our father was in all affection,
In our well-doing placing all his pleaſure,
Still ſtudying how to us to be a light.
As well he was in peace a ſafeſt treaſure:
In war his wit and word was our direction.

Whence, whence, alas, ſhall we ſeek our direction?
When that we fear our hateful neighbours might,
Who long have gap'd to get *Arcadian*'s treaſure.
Shall we now find a guide of ſuch affection,
Who for our ſakes will think all travel light,
And make his pain to keep us ſafe, his pleaſure?

No, no, for ever gone is all our pleaſure;
For ever wandring from all good direction;
For ever blinded of our cleareſt light;
For ever lamed of our ſured might;
For ever baniſh'd from well plac'd affection;
For ever rob'd of all our royal treaſure.

Let

Let tears for him therefore be all our treaſure
And in our wailful naming him our pleaſure:
Let hating of our ſelves be our affection,
And unto death bend ſtill our thoughts direction:
Let us againſt our ſelves employ our might,
And putting out our eyes ſeek we our light.

Farewel our light, farewel our ſpoiled treaſure;
Farewel our might, farewel our daunted pleaſure:
Farewel direction: farewel all affection.

The night began to caſt her dark canopy over them, and they even weary with their woes, bended homewards: hoping by ſleep, forgetting themſelves, to eaſe their preſent dolours, when they were met with a troop of twenty horſe, the chief of which asking them for the king, underſtanding the hard news, thereupon ſtaid among them, expecting the return of a meſſenger, whom with ſpeed he diſpatched to *Philanax*.

THE

COUNTESS of *Pembroke's*

ARCADIA.

BOOK V.

THE dangerous diviſion of men's minds, the ruinous renting of all eſtates, had now brought *Arcadia* to feel the pangs of uttermoſt peril, ſuch convulſions never coming, but that the life of that government draws near his neceſſary period, when to the honeſt and wiſe *Philanax*, equally diſtracted between deſire of his maſter's revenge and care of the eſtates' eſtabliſhment, there came, unlooked for, a *Macedonian* gentleman, who in ſhort, but pithy manner, delivered unto him, that the renowned *Euarchus*, king of *Macedon*, purpoſing to have viſited his old friend and confederate the king *Baſilius*, was now come within half a mile of the lodges, where having underſtood by certain ſhepherds,

herds the ſudden death of their prince, had ſent unto him, of whoſe authority and faith he had good knowledge, deſiring him to advertiſe him, in what ſecurity he might reſt there for that night, where willingly he would, if ſafely he might, help to celebrate the funerals of his ancient companion and ally; adding he need not doubt, ſince he had brought but twenty in his company, he would be ſo unwiſe as to enter into any forcible attempt with ſo ſmall force. *Philanax* having entertained the gentleman, as well as in the midſt of ſo many tumults he could, pauſing a while with himſelf, conſidering how it ſhould not only be unjuſt, and againſt the law of nations, not well to receive a prince whom good-will had brought among them, but, in reſpect of the greatneſs of his might, very dangerous to give him any cauſe of due offence; remembring withal the excellent trials of his equity, which made him more famous than his victories, he thought he might be the fitteſt inſtrument to redreſs the ruins they were in, ſince his goodneſs put him without ſuſpicion, and his greatneſs beyond envy. Yet weighing with himſelf how hard many heads were to be bridled, and that in this monſtrous confuſion ſuch miſchief might be attempted, of which late repentance ſhould after be but a ſimple remedy: he judged beſt firſt to know how the people's minds would ſway to this determination. Therefore deſiring the gentleman to return to the king his maſter, and to beſeech him, though with his pains, to ſtay for an hour or two, where he was, till he had ſet things in better order to receive him, he himſelf went firſt to the noblemen, then to *Kalander*, and the principal *Mantineans*, who were moſt oppoſite unto him; deſiring them, that as the night had moſt bleſſedly ſtaid them from entring into civil blood, ſo they would be content in the night to aſſemble the people together, to hear ſome news, which he was to deliver unto them.

There is nothing more deſirous of novelties than a man that fears his preſent fortune. Therefore they, whom mutual diffidence made doubtful of their utter deſtruction, were quickly perſuaded to hear of any new matter, which might alter at leaſt, if not help the nature of their fear. Namely, the chiefeſt men, who as they had moſt to loſe, ſo were moſt jealous of their own caſe, and were already grown as weary to be followers of *Timautus*'s ambition, as before they were enviers of *Philanax*'s worthineſs. As for *Kalander* and *Sympathus*, as in the one a virtuous friendſhip had made him ſeek to advance, in the other a natural commiſeration had made him willing to protect the excellent, though unfortunate, priſoners, ſo were they not againſt this convocation. For having nothing but juſt deſires in them, they did not miſtruſt the juſtifying of them. Only *Timautus* laboured to have withdrawn them from this aſſembly, ſaying, it was time to ſtop their ears from the ambitious charms of *Philanax*. Let them firſt deliver *Gynecia*, and her daughters, which were fit perſons to hear, and then they might begin to ſpeak. That this was but *Philanax*'s cunning, to link broil upon broil, becauſe he might avoid the anſwering of his treſpaſſes, which as he had long intended, ſo had he prepared coloured ſpeeches to diſguiſe them. But as his words expreſſed rather a violence of rancour, than any juſt ground of accuſation, ſo pierced they no farther, than to ſome partial ears, the multitude yielding good attention to what *Philanax* would propoſe unto them: Who, like a man, whoſe beſt building was a well-framed conſcience, neither with plauſible words, nor fawning countenance, but even with the grave behaviour of a wiſe father, whom nothing but love makes to chide, thus ſaid unto them. I have, ſaid he, a great matter to deliver unto you, and thereout am I to make a greater demand of you: but truly ſuch hath this late proceeding been of yours,

that

that I know not what is to be demanded of you. Methinks I may have reaſon to require of you, as men are wont among pirates, that the life of him that never hurt you, may be ſafe. Methinks I am not without appearance of cauſe, as if you were *Cyclopes* or *Canabals*, to deſire that our prince's body, which hath thirty years maintained us in a flouriſhing peace, be not torn in pieces, or devoured among you, but may be ſuffered to yield it ſelf, which never was defiled with any of your bloods, to the natural reſt of the earth. Methinks, not as to *Arcadian*'s renowned for your faith to prince, and love of country, but as to ſworn enemies of this ſweet ſoil. I am to deſire you, that at leaſt, if you will have ſtrangers to your princes, yet you will not deliver the ſeigniory of this goodly kingdom to your noble king's murtherers. Laſtly, I have reaſon, as if I had to ſpeak to mad men, to deſire you to be good to your ſelves: for before god, what either barbarous violence or unnatural folly, hath not this day had his ſeat in your minds, and left his footſteps in your actions? but in troth I love you too well, to ſtand long diſplaying your faults: I would you your ſelves did forget them, ſo you did not fall again into them. For my part, I had much rather be an orator of your praiſes. But now, if you will ſuffer attentive judgment, and not fore-judging paſſion, to be the weigher of my words, I will deliver unto you what a bleſſed mean the gods have ſent unto you, if you liſt to embrace it. I think there is none among you ſo young, either in years, or underſtanding, but hath heard the true fame of that juſt prince *Euarchus*, king of *Macedon*. A prince with whom our late maſter did ever hold moſt perfect alliance. He, even he, is this day come, having but twenty horſe with him, within two miles of this place, hoping to have found the virtuous *Baſilius* alive, but now willing to do honour to his death. Surely, ſurely

the heavenly powers have in ſo full a time beſtowed him on us, to unite our diviſions. For my part therefore I wiſh, that ſince among our ſelves we cannot agree in ſo manifold partialities, we do put the ordering of all theſe things into his hands, as well touching the obſequies of the king, the puniſhment of his death, as the marriage and crowning of our princeſſes, he is both by experience and wiſdom taught how to direct: his greatneſs ſuch, as no man can diſdain to obey him: his equity ſuch, as no man need to fear him. Laſtly, as he hath all theſe qualities to help, ſo hath he, though he would, no force to hurt. If therefore you ſo think good, ſince our laws bear that our prince's murther be chaſtiſed before his murthered body be buried, we may invite him to ſit to morrow in the judgment ſeat; which done, you may after proceed to the burial. When *Philanax* firſt named *Euarchus* landing, there was a muttering murmur among the people, as though, in that evil ordered weakneſs of theirs, he had come to conquer their country. But when they underſtood he had ſo ſmall a retinue, whiſpering one with another, and looking who ſhould begin to confirm *Philanax's* propoſition, at length *Sympathus* was the firſt that allowed it, then the reſt of the noblemen; neither did *Kalander* ſtrive, hoping ſo excellent a prince could not but deal graciouſly with two ſuch young men, whoſe authority joined to *Philanax*, all the popular ſort followed. *Timautus* ſtill blinded with his own ambitious haſte, not remembring factions are no longer to be truſted, than the factious may be perſuaded it is for their own good, would needs ſtrive againſt the ſtream, exclaiming againſt *Philanax*, that now he ſhewed who it was, that would betray his country to ſtrangers. But well he found, that *who is too buſy in the foundation of an houſe, may pull the building about his ears.* For the people already tired with their own diviſions, of which his clam-

clampring had been a principal nurſe, and beginning now to eſpy a haven of reſt, hated any thing that ſhould hinder them from it: asking one another whether this were not he, whoſe evil tongue no man could eſcape? whether it were not *Timautus* that made the firſt mutinous oration, to ſtrengthen the troubles? whether *Timautus*, without their conſent, had not gone about to deliver *Gynecia*? And thus inflaming one another againſt him, they threw him out of the aſſembly, and after purſued him with ſtones and ſtaves, ſo that with loſs of one of his eyes, ſore wounded and beaten, he was fain to fly to *Philanax's* feet, for ſuccour of his life: giving a true leſſon, that *vice it ſelf is forced to ſeek the ſanctuary of virtue.* For *Philanax*, who hated his evil, but not his perſon, and knew that a juſt puniſhment might by the manner be unjuſtly done; remembring withal, that although herein the people's rage might have hit rightly, yet if it were nouriſhed in this, no man knew to what extremities it might extend it ſelf: with earneſt dealing, and employing the uttermoſt of his authority he did protect the trembling *Timautus*. And then having taken a general oath, that they ſhould in the nonage of the princeſs, or till theſe things were ſettled, yield full obedience to *Euarchus*, ſo far as were not prejudicial to the laws, cuſtoms, and liberties of *Arcadia*: and having taken a particular bond of *Sympathus*, under whom he had a ſervant of his own, that the priſoners ſhould be kept cloſe, without conference with any man: he himſelf honourably accompanied with a great number of torches, went to the king *Euarchus*, whoſe coming in this ſort into *Arcadia* had thus fallen out.

The woful prince *Plangus* receiving of *Baſilius* no other ſuccours, but only certain to conduct him to *Euarchus*, made all poſſible ſpeed towards *Byzantium*, where he underſtood the king, having concluded all his wars with the wining of that

town, had now for ſome good ſpace made his abode. But being far gone on his way, he received certain intelligence, that *Euarchus* was not only ſome days before returned unto *Macedonia*, but ſince was gone with ſome haſte to viſit that coaſt of his country that lay towards *Italy*; the occaſion given by the *Latines*, who having already gotten into their hands, partly by conqueſt, and partly by confederacy, the greateſt part of *Italy*, and long gaped to devour *Greece* alſo, obſerving the preſent opportunity of *Euarchus*'s abſence, and *Baſilius*'s ſolitarineſs, which two princes they knew to be in effect the whole ſtrength of *Greece*, were even ready to lay an unjuſt gripe upon it, which after they might beautify with the noble name of conqueſt. Which purpoſe though they made not known by any ſolemn denouncing of war, but contrariwiſe gave many tokens of continuing ſtill their former amity: yet the ſtaying of his ſubjects ſhips, trafficking as merchants into thoſe parts, together with the daily preparation of ſhipping, and other warlike proviſions in ports, moſt convenient for the tranſporting of ſoldiers, occaſioned *Euarchus*, not unacquainted with ſuch practices, firſt to ſuſpect, then to diſcern, laſtly to ſeek to prevent the intended miſchief. Yet thinking war never to be accepted, until it be offered by the hand of neceſſity, he determined ſo long openly to hold them his friends, as open hoſpitality bewrayed them not his enemies, nor ceaſing in the mean time by letters and meſſages to move the ſtates of *Greece*, by uniting their ſtrength, to make timely proviſion againſt this peril; by many reaſons making them ſee, that, though in reſpect of place, ſome of them might ſeem farther removed from the firſt violence of the ſtorm, yet being imbarked in the ſame ſhip, the final wrack muſt needs be common to them all. And knowing the mighty force of example, with the weak effect of fair diſcourſes,

not

not waited on with agreeable actions, what he perſuaded them, himſelf performed, leaving in his own realm nothing either undone or unprovided which might be thought neceſſary for withſtanding an invaſion. His firſt care was to put his people in a readineſs for war; and by his experienced ſoldiers to train the unskilful to martial exerciſes. For the better effecting whereof, as alſo for meeting with other inconveniences in ſuch doubtful times incident to the moſt ſetled ſtates, making of the divers regions of his whole kingdom ſo many diviſions as he thought convenient, he appointed the charge of them to the greateſt, and of greateſt truſt he had about him: arming them with ſufficient authority to levy forces within their ſeveral governments, both for the reſiſting the invading enemy, and puniſhing the diſordered ſubject. Having thus prepared the body, and aſſured the heart of his country againſt any miſchief that might attaint it, he then took into his careful conſideration the external parts, giving order both for the reparing and increaſing his navy, and for the fortifying of ſuch places, eſpecially on the ſea-coaſt, as either commodity of landing, weakneſs of the country, or any other reſpect of advantage was likelieſt to draw the enemy unto. But being none of them who think all things done, for which they have once given direction, he followed every where his commandment with his preſence, which witneſſed of every man's ſlackneſs or diligence, chaſtiſing the one, and encouraging the other, ſuffered not the fruit of any profitable counſel for want of timely taking to be loſt. And thus making one place ſucceed another in the progreſs of wiſdom and virtue, he was now come to *Aulon* a principal port of his realm, when the poor *Plangus* extremely wearied with his long journey, deſire of ſuccouring *Erona* no more relieving, than fear of not ſuccouring her in time, aggravating

vating his travel, by a lamentable narration of his children's death, called home his cares from encountring foreign enemies, to ſuppreſs the inſurrection of inward paſſions. The matter ſo heinous, the manner ſo villainous, the loſs of ſuch perſons, in ſo unripe years, in a time ſo dangerous to the whole ſtate of *Greece*, how vehemently it moved to grief and compaſſion others, only not blind to the light of virtue, nor deaf to the voice of their country, might perchance by a more cunning workman in lively colours be delivered. But the face of *Euarchus*'s ſorrow, to the one in nature, to both in affection a father, and judging the world ſo much the more unworthily deprived of thoſe excellencies, as himſelf was better judge of ſo excellent worthineſs, can no otherwiſe be ſhadowed out by the skilfulleſt pencil, than by covering it over with the veil of ſilence. And indeed that way himſelf took, with ſo patient a quietneſs receiving this pitiful relation, that all words of weakneſs ſuppreſſed, magnanimity ſeemed to triumph over miſery. Only receiving of *Plangus* perfect inſtruction of all things concerning *Plexirtus* and *Artaxia*, with promiſe not only to aid him in delivering *Erona*, but alſo with vehement proteſtation, never to return into *Macedon*, till he had purſued the murtherers to death, he diſpatched with ſpeed a ſhip for *Byzantium*, commanding the governour to provide all neceſſaries for the war againſt his own coming, which he purpoſed ſhould be very ſhortly. In this ſhip *Plangus* would needs go, impatient of ſtay, for that in many days before he had underſtood nothing of his lady's eſtate. Soon after whoſe departure, news was brought to *Euarchus*, that all the ſhips detained in *Italy* were returned. For the *Latines* finding by *Euarchus*'s proceeding their intent to be fruſtrate, as before by his ſudden return they doubted it was diſcovered, deeming it no wiſdom to

ſhew

ſhew the will, not having the ability to hurt, had not only in free and friendly manner diſmiſſed them, but for that time wholly omitted their enterprize attending the opportunity of fitter occaſion. By means whereof *Euarchus*, rid from the cumber of that war, likely otherwiſe to have ſtayed him longer, with ſo great a fleet as haſte would ſuffer him to aſſemble, forthwith embarked for *Byzantium*. And now followed with freſh winds he had in a ſhort time run a long courſe, when on a night encountred with an extreme tempeſt, his ſhips were ſo ſcattered, that ſcarcely any two were left together. As for the king's own ſhip, deprived of all company, ſore bruiſed, and weather-beaten, able no longer to brook the ſeas churliſh entertainment, a little before day it recovered the ſhore. The firſt light made them ſee it was the unhappy coſt of *Laconia*: for no other country could have ſhown the like evidence of unnatural war. Which having long endured between the nobility and the *Helots*, and once compounded by *Pyrocles*, under the name of *Diaphantus*, immediately upon his departure had broken out more violently than ever before. For the king taking opportunity of their captain's abſence, refuſed to perform the conditions of peace, as extorted from him by rebellious violence. Whereupon they were again deeply entred into war, with ſo notable an hatred towards the very name of a king, that *Euarchus*, though a ſtranger unto them, thought it not ſafe there to leave his perſon, where neither his own force could be a defence, nor the ſacred name of majeſty, a protection. Therefore calling to him an *Arcadian*, one that coming with *Plangus* had remained with *Euarchus*, deſirous to ſee the wars, he demanded of him for the next place of ſurety, where he might make his ſtay, until he might hear ſomewhat of his fleet, or cauſe his ſhip to be repaired. The gentleman

glad

glad to have this occaſion of doing ſervice to *Euarchus*, and honour to *Baſilius*, to whom he knew he ſhould bring a moſt welcome gueſt, told him, that if it pleaſed him to commit himſelf to *Arcadia*, a part whereof lay open to their view, he would undertake e'er the next night were far ſpent to guide him ſafely to his maſter *Baſilius*. The preſent neceſſity much prevailed with *Euarchus*, yet more a certain virtuous deſire to try, whether by his authority he might withdraw *Baſilius* from burying himſelf alive, and to employ the reſt of his old years in doing good, the only happy action of man's life. For beſides the univerſal caſe of *Greece*, deprived by this means of a principal pillar, he weighed and pitied the pitiful ſtate of the *Arcadian* people, who were in worſe caſe than if death had taken away their prince. For ſo yet their neceſſity would have placed ſome one to the helm; now, a prince being, and not doing like a prince, keeping and not exerciſing the place, they were in ſo much more evil caſe, as they could not provide for their evil. Theſe rightly wiſe and virtuous conſiderations eſpecially moved *Euarchus* to take his journey towards the deſarts, where arriving within night, and underſtanding to his great grief the news of the prince's death, he waited for his ſafe conduct from *Philanax*; in the mean time taking his reſt under a tree, with no more affected pomps, then as a man that knew, howſoever he was exalted, the beginning and end of his body was earth. But *Philanax* as ſoon as he was in ſight of him, lighting from his horſe, preſented himſelf unto him in all thoſe humble behaviours, which not only the great reverence of the party, but the conceit of one's own miſery, is wont to frame: *Euarchus* roſe up unto him with ſo gracious a countenance, as the goodneſs of his mind had long exerciſed him unto; careful ſo much more to deſcend in all cour-

courtiſies, as he ſaw him bear a ſow repreſentation of his afflicted ſtate. But to *Philanax*, as ſoon as by near looking on him, he might perfectly behold him, the gravity of his countenance and years, much unlike to his late deceaſed, but ever beloved maſter, brought his form ſo lively unto his memory, and revived ſo all the thoughts of his wonted joys within him, that inſtead of ſpeaking to *Euarchus*, he ſtood a while like a man gone a far journey from himſelf, calling as it were with his mind an account of his loſſes, imagining that this pain needed not, if nature had not been violently ſtopped of her own courſe; and caſting more loveing than wiſe conceits, what a world this would have been if this ſudden accident had not interrupted it. And ſo far ſtrayed he into his raving melancholly, that his eyes nimbler than his tongue, let fall a flood of tears, his voice being ſtopped with extremity of ſobbing, ſo much had his friendſhip carried him to *Baſilius*, that he thought no age was timely for his death. But at length taking the occaſion of his own weeping, he thus did ſpeak to *Euarchus*; let not my tears, moſt worthily renowned prince, make my preſence unpleaſant, or my ſpeech unmarked of you. For the juſtneſs of the cauſe takes away the blame of any weakneſs in me; and the affinity that the ſame beareth to your greatneſs, ſeems even lawfully to claim pity in you: a prince of a prince's fall, a lover of juſtice, of a moſt unjuſt violence. And give me leave, excellent *Euarchus*, to ſay, I am but the repreſenter of all the late flouriſhing *Arcadia*, which now with mine eyes doth weep, with my tongue doth complain, with my knees doth lay it ſelf at your feet, which never had been unready to carry you to the virtuous protecting of innocents. Imagine, vouchſafe to imagine, moſt wiſe and good king, that here is before your eyes the pitiful ſpectacle of a moſt dolourouſly

lourouſly ending tragedy: wherein I do but play the part of all the new miſerable province, which being ſpoiled of their guide, doth lie like a ſhip without a pilot, tumbling up and down in the uncertain waves, till it either run it ſelf upon the rocks of ſelfdiviſion, or be overthrown by the ſtormy wind of foreign force. *Arcadia* finding her ſelf in theſe deſolate terms, doth ſpeak, and I ſpeak for her, to thee not vainly puiſſant prince, that ſince now ſhe is not only robbed of the natural ſupport of her lords, but ſo ſuddenly robbed that ſhe hath not breathing time to ſtand for her ſafety: ſo unfortunately, that it doth appall their minds, though they had leiſure: and ſo miſchievouſly, that it doth exceed both the ſuddenneſs and unfortunatneſs of it; thou wilt lend thine arm unto her, and as a man, take compaſſion of mankind: as a virtuous man, chaſtiſe moſt abominable vice; and as a prince protect a people, which all have with one voice called for thy goodneſs; thinking that as thou art only able, ſo thou art fully able, to redreſs their imminent ruins. They do therefore with as much confidence as neceſſity, fly unto you for ſuccour, they lay themſelves open unto you: to you, I mean your ſelf ſuch as you have ever been: that is to ſay, one that hath always had his determinations bounded with equity. They only reſerve the right to *Baſilius's* blood; the manner to the ancient preſcribing of their laws. For the reſt without exception they yield over unto you, as to the elected protector of this kingdom, which name and office they beſeech you, till you have laid a ſufficient foundation of tranquillity, to take upon you; the particularity both of their ſtatutes and demands you ſhall preſently after underſtand. Now only I am to ſay unto you, that this country falls to be a fair field, to prove whether the goodly tree of your virtue will live in all ſoils. Here I ſay will

be

be ſeen, whether either fear can make you ſhort, or the licouriſhneſs of dominion make you beyond juſtice. And I can for concluſion ſay no more but this, you muſt think upon my words; and your anſwer depend not only the quiet, but the lives of ſo many thouſands, which for their ancient confederacy, in this their extreme neceſſity, deſire neither the expence of your treaſure, nor hazard of your ſubjects, but only the benefit of your wiſdom, whoſe both glory and increaſe ſtands in the exerciſing of it. The ſum of this requeſt was utterly unlooked for of *Euarchus*, which made him the more diligent in marking his ſpeech, and after his ſpeech take the greater pauſe for a perfect reſolution. For as of the one ſide, he thought nature required nothing more of him than that he ſhould be a help to them of like creation, and had his heart no wit commanded with fear, thinking his life well paſſed, having ſatisfied the tyranny of time, with the courſe of many years, the expectation of the world with more than expected honour: laſtly, the tribute due to his own mind, with the daily offering of moſt virtuous action: ſo of the other he weighed the juſt reproach that followed thoſe who eaſily enter into other folks buſineſs, with the opinion might be concieved, love of ſeigniory rather than of juſtice, had made him embark himſelf thus into a matter nothing pertaining to him, eſpecially in a time when earneſt occaſion of his own buſineſs ſo greatly required his preſence. But in the end, wiſdom being an eſſential and not an opinionate thing, made him rather to bend to what was in it ſelf good, then what by evil minds might be judged not good. And therein did ſee, that though the people did not belong unto him, yet doing good, which is not encloſed within any terms of people, did belong unto him, and if neceſſity forced him for ſome time to abide in *Arcadia*, the neceſſity of *Arcadia* might juſtly demand ſome

fruit

fruit of abiding. To this, secret assurance of his own worthiness, which although it be never so well cloathed in modesty, yet always lives in the worthiest minds, did much push him forward, saying unto himself, the treasure of those inward gifts he had were bestowed by the Heavens upon him, to be beneficial and not idle. On which determination resting, and yet willing before he waded any farther, to examine well the depth of the others proffer; he thus with that well-poised gesture, unpassionate nature bestoweth upon mankind, made answer to *Philanax*'s most urgent petition. Although long experience hath made me know all men, and so princes which be but men, to be subject to infinite casualties, the very constitution of our lives remaining in continual change: yet the affairs of this country, or at least my meeting so jumply with them, makes me abashed with the strangeness of it. With much pain I have come hither to see my long approved friend, and now I find if I will see him, I must see him dead: after, for mine own security, I seek to be warranted mine own life; and there suddenly am I appointed to be a judge of other men's lives: though a friend to him, yet am I a stranger to the country, and now of a stranger you would suddenly make a director. I might object, to your desire, my weakness, which age perhaps hath wrought in mind and body: and justly I may pretend the necessity of mine own affairs, to which as I am by all true rules most nearly tied, so can they not long bear the delay of my absence. But though I would and could dispence with these difficulties, what assurance can I have of the people's will? which having so many circles of imagination can hardly be inclosed in one point. Who knows a people, that knows not sudden opinion makes them hope, which hope if it be not answered, they fall in hate? chusing and refusing, erecting, and over-

overthrowing, according as the preſentneſs of any fancy carries them. Even this their haſty drawing to me, makes me think they will be as haſtily withdrawn from me; for it is but one ground of inconſtancy, ſoon to take or ſoon to leave. It may be they have heard of *Euarchus* more than cauſe: their own eyes will be perhaps more curious judges, out of hear-ſay they may have builded many conceits, which I cannot, perchance will not, perform, then will undeſerved repentance be a greater ſhame and injury unto me, than their undeſerved proffer is honour. And to conclude, I muſt be fully informed how the patient is minded, before I can promiſe to undertake the cure. *Philanax* was not of the modern minds, who made ſuters magiſtrates; but did ever think *the unwilling worthy man, was fitter than the undeſerving deſirer.* Therefore the more *Euarchus* drew back, the more he found in him, that the cunningeſt pilot doth moſt dread the rocks, the more earneſtly he purſued his publick requeſt unto him. He deſired him not to make any weak excuſes of his weakneſs, ſince ſo many examples had well proved his mind was ſtrong to overpaſs the greateſt troubles, and his body ſtrong enough to obey his mind: and that ſo long as they were joined together, he knew *Euarchus* would think it no wearifome exerciſe, to make them veſſels of virtuous actions. The duty to his country he acknowledged, which as he had ſo ſettled as it was not to fear any ſudden alteration, ſo ſince it did want him, as well it might endure a fruitful as an idle abſence. As for the doubt he conceived of the people's conſtancy in this their election, he ſaid it was ſuch a doubt as all human actions are ſubject unto; yet as much as in politick matters, which receive not geometrical certainties, a man may aſſure himſelf there was evident likelihood to be conceived of the continuance, both in their unanimity, and his worthineſs; whereof the

one was apt to be held, and the other to hold, joined the preſent neceſſity the firmeſt bands of mortal minds. In ſum, he alledged ſo many reaſons to *Euarchus*'s mind, already inclined to enter into any virtuous action, that he yielded to take upon himſelf the judgment of the preſent cauſe; ſo as he might find indeed, that ſuch was the people's deſire out of judgment, and not faction. Therefore mounting on their horſes, they haſted to the lodges, where they found, though late in the night, the people wakefully watching for the iſſue of *Philanax*'s embaſſage. No man thinking the matter would be well done, without he had his voice in it, and each deeming his own eyes the beſt guardians of his throat in that accuſtomed tumult. But when they ſaw *Philanax* return, having on his right hand the king *Euarchus*, on whom they had now placed the greateſt burthen of their fears, with joyful ſhouts, and applauding acclamations, they made him and the world quickly know, that *one mans ſufficiency is more available than a thouſand multitude.* So evil ballanced be the extremities of popular minds: and ſo much natural imperiouſneſs there reſts in a well-formed ſpirit. For, as if *Euarchus* had been born of the princely blood of *Arcadia*, or that long and well acquainted proof had ingrafted him in their country, ſo flocked they about this ſtranger, moſt of them already from dejected fears, riſing to ambitious conſiderations, who ſhould catch the firſt hold of his favour. And then from thoſe crying welcomes to babling one with the other, ſome praiſing *Philanax* for his exceeding pain, others liking *Euarchus*'s aſpect, and as they judged his age by his face, ſo judging his wiſdom by his age, *Euarchus* paſſed through them like a man that did neither diſdain a people, nor yet was any thing tickled with their flatteries. But always holding his own, a man might read a conſtant determination in his eyes. And in that ſoft diſmounting among them, he

he forthwith demanded the convocation to be made, which accordingly was done, with as much order and silence, as it might appear; *Neptune* had not more force to appease the rebellious wind, than the admiration of an extraordinary virtue hath, to temper a disordered multitude: he being raised up upon a place more high than the rest, where he might be best understood, in this sort spake unto them. I understand, said he, faithful *Arcadians*, by my lord *Philanax*, that you have with one consent chosen me to be the judge of the late evils happened; orderer of the present disorders; and finally protector of this country, till therein it be seen what the customs of *Arcadia* require. He could say no farther, being stopped with a general cry, that so it was, giving him all the honourable titles and happy wishes they could imagine. He beckoned unto them for silence, and then thus again proceeded, Well, said he, how good choice you have made, the attending must be in you, the proof in me. But because it many times falls out, we are much deceived in others, we being the first to deceive our selves, I am to require you, not to have an over-shooting expectation of me, the most cruel adversary of all honourable doings. Nor promise your selves wonders out of a sudden liking: but remember I am a man, that is to say, a creature, whose reason is often darkened with error. Secondly, that you will lay your hearts void of foretaken opinions: else whatsoever I do or say, will be measured by a wrong rule, like them that have the yellow jaundice, every thing seeming yellow unto them. Thirdly, whatsoever debates have risen among you, may be utterly extinguished; knowing that even among the best men are diversities of opinions, which are no more in true reason to breed hatred, than one that loves black, should be angry with him that is cloathed in white; for thoughts and conceits are the very apparel of the mind:

laſtly, that you do not eaſily judge of your judge, but ſince you will have me to command, think it is your part to obey. And in reward of this, I will promiſe and proteſt unto you, that the uttermoſt of my skill, both in the general laws of nature, eſpecially of *Greece*, and particularly of *Arcadia*, wherein I muſt confeſs I am not unacquainted, I will not only ſee the paſſed evils duly puniſhed, and your weal hereafter eſtabliſhed, but for your defence in it, if need ſhall require, I will employ the force and treaſure of mine own country. In the mean time, this ſhall be the firſt order I will take, that no man, under pain of grievous puniſhment, name me by any other name but protector of *Arcadia*. For I will not leave any poſſible colour, to any of my natural ſucceſſors, to make claim to this which by free election you have beſtowed upon me. And ſo I vow unto you, to depoſe my ſelf of it as ſoon as the judgment is paſſed, the king buried, and his lawful ſucceſſor appointed. For the firſt whereof, I mean the trying who be guilty of the king's death, and theſe other heinous treſpaſſes, becauſe your cuſtoms require ſuch haſte, I will no longer delay it, than till to morrow as ſoon as the ſun ſhall give us fit opportunity. You may therefore retire your ſelves to your reſt, that you may be readier to be preſent, at theſe ſo great important matters. With many allowing tokens was *Euarchus*'s ſpeech heard, who now by *Philanax*, that took the principal care of doing all due ſervice unto him, was offered a lodging made ready for him, the reſt of the people as well as a ſmall commodity of that place would ſuffer, yielding their weary heads to ſleep, when lo, the night thorowly ſpent in theſe mixed matters, was for that time baniſhed the face of the earth, and *Euarchus*, ſeeing the day begin to diſcloſe his comfortable beauties, deſiring nothing more, than to join ſpeed with juſtice, willed *Philanax* preſently to make the judgment-place be

put

put in order: and as ſoon the people, who yet were not fully diſperſed, might be brought together, to bring forth the priſoners and the king's body. Which the manner was, ſhould in ſuch caſes be held in ſight, though covered with black velvet, until they that were accuſed to be the murtherers were acquitted or condemned; whether the reaſon of the law were to ſhew the more grateful love to their prince, or by that ſpectacle, the more to remember the judge of his duty. *Philanax*, who now thought in himſelf, he approached to the juſt revenge he ſo much deſired, went with all care and diligence to perform his charge. But firſt it ſhall be well to know, how the poor and princely priſoners paſſed this tedious night. There was never tyrant exerciſed his rage with more grievous torments upon any he moſt hated, than afflicted *Gynecia* did crucify her own ſoul, after the guiltineſs of he[illegible] ſurcharged with the ſuddenneſs of h[illegible]th: for altho' that effect came not fi[illegible]h, yet her mind being evil, and the effect evil, ſhe thought the juſtice of god had for the beginning of her pains coupled them together. This inceſſantly boiled in her breaſt, but moſt of all, when *Philanax* having cloſely impriſoned her, ſhe was left moſt freely to ſuffer the firebrands of her own thoughts, eſpecially when it grew dark, and had nothing left her but a little lamp, whoſe ſmall light to a perplexed mind, might rather yield fearful ſhadows, than any aſſured ſight. Then began the heaps of her miſeries, to weigh down the platform of her judgment, then began deſpair to lay his ugly claws upon her, ſhe began then, to fear the heavenly powers, ſhe was wont to reverence, not like a child, but like an enemy, neither kept ſhe her ſelf from blaſphemouſly repining againſt her creation, O god, would ſhe cry out, why did you make me to deſtruction? if you love goodneſs, why did you not give me a good mind?

mind? or if I cannot have it without your gift, why do you plague me? is it to me to reſiſt the naughtineſs of your power? then would ſhe imagine, ſhe ſaw ſtrange ſights, and that ſhe heard the cries of helliſh ghoſts, then would ſhe ſhriek out for ſuccour, but no man coming unto her, ſhe would fain have killed her ſelf, but knew not how. At ſometimes again, the very heavineſs of her imaginations would cloſe up her ſenſes to a little ſleep: but then did her dreams become her tormentors. One time it would ſeem unto her, *Philanax* was hauling her by the hair of the head, and having put out her eyes was ready to throw her in a burning furnace. Another time ſhe would think ſhe ſaw her husband making the complaint of his death to *Pluto*, and the magiſtrates of that infernal region, contending in great debate, to what eternal puniſhment they ſhould allot her. But long her dreaming would not hold, but that it [redacted] on *Zelmane*: to whom ſhe would t[redacted] ng for mercy, and that ſhe did paſs [redacted] ſilence, without any ſhew of pi[redacted] mi[redacted]. Then waking out of a broken ſleep, and yet wiſhing ſhe might ever have ſlept; new forms, but of the ſame miſeries, would ſeize her mind: ſhe feared death, and yet deſired death; ſhe had paſſed the uttermoſt of ſhame, and yet ſhame was one of her cruelleſt aſſaulters; ſhe hated *Pyrocles* as the original of her mortal overthrow; and yet the love ſhe had conceived to him, had ſtill a high authority of her paſſions. O *Zelmane*, would ſhe ſay, not knowing how near he himſelf was to as great a danger, now ſhalt thou glut thy eyes, with the diſhonoured death of thy enemy! enemy, alas enemy, ſince ſo thou haſt well ſhewed thou wilt have me account thee: couldſt thou not as well have given me a determinate denial, as to diſguiſe thy firſt diſguiſing, with a double diſſembling? perchance if I had been utterly hopeleſs, the virtue was once in me might have called together his forces, and not have been led captive to this monſtrous thraldom of

puniſhed

puniſhed wickedneſs. Then would her own know-
ing of good inflame anew the rage of deſpair: which
becoming an unreſiſted lord in her breaſt, ſhe had
no other comfort but in death, which yet ſhe had
in horror, when ſhe thought of. But the wea-
riſome detesting of her ſelf, made her long for the
day's approach, at which time ſhe determined to
continue her former courſe, in acknowledging any
thing that might haſten her end: wherein although
ſhe did not hope for the end of her torments, feel-
ing already the beginning of hell-agonies; yet ac-
cording to the nature of pain, the preſent being
moſt intolerable, ſhe deſired to change that, and put
to adventure the enſuing. And thus reſted the reſt-
leſs *Gynecia*. No leſs ſorrowful, though leſs rage-
full, where the minds of the princeſs *Pamela*, and
the lady *Philoclea*, whoſe only advantages were,
that they had not conſented to ſo much evil, and
ſo [redacted] peace with themſelves: and that
th[redacted]lone, but might mutually bear
pa[redacted] woes. For when *Philanax* not
regar[redacted]*la*['s] princely proteſtations, had by
force left her under guard with her ſiſter, and that
the two ſiſters were matched, as well in the diſgra-
ces of fortune, as they had been in the beſt beau-
ties of nature: thoſe things that till then baſhful-
neſs and miſtruſt had made them hold reſerved one
from the other, now fear, the underminer of all
determinations, and neceſſity the victorious rebel of
all laws, forced them interchangeably to lay open.
Their paſſions then ſo ſwelling in them as they
would have made auditors of ſtones, rather than
have ſwallowed up in ſilence the choaking adven-
tures were fallen unto them; truly the hardeſt
hearts, which have at any time thought woman's
tears to be a matter of ſlight compaſſion, imagining
that fair weather will quickly after follow, would
now have been mollified; and been compelled to
confeſs, that the fairer a diamond is, the more pity

it is it should receive a blemish. Although, no doubt, their faces did rather beautify sorrow, than sorrow could darken that, which even in darkness did shine. But after they had so long, as their other afflictions would suffer them, with doleful ceremonies bemoaned their father's death: they sate down together apparelled as their misadventures had found them; *Pamela* in her journeying weeds now converted to another use: *Philoclea* only in her night-gown, which she thought should be the rayment of her funerals. But when the excellent creatures had after much panting, with their inward travel, gotten so much breathing power, as to make a pitiful discourse one to the other, what had befallen them, and that by the plain comparing the case they were in, they thoroughly found that their griefs were not more like in regard of themselves, than like in respect of the subject, the two princes, as *Pamela* had learned of *Musidorus*, being so minded as they would ever make both their fortunes and more unite, and so strengthen [redacted]; seeing the one could not be miserable but it must necessarily make the other miserable also. That therefore was the first matter their sweet mouths delivered, the declaring the passionate beginning, troublesome proceeding, and dangerous ending, their never ending loves had passed. And when at any time they entered into praises of the young princes, too long it would have exercised their tongues, but that their memory forthwith warned them, the more praise-worthy they were, the more at that time they were worthy of lamentation. Then again to crying and wringing of hands; and then anew, as unquiet grief sought each corner, to new discourses, from discourses to wishes, from wishes to prayers. Especially the tender *Philoclea*, who as she was in years younger, and had never lifted up her mind to any opinion of soveraignty, so was she the apter to yield to her misfor-

misfortune; having no ſtronger debates in her mind, than a man may ſay a moſt witty childhood is wont to nouriſh as to imagine with her ſelf, why *Philoxax* and the other noblemen ſhould deal ſo cruelly by her, that had never deſerved evil of any of them. And how they could find in their hearts, to impriſon ſuch a perſonage, as ſhe did figure *Pyrocles*, whom ſhe thought all the world was bound to love, as well as ſhe did. But *Pamela*, although endued with a virtuous mildneſs, yet the knowledge of her ſelf and what was due unto her, made her heart full of a ſtronger diſdain againſt her adverſity.

So that ſhe joined the vexation for her friend, with the ſpight to ſee her ſelf, as ſhe thought, rebelliouſly detained, and mixed deſirous thoughts to help, with revengeful thoughts if ſhe could not help. And as in pangs of death, the ſtronger heart feels the greater torment, becauſe it doth the more reſiſt to the oppreſſor: ſo her mind, the nobler it was ſet, and had already embraced the higher thoughts, ſo much more it did repine; and the more it repined, the more helpleſs wounds it gave unto it ſelf. But when great part of the night was paſſed over the doleful muſick of theſe ſweet ladies complaints, and that leiſure though with ſome ſtrife had brought *Pamela* to know, that an *Eagle when ſhe is in cage muſt not think to do like an eagle*, remembring with themſelves, that it was likely the next day, the lords would proceed againſt thoſe they had impriſoned. They employed the reſt of the night in writing unto them, with ſuch earneſtneſs as the matter required, but in ſuch ſtyles as the ſtate of their thoughts was apt to faſhion. In the mean time, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* were recommended to ſo ſtrong a guard, as they might well ſee it was meant, they ſhould pay no leſs price than their lives, for the getting out of that place, which they like men indeed, fortifying courage with

the

the true rampire of patience, did so endure, as they did rather appear governours of necessity, than servants to fortune. The whole sum of their thoughts resting upon the safety of their ladies, and their care one for the other: wherein, if at all, their hearts did seem to receive some softness. For sometimes *Musidorus* would feel such a motion to his friend, and his unworthy case, that he would fall into such kind speeches. My *Pyrocles*, would he say, how unhappy may I think *Thessalia*, that hath been as it were the middle way to this evil estate of yours? for if you had not been there brought up, the sea should not have had this power, thus to sever from your dear father. I have therefore, if complaints do at any time become a man's heart, most cause to complain, since my country, which received the honour of *Pyrocles*'s education, should be a step to his overthrow, if human chances can be counted an overthrow to him, that stands upon virtue. Oh excellent *Musidorus*, answered *Pyrocles*, how do you teach me rather to fall out with my self, and my fortune, since by you I have received all good, you only by me this affliction? to you and your virtuous mother, I in my tendereſt years, and father's greatest troubles, was sent for succour. There did I learn the sweet mysteries of philosophy; there had I your lively example to confirm that which I learned; there lastly had I your friendship, which no unhappiness can ever make you say, but that hath made me happy. Now see how my destiny, the gods know, not my will, hath rewarded you: my father sends for you out of your land, whence but for me you had not come: what after followed, you know. It was my love, not yours, which first staid you here; and therefore if the heavens ever held a just proportion, it were I, and not you, that should feel the smart. O blame not the heavens, sweet *Pyrocles*, said *Musidorus*, as their course never alters, so is there nothing done by the unreachable ruler of them, but hath an everlasting reason for it. And to say the truth

truth of theſe things, we ſhould deal ungratefully with nature, if we ſhould be forgetful receivers of her gift, and diligent auditors of the chances we like not. We have lived, and have lived to be good to our ſelves and others: our ſouls which are put into the ſtirring earth of our bodies, hath atchieved the cauſes of their thither coming: they have known and honoured with knowledge, the cauſe of their creation, and to many men, for in this time, place and fortune, it is lawful for us to ſpeak gloriouſly, it hath been behoveful, that we ſhould live. Since then eternity is not to be had in this conjunction, what is to be loſt by the ſeparation, but time? which ſince it hath his end, when that is once come, all that is paſt is nothing: and by the protracting nothing gotten, but labour and care. Do not me therefore that wrong, who ſomething in years, but all in other deſerts, am fitter to die than you, as to ſay, you have brought me to any evil: ſince the love of you doth over-ballance all bodily miſchiefs, and thoſe miſchiefs be but miſchiefs to the baſer minds, too much delighted with the kennel of this life. Neither will I any more yield to my paſſion of lamenting you, which howſoever it might agree to my exceeding friendſhip, ſurely it would nothing to your exceeding virtue. Add this to your noble ſpeech my dear couſin, ſaid *Pyrocles*, that if we complain of this our fortune, or ſeem to our ſelves faulty; in having one hurt the other, we ſhew a repentance of the love we bear to theſe matchleſs creatures, or at leaſt a doubt, it ſhould be over dearly bought, which for my part, and ſo dear I anſwer for you, I call all the gods to witneſs, I am ſo far from, that no ſhame, no torment, no death, would make me forego the leaſt part of the inward honour, eſſential pleaſure, and living life, I have enjoyed in the preſence of the faultleſs *Philoclea*. Take the preheminence in all things but in true loving, anſwered

Muſi-

Muſidorus, for the confeſſion of that no death ſhall get of me. Of that, anſwered *Pyrocles* ſoberly ſmiling, I perceive we ſhall have a debate in the other world, if at leaſt there remain any thing of remembrance in that place. I do not think the contrary, ſaid *Muſidorus*, although you know, it is greatly held, that with the death of body and ſenſes, which are not only the beginning, but dwelling and nouriſhing of paſſions, thoughts and imaginations, they failing, memory likewiſe fails, which riſeth only out of them: and then is there left nothing, but the intellectual part of intelligence, which void of all moral virtues, which ſtand in the mean of perturbations, doth only live in the contemplative virtue, and power of the omnipotent good, the ſoul of ſouls, and univerſal life of this great work, and therefore is utterly void from the impoſſibility of drawing to it ſelf theſe ſenſible conſiderations. Certainly, anſwered *Pyrocles*, I eaſily yield, that we ſhould not know one another, and much leſs theſe paſſed things, with a ſenſible or paſſionate knowledge. For the cauſe being taken away, the effects follow. Neither do I think, we ſhall have ſuch a memory, as now we have, which is but a relick of the ſenſes, or rather a print the ſenſes have left of things paſt in our thoughts, but it ſhall be a vital power of that very intelligence: which as vile as it was here, it held the chief ſeat of our life, and was as it were the laſt reſort, to which of all our knowledges, the higheſt appeal came, and ſo by that means was never ignorant of our actions, though many times rebelliouſly reſiſted, always with this priſon darkened: ſo much more being free of that priſon, and returning to the life of all things, where all infinite knowledge is, it cannot but be a right intelligence, which is both his name and being, of things both preſent and paſſed, though void of imagining to it ſelf any thing; but even grown like to his creator hath all things, with a ſpiritual knowledge before

fore it: The difference of which is as hard for us to conceive, as it was for us when we were in our mothers wombs, to comprehend, if any body would have told us, what kind of light we now in this life ſee, what kind of knowledge we now have: yet now we do not only feel our preſent being, but we conceive what we were before we were born, though remembrance make us not do it, but knowledge, and though we are utterly without any remorſe of any miſery we might then ſuffer. Even ſuch, and much more odds, ſhall there be at that ſecond delivery of ours; when void of ſenſible memory, or memorative paſſion, we ſhall not ſee the colours, but lives of all things that have been or can be: and ſhall, as I hope, know our friendſhip, though exempt from the earthly cares of friendſhip, having both united it, and our ſelves, in that high and heavenly love of the unquenchable light. As he had ended his ſpeech, *Muſidorus* looking with a heavenly joy upon him, ſang this ſong unto him, he had made before love turned his muſe to another ſubject.

Since natures works be good, and death doth ſerve
As nature's work: why ſhould we fear to die?
Since fear is vain, but when it may preſerve:
Why ſhould we fear that which we cannot fly?

Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears,
Diſarming human minds of native might:
While each conceit an ugly figure bears,
Which were not evil well view'd in reaſon's light.

Our owly eyes, which dimm'd with paſſions be,
And ſcarce diſcern the dawn of coming day,
Let them be clear'd, and now begin to ſee,
Our life is but a ſtep in duſty way.
Then let us hold the bliſs of peaceful mind,
Since this we feel, great loſs we cannot find.

Thus

Thus did they, like quiet ſwans, ſing their own obſequies, and virtuouſly enable their minds againſt all extremities, which they did think would fall upon them, eſpecially reſolving, that the firſt care they would have, ſhould be by taking the fault upon themſelves, to clear the two ladies, of whoſe caſe, as of nothing elſe that had happened, they had not any knowledge. Although their friendly hoſt, the honeſt gentleman *Kalander*, ſeeking all means how to help them, had endeavoured to ſpeak with them, and to make them know who ſhould be their judge. But the curious ſervant of *Philanax* forbade him the entry upon pain of death. For ſo it was agreed upon, that no man ſhould have any conference with them, for fear of new tumults. Inſomuch that *Kalander* was conſtrained to retire himſelf, having yet obtained thus much, that he would deliver unto the two princes their apparel and jewels, which being left with him at *Mantinea*, wiſely conſidering that their diſguiſed weeds, which were all as then they had, would make them more odious in the ſight of the judges, he had that night ſent for, and now brought unto them. They accepted their own with great thankfulneſs, knowing from whence it came, and attired themſelves in it againſt the next day, which being indeed rich and princely, they accordingly determined to maintain the names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, as before it is mentioned. Then gave they themſelves to conſider, in what ſort they might defend their cauſes; for they thought it no leſs vain to wiſh death, than cowardly to fear it, till ſomething before morning, a ſmall ſlumber taking them, they were by and by after called up to come to the anſwer, of no leſs than their lives imported. But in this ſort was the judgment ordered. As ſoon as the morning had took a full poſſeſſion of the element, *Euarchus* called unto him *Philanax*, and willed him to draw out into the midſt of the green,

green, before the chief lodge, the throne of judgment-ſeat, in which *Baſilius* was wont to ſit, and according to their cuſtoms, was ever carried with the prince. For *Euarchus* did wiſely conſider, the people to be naturally taken with exterior ſhews, far more than with inward conſideration of the material points. And therefore in this new entry into ſo entangled a matter, he would leave nothing which might be either an armour or an ornament unto him, and in theſe pompous ceremonies he well knew a ſecret of government much to conſiſt. That was performed by the diligent *Philanax*, and therein *Euarchus* did ſet himſelf all cloathed in black, with the principal men, who could in that ſuddenneſs provide themſelves of ſuch mourning raiments; the whole people commanded to keep an orderly ſilence of each ſide, which was duly obſerved of them, partly for the deſire they had to ſee a good concluſion of theſe matters, and partly ſtricken with admiration, as well at the grave and princely preſence of *Euarchus*, as at the greatneſs of the cauſe, which was then to come in queſtion. As for *Philanax*, *Euarchus* would have done him the honour to ſit by him, but he excuſed himſelf, deſiring to be the accuſer of the priſoners in his maſter's behalf; and therefore ſince he made himſelf a party, it was not convenient for him to ſit in the judicial place. Then was it a while deliberated, whether the two young ladies ſhould be brought forth in open preſence: but that was ſtopped by *Philanax*, whoſe love and faith did deſcend from his maſter to his children, and only deſired the ſmart ſhould light upon the others, whom he thought guilty of his death and diſhonour, alledging for this, that neither wiſdom would they ſhould be brought in preſence of the people, which might hereupon grow to new uproars, nor juſtice required they ſhould be drawn to any ſhame, till ſome body accuſed them. And as for *Pamela*, he proteſted

teſted the laws of *Arcadia* would not allow any judgment of her, although ſhe her ſelf were to determine nothing till age or marriage enabled her. Then the king's body being laid upon a table, juſt before *Euarchus*, and all covered over with black, the priſoners, namely, the queen and two young princes, were ſent for to appear in the protector's name: which name was the cauſe they came not to knowledge, how near a kinſman was to judge of them, but thought him to be ſome nobleman, choſen by the country, in this extremity. So extraordinary a courſe had the order of the heavens produced at this time, that both nephew and ſon, were not only priſoners, but unknown to their uncle and father, who of many years had not ſeen them. And *Pyrocles* was to plead for his life before that throne, in which throne lately before he had ſaved the king's life. But firſt was *Gynecia* led forth in the ſame weeds that the day and night before ſhe had worn, ſaving that inſtead of *Zelmane*'s garment in which ſhe was found, ſhe had caſt on a long cloak, which reached to the ground, of ruſſet coarſe cloth, with a poor felt hat, which almoſt covered all her face, moſt part of her goodly hair, on which her hands had laid many a ſpightful hold, ſo lying upon her ſhoulders, as a man might well ſee had no artificial careleſneſs. Her eyes down on the ground, of purpoſe not to look on *Pyrocles*'s face: which ſhe did not ſo much ſhun, for the unkindneſs ſhe conceived of her own overthrow, as for the fear, thoſe motions in this ſhort time of her life, ſhould be received, which ſhe had with the paſſage of infinite ſorrows mortified. Great was the compaſſion the people felt, to ſee their princeſs's ſtate and beauty ſo deformed by fortune and her own deſert, whom they had ever found a lady moſt worthy of all honour. But by and by the ſight of the other two priſoners drew moſt of the eyes to that ſpectacle. *Pyrocles* came out led by *Sympathus*, cloathed after

after the *Greek* manner, in a long coat of white velvet, reaching to the ſmall of his leg, with great buttons of diamonds all along upon it: his neck without any collar, not ſo much as hidden with a ruff, did paſs the whiteneſs of his garments, which was not ſo much in faſhion unlike to the crimſon raiment our knights of the Order* firſt put on. On his feet he had nothing but ſlippers, which, after the ancient manner, were tied up with certain laces, which were faſtened under his knee, having wrapped about, with many pretty knots, his naked legs. His fair auborn hair, which he wore in great length, and gave at that time a delightful ſhew, with being ſtirred up and down with the breath of a gentle wind, had nothing upon it, but a white ribbon, in thoſe days uſed for a diadem. Which rowled once or twice about the uppermoſt part of his forehead, fell down upon his back, cloſed up at each end with the richeſt pearl were to be ſeen in the world. After him followed another nobleman, guiding the noble *Muſidorus*, who had upon him a long cloak, after the faſhion of that which we call the apoſtle's mantle, made of purple ſatten; not that purple which we now have, and is but a counterfeit of the *Getulian* purple, which yet was far the meaner in price and eſtimation, but of the right *Tyrian* purple, which was neareſt to a colour betwixt our murrey and ſcarlet. On his head, which was black and curled, he wore a *Perſian Tiara*, all ſet down with rows of ſo rich rubies, as they were enough to ſpeak for him, that they had to judge of no mean perſonage.

In this ſort with erected countenances, did theſe unfortunate princes ſuffer themſelves to be led, ſhewing aright, by the compariſon of them and *Gynecia*, how to divers perſons compaſſion is diverſly to be ſtirred. For as to *Gynecia*, a lady known of great eſtate, and greatly eſteemed, the more miſerable repreſentation was made of her ſudden

* Of *the* Garter.

ruin, the more men's hearts were forced to bewail ſuch an evident witneſs of weak humanity: ſo, to theſe men, not regarded, becauſe unknown, but rather, beſides the deteſtation of their fact, hated as ſtrangers, the more they ſhould have fallen down in an abject ſemblance, the more, inſtead of compaſſion, they ſhould have gotten contempt: but therefore, were to uſe, as I may term it, the more violence of magnanimity, and ſo to conquer the expectation of the lookers with an extraordinary virtue. And ſuch effect indeed it wrought in the whole aſſembly, their eyes yet ſtanding as it were in ballance to whether of them they ſhould moſt direct their ſight. *Muſidorus* was in ſtature ſo much higher than *Pyrocles*, as commonly is gotten by one year's growth. His face now beginning to have ſome tokens of a beard, was compoſed to a kind of manlike beauty. His colour was of a well-pleaſing brownneſs, and the features of it ſuch, as they carried both delight and majeſty: his countenance ſevere, and promiſing a mind much given to thinking. *Pyrocles* of a pure complexion, and of ſuch a chearful favour, as might ſeem either a woman's face in a boy, or an excellent boy's face in a woman. His look gentle and baſhful, which bred the more admiration, having ſhewed ſuch notable proofs of courage. Laſtly, though both had both, if there were any odds, *Muſidorus* was the more goodly, and *Pyrocles* the more lovely. But as ſoon as *Muſidorus* ſaw himſelf ſo far forth led among the people, that he knew to a great number of them his voice ſhould be heard, miſdoubting their intention to the princeſs *Pamela*, of which he was more careful than of his own life, even as he went, though his leader ſought to interrupt him, he thus with a loud voice ſpake unto them. And is it poſſible, O *Arcadians*, ſaid he, that you can forget the natural duty you owe to your princeſs *Pamela*? hath this ſoil been ſo little beholden to her noble ance-

ſtors?

ſtors? hath ſo long a time rooted no ſurer love in your hearts to that line? where is that faith in your prince's blood, which hath not only preſerved you from all dangers heretofore, but hath ſpread your fame to all the nations of the world? where is that juſtice the *Arcadians* were wont to flouriſh in, whoſe nature is to render to every one his own? will you now keep the right from your prince, who is the only giver of judgment, the key of juſtice, and life of your laws? do you hope in a few years, to ſet up another race, which nothing but length of time can eſtabliſh? will you reward *Baſilius*'s children with ungratefulneſs, the very poiſon of manhood? will you betray your long ſettled reputation, with the foul name of traitors? is this your mourning for your king's death, to increaſe his loſs with his daughter's miſery? imagine your prince doth look out of the heavens unto you, what do you think he could wiſh more at your hands, than that you do well by his children? and what more honour I pray you can you do to his obſequies, than to ſatisfy his ſoul with a loving memory, as you do his body with an unfelt ſolemnity? what have you done with the princeſs *Pamela*? *Pamela*, the juſt inheritrix of this country, *Pamela*, whom this earth may be happy, that it ſhall be hereafter ſaid, ſhe was born in *Arcadia*; *Pamela*, in her ſelf your ornament, in her education your foſter child, and every way your only princeſs, what account can you render to your ſelves of her? truly I do not think that you all know what is become of her: ſo ſoon may a diamond be loſt; ſo ſoon may the faireſt light in the world be put out. But look, look unto it, O *Arcadians*, be not ſo wilfully robbed of your greateſt treaſure, make not your ſelves miniſters to private ambitions, who do but uſe your ſelves to put on your own yokes. Whatſoever you determine of us, who I muſt confeſs are but ſtrangers, yet let not *Baſilius*'s daugh-

ters be strangers unto you. Lastly, howsoever you bar her from her publick soveraignty, which if you do, little may we hope of equity where rebellion reigns, yet deny not that child's right unto her, that she may come and do the last duties to her father's body. Deny not that happiness, if in such a case there be any happiness, to your late king, that his body may have his last touch of his dearest child. With such like broken manner of questions and speeches, was *Musidorus* desirous, as much as in passing by them he could, to move the people to tender *Pamela*'s fortune. But at length, by that they came to the judgment-place, both *Sympathus* and his guider had greatly satisfied him, with the assurance they gave him, this assembly of people had neither meaning nor power to do any hurt to the princess, whom they all acknowledged as their soveraign lady. But that the custom of *Arcadia* was such, till she had more years, the state of the country to be guided by a protector, under whom, he and his fellow were to receive their judgment. That eased *Musidorus*'s heart of his most vehement care, when he found his beloved lady to be out of danger. But *Pyrocles* as soon as the queen of the one side, he and *Musidorus* of the other, were staid before the face of the judge, having only for their bar the table whereon the king's body lay, being nothing less vexed with the doubt of *Philoclea*, than *Musidorus* was for *Pamela*, in this sort with a lowly behaviour, and only then like a suppliant, he spake to the protector. Pardon me, most honoured judge, saith he, that uncommanded I begin my speech unto you, since both to you and me, these words of mine shall be most necessary. To you having the sacred exercise of justice in your hand, nothing appertains more properly, than truth nakedly and freely set down. To me, being environed round about with many dangerous calamities, what can be more convenient, than, at least, to be at peace with

with my ſelf, in having diſcharged my conſcience, in a moſt behoveful verity. Underſtand therefore, and truly underſtand, that the lady *Philoclea*, to whoſe unſtained virtue, it hath been my unſpeakable miſery, that my name ſhould become a blot, if ſhe be accuſed, is moſt unjuſtly accuſed of any diſhonourable fact, which by my means ſhe may be thought to have yielded unto. Whatſoever hath been done, hath been my only attempt, which notwithſtanding was never intended againſt her chaſtity. But whatſoever hath been informed, was my fault. And I atteſt the heavens, to blaſpheme which I am not now in fit tune, that ſo much as my coming into her chamber, was wholly unwitting unto her. This your wiſdom may withal conſider, If I would lye, I would lye for my own behoof, I am not ſo old, as to be weary of my ſelf; but the very ſting of my inward knowledge, joined with the conſideration I muſt needs have, what an infinite loſs it ſhould be to all thoſe who love goodneſs in good folks, if ſo pure a child of virtue ſhould wrongfully be deſtroyed, compels me to uſe my tongue againſt my ſelf, and receive the burden of what evil was upon mine own doing. Look therefore with pitiful eyes upon ſo fair beams, and that misfortune which by me hath fallen upon her, help to repair it with your publick judgment, ſince whoſoever deals cruelly with ſuch a creature, ſhews himſelf a hater of mankind, and an envier of the world's bliſs. And this petition I make, even in the name of juſtice, that before you proceed farther againſt us, I may know how you conceive of her noble, though unfortunate action, and what judgment you will make of it. He had not ſpoken his laſt word, when all the whole people, both of great and low eſtate, confirmed with an united murmur *Pyrocles*'s demand, longing, for the love generally was born *Philoclea*, to know what they might hope of her. *Euarchus* though neither re-

garding a prisoner's passionate prayer, nor bearing over-plausible ears to a many headed motion, yet well enough content, to win their liking with things in themselves indifferent, he was content: first, to seek as much as might be of *Philoclea*'s behaviour in this manner: which being cleared by *Pyrocles*, and but weakly gainsaid by *Philanax*, who had framed both his own and *Dametas*'s evidence most for her favour, and in truth could have gone no farther than conjecture, yet finding by his wisdom, that she was not altogether faultless, he pronounced, she should all her life long be kept prisoner among certain women of religion, like the *Vestal* nuns, so to repay the touched honour of her house, with well observing a strict profession of chastity. Although this were a great prejudicating of *Pyrocles*'s case, yet was he exceeding joyous of it, being assured of his lady's life; and in the depth of his mind not sorry, that what end soever he had, none should obtain the after enjoying that jewel, whereon he had set his life's happiness. After it was by publick sentence delivered, what should be done with the sweet *Philoclea*, the laws of *Arcadia* bearing, that what was appointed by the magistrates in the nonage of the prince, could not afterwards be repealed. *Euarchus* still using to himself no other name but protector of *Arcadia*, commanded those that had to say against the queen *Gynecia* to proceed, because both her estate required she should be first heard, and also for that she was taken to be the principal in the greatest matter they were to judge of. *Philanax* incontinently stepped forth, and shewing in his greedy eyes, that he did thirst for her blood, began a well thought on discourse of her, in his judgment, execrable wickedness. But *Gynecia*, standing up before the judge, casting abroad her arms, with her eyes hidden under the breadth of her unseemly hat, laying open in all her gestures the despairful affliction, to which

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all the might of her reaſon was converted, with ſuch like words ſtopped *Philanax*, as he was entring into his invective oration. Stay, ſtay, *Philanax*, ſaid ſhe, do not defile thy honeſt mouth with thoſe diſhonourable ſpeeches thou art about to utter againſt a woman, now moſt wretched, lately thy miſtreſs. Let either the remembrance how great ſhe was, move thy heart to ſome reverence; or the ſeeing how low ſhe is, ſtir in thee ſome pity. It may be truth doth make thee deal untruly, and love of juſtice frames injuſtice in thee, do not therefore, neither ſhalt thou need, tread upon my deſolate ruins. Thou ſhalt have that thou ſeekeſt; and yet ſhalt not be oppreſſor of her, who cannot chuſe but love thee for thy ſingular faith to thy maſter. I do not ſpeak this to procure mercy, or to prolong my life, no, no, I ſay unto you I will not live, but I am only loth, my death ſhould be engrieved with any wrong thou ſhouldeſt do unto me. I have been too painful a judge over my ſelf, to deſire pardon in others judgment. I have been too cruel an executioner of mine own ſoul, to deſire that execution of juſtice ſhould be ſtaid for me. Alas, they that know how ſorrow can rent the ſpirits, they that know what fiery hells are contained in a ſelf-condemning mind, need not fear that fear can keep ſuch an one from deſiring to be ſeparated from that which nothing but death can ſeparate. I therefore ſay to thee, O juſt judge, that I, and only I, was the worker of *Baſilius*'s death. They were theſe hands that gave unto him the poiſonous potion that hath brought death to him, and loſs to *Arcadia*; it was I, and none but I, that haſtned his aged years to an unnatural end, and that have made all his people orphans of their royal father. I am the ſubject that have killed my prince, I am the wife that have murdered my husband, I am a degenerate woman, an undoer of this country, a ſhame of my children.

What wouldſt thou have ſaid more, Oh *Philanax*! and all this I grant, there reſteth then nothing elſe to ſay, but that I deſire you, you will appoint quickly ſome to rid me of my life, rather than theſe hands, which elſe are deſtined unto it, and that indeed it may be done with ſuch ſpeed as I may not long die in this life, which I have in ſo great horror: with that ſhe croſſed her arms, and ſat down upon the ground, attending the judge's anſwer. But a great while it was, before any body could be heard ſpeak, the whole people concurring in a lamentable cry, ſo much had *Gynecia*'s words and behaviour ſtirred their hearts to a doleful compaſſion, neither in troth could moſt of them in their judgments tell, whether they ſhould be more ſorry for her fault, or her miſery: for the loſs of her eſtate, or loſs of her virtue. But moſt were moſt moved with that which was under their eyes, the ſenſe moſt ſubject to pity. But at length the reverent awe they ſtood in of *Euarchus* brought them to a ſilent waiting his determination, who, having well conſidered the abomination of the fact, attending more the manifeſt proof of ſo horrible a treſpaſs, confeſſed by her ſelf, and proved by others, than any thing relenting to thoſe tragical phraſes of her, apter to ſtir a vulgar pity, than his mind, which hated evil, in what colours ſoever he found it, having conſidered a while with the principal men of the country, and demanded their allowance, he definitively gave this ſentence: That whereas, both in private and publick reſpects, this woman had moſt heinouſly offended, in private, becauſe marriage being the moſt holy conjunction that falls to mankind, out of which all families, and ſo conſequently all ſocieties do proceed, which not only by community of goods, but community of children, is to knit the minds in a moſt perfect union, which whoſo breaks, diſſolves all humanity, no man living free from the danger of ſo near a neigh-

neighbour, ſhe had not only broken it, but broken it with death, and the moſt pretended death that might be: in publick reſpect, the princes perſons, being in all monarchical governments the very knot of the people's welfare, and light of all her doings, to which they are not only in conſcience, but in neceſſity bound to be loyal, ſhe had traiterouſly empoiſoned him, neither regarding her country's profit, her own duty, nor the rigour of the laws. That therefore, as well for the due ſatisfaction to eternal juſtice, and accompliſhment of the *Arcadian* ſtatutes, as for the everlaſting example to all wives and ſubjects, ſhe ſhould preſently be conveyed to cloſe priſon, and there kept with ſuch food as might ſerve to ſuſtain her life, until the day of her husband's burial, at which time, ſhe ſhould be buired quick, in the ſame tomb with him: that ſo his murder might be a murder to her ſelf, and ſhe forced to keep company with the body from which ſhe had made ſo deteſtable a ſeverance; and laſtly, death might redreſs their disjoined conjunction of marriage. His judgment was received of the whole aſſembly, as not with diſliking, ſo with great aſtoniſhment, the greatneſs of the matter and perſon as it were overpreſſing the might of their conceits. But when they did ſet it to the beam, with the monſtrouſneſs of her ugly miſdeed, they could not but yield in their hearts, there was no over-balancing. As for *Gynecia*, who had already ſettled her thoughts, not only to look but long for this event, having, in this time of her vexation, found a ſweetneſs in the reſt ſhe hoped by death, with a countenance [illegible] had before-hand ſo paſſed through all the degrees of ſorrow, that ſhe had no new look to figure forth any more, roſe up, and offered forth her fair hands to be bound or led as they would, being indeed troubled with no part of this judgment, but that her death was as ſhe thought long delayed. They that were appointed for it, conveyed

veyed her to the place ſhe was in before, where the guard was relieved, and the number increaſed to keep her more ſure for the time of her execution: none of them all that led her, though moſt of them were ſuch, whoſe hearts had been long hardened with the often exerciſe ſuch offices, being able to bar tears from their eyes, and other manifeſt tokens of compaſſionate ſorrow. So goodly a virtue is a reſolute conſtancy, that even in evil deſervers, it ſeems that part might have been notably well deſerving. Thus the excellent lady *Gynecia*, having paſſed five and thirty years of her age, even to the admiration of a beautiful mind and body, and having not in her own knowledge, ever ſpotted her ſoul with any wilful vice, but her immoderate love of *Zelmane*, was brought firſt by that ill-anſwered paſſion, and then by the deſpairing conceit ſhe took of the judgment of god in her husband's death and her own fortune, purpoſely to overthrow her ſelf, and confirm by a wrong confeſſion, that abominable ſhame, which with her wiſdom, joined to the truth, perhaps ſhe might have refelled. Then did *Euarchus* ask *Philanax*, whether it were he that would charge the two young priſoners, or that ſome other ſhould do it, and he fit, according to his eſtate, as an aſſiſtant of the judgment. *Philanax* told him as before he had done, that he thought no man could ſay manifeſt the naughtineſs of thoſe two young men, with ſo much either truth or zeal as himſelf, and therefore he deſired he might do this laſt ſervice to his faithfully beloved maſter, as to proſecute the traiterous cauſers of his death and diſhonour; which being done, for his part he meant to give up all dealing in publick affairs, ſince that man was gone who had made him love them. *Philanax* thus being ready to ſpeak, the two princes were commanded to tell their names, who anſwered, according to their agreements, that they were *Daiphantus* of *Lycia*, and

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Palladius prince of *Iberia*. Which when they had ſaid, they demanded to know by what authority they could judge of them, ſince they were not only foreigners, and ſo not born under their laws, but abſolute princes, and therefore not to be touched by laws. But anſwer was preſently made them, that *Arcadian* laws were to have their force upon any found in *Arcadia*: ſince ſtrangers have ſcope to know the cuſtoms of a country, before they put themſelves in it: and when they once are entred, they muſt know, that what by many was made, muſt not for one be broken. And ſo much leſs for a ſtranger, as he is to look for no priviledge in that place, to which in time of need, his ſervice is not to be expected. As for their being princes, whether they were ſo or no, the belief ſtood in their own words, which they had ſo diverſly falſified, as they did not deſerve belief. But whatſoever they were, *Arcadia* was to acknowledge them but as private men, ſince they were neither by magiſtracy nor alliance to the princely blood, to claim any thing in that region. Therefore if they had offended, which now by the plaintiff and their defence was to be judged, againſt the laws of nations, by the laws of nations they were to be chaſtiſed: if againſt the peculiar ordinances of the province, thoſe peculiar ordinances were to lay hold of them. The princes ſtood a while upon that, demanding leiſure to give perfect knowledge of their greatneſs; but when they were anſwered, that in a caſe of a prince's death, the law of that country had ever been, that immediate trial ſhould be had: [illegible] were forced to yield, reſolved that in thoſe names, they would as much as they could, cover the ſhame of their royal parentage, and keep as long as might be, if evil were determined againſt them, the evil news from their careful kinſfolks, wherein the chief man they conſidered was *Euarchus*: whom the ſtrange and ſecret working of juſtice,

stice had brought to be the judge over them. In such a shadow, or rather pit of darkness, the wormish mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to fear: and are but like tenis-balls, tossed by the racket of the higher powers. Thus both sides ready, it was determined, because their cases were separated, first *Philanax* should be heard against *Pyrocles*, whom they termed *Daiphantus*, and that heard, the other's cause should follow, and so receive together such judgment as they should be found to have deserved. But *Philanax* that was even short-breathed at the first, with the extreme vehemency he had to speak against them, stroking once or twice his forehead, and wiping his eyes, which either wept, or he would at that time have them seem to weep, looking first upon *Pyrocles*, as if he had proclaimed all hatefulness against him, humbly turning to *Euarchus*, who with quiet gravity shewed great attention, he thus began his oration. That which all men, who take upon them to accuse another, are wont to desire, most worthy protector, to have many proofs of faults in them they seek to have condemned: that is to me in this present action, my greatest cumber and annoyance. For the number is so great, and the quality so monstrous of the enormities this wretched young man hath committed, that neither I in myself, can tell where to begin, my thoughts being confused with the horrible multitude of them, neither do I think your virtuous ears will be able to endure the report: but will rather imagine, you hear some tragedy invented of the extremity of wickedness, than a just recital of [illegible] wickedness indeed commited: for such is the disposition of the most sincere judgments, that as they can believe mean faults, and such as man's nature may slide into, so when they pass to a certain degree, nay, when they pass all degrees of unspeakable naughtiness, then find they in themselves a hardness to give credit

credit that human creatures can ſo from all humanity be transformed. But in my ſelf the ſtrength of my faith to my dead maſter will help the weakneſs of my memory; in you, your excellent love of juſtice will force you to vouchſafe attention: and as for the matter, it is ſo manifeſt, ſo pitiful evidences lie before your eyes of it, that I ſhall need to be but a brief recounter, and no rhetorical enlarger of the moſt harmful miſchief. I will therefore, in as few words as ſo huge a treſpaſs can be contained, deliver unto you the ſum of this miſerable fact: leaving out a great number of particular tokens of his naughtineſs, and only touching the eſſential points of this doleful caſe. This man, whom to begin withal I know not how to name, ſince being come into this country, unaccompanied like a loſt pilgrim, from a man grew a woman, from a woman a raviſher of women, thence a priſoner, and now a prince: but this *Zelmane*, this *Daiphantus*, this what you will, for any ſhape or title he can take upon him, that hath no reſtraint of ſhame, having underſtood the ſolitary life my late maſter lived, and conſidering how open he had laid himſelf to any traiterous attempt, for the firſt maſk of his falſhood, diſguiſed himſelf like a woman; which being the more ſimple and hurtleſs ſex, might eaſier hide his ſubtle harmfulneſs. And preſenting himſelf to my maſter, the moſt courteous prince that lived, was received of him with ſo great graciouſneſs, as might have bound not only any grateful mind, but might have mollified any enemy's rancour. But this venemous ſerpent, admitted thus in[illegible] his boſom, as contagion will eaſily find a fit body for it, ſo had he quickly fallen into ſo near acquaintance with this naughty woman, whom even now you have moſt juſtly condemned, that this was her right hand, ſhe ſaw with no eyes but his, nor ſeemed to have any life but in him, ſo glad was ſhe to find one more cunning than herſelf, in covering wicked-

wickedneſs with a modeſt veil. What is to be thought paſſed betwixt two ſuch virtuous creatures, whereof the one hath confeſſed murder, and the other rape, I leave to your wiſe conſideration. For my heart haſtens to the miſerable point of *Baſilius*'s murder, for the executing of which with more facility, this young nymph of *Diana*'s bringing up, feigned certain rites ſhe had to perform, ſo furious an impiety had carried him from all remembrance of goodneſs, that he did not only not fear the gods, as the beholders and puniſhers of ſo ungodly a villany, but did blaſphemouſly uſe their ſacred holy name, as a miniſter unto it. And forſooth a cave hereby was choſen, for the temple of his devotions, a cave of ſuch darkneſs, as did prognoſticate, he meant to pleaſe the infernal powers; for there this accurſed caitiff, upon the altar of falſhood, ſacrificed the life of the virtuous *Baſilius*. By what means he trained him thither, alas I know not, for if I might have known it, either my life had accompanied my maſter, or this fellow's death had preſerved him. But this may ſuffice, that in the mouth of this cave, where this traitor had his lodging and chappel, when already maſter ſhepherd his companion had conveyed away the undoubted inheritrix of this country, was *Gynecia* found by the dead corps of her husband, newly empoiſoned, apparelled in the garments of the young lady, and ready no queſtion to have fled to ſome place, according to their conſort, but that ſhe was by certain honeſt ſhepherds arreſted: while in the mean time, becauſe there ſhould be left no revenger of this bloody miſchief, [illegible] *zon* was violently gotten into the chamber of the lady *Philoclea*, where by the mingling, as much as in him lay, of her ſhame with his miſdeed, he might enforce her to be the acceſſory to her father's death, and under the countenance of her and her ſiſter, againſt whom they knew we would not rebel,

bel, ſeize as it were with one gripe into their treacherous hands, the regiment of this mighty province. But the almighty eye prevented him of the end of his miſchief, by uſing a villain *Dametas*'s hand to incloſe him in there, where with as much fortification as in a houſe could be made, he thought himſelf in moſt ſecurity. Thus ſee you moſt juſt judge, a ſhort and ſimple ſtory of the infamous miſery fallen upon this country; indeed infamous, ſince by an effeminate man, we ſhould ſuffer a greater overthrow, than our mightieſt enemies have been ever able to lay upon us. And that all this, which I have ſaid, is moſt manifeſt, as well of the murdering of *Baſilius*, as the raviſhing of *Philoclea*, for thoſe two parts I eſtabliſh of my accuſation, who is of ſo incredulous a mind, or rather who will ſo ſtop his eyes from ſeeing a thing clearer than the light, as not to hold for aſſured ſo palpable a matter? for to begin with his moſt cruel miſdeed, is it to be imagined, that *Gynecia*, a woman though wicked, yet witty, would have attempted and atchieved an enterprize, no leſs hazardous than horrible, without having ſome counſellor in the beginning, and ſome comforter in the performing? had ſhe, who ſhewed her thoughts were ſo overruled with ſome ſtrange deſire, as in deſpite of god, nature, and womanhood, to execute that in deeds, which in words we cannot hear without trembling? had ſhe I ſay no practice to led her unto it? or had ſhe a practice without conſpiracy? or could ſhe conſpire without ſome body to conſpire with? and if one were, who ſo likely as this, to whom ſhe communicated I am ſure her mind, the world thinks her body? neither let her words, taking the whole fault upon her ſelf, be herein any thing available. For to thoſe perſons who have vomited out of their ſouls all remnants of goodneſs, there reſts a certain pride in evil, and having elſe no ſhadow of glory left them, they glory to be conſtant

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in iniquity, and that god knows muſt be held out to the laſt gaſp, without revealing their accomplices; as thinking great courage is declared in being neither afraid of the heavens, nor aſhamed of the world. But let *Gynecia*'s action die with herſelf, what can all the earth anſwer for his coming hither? why alone, if he be a prince? how ſo richly jewelled, if he be not a prince? why then a woman if now a man? why now *Daiphantus*, if then *Zelmane*? was all this play for nothing, or if it had an end, what end but the end of my dear maſter? ſhall we doubt ſo many ſecret conferences with *Gynecia*, ſuch feigned favour to the over-ſoon beguiled *Baſilius*, a cave made a lodging, and the ſame lodging made a temple of his religion, laſtly, ſuch changes and traverſes, as a quiet poet could ſcarce fill a poem withal, were directed to any leſs ſcope than to this monſtrous murderer? O ſnaky ambition, which can wind thy ſelf in ſo many figures, to ſlide thither thou deſireſt to come! O corrupted reaſon of mankind, that can yield to deform thy ſelf with ſo filthy deſires? and O hopeleſs be thoſe minds, whom ſo unnatural deſires do not with their own uglineſs ſufficiently terrify! but yet even of favour let us grant him thus much more, as to fancy that in theſe foretold things, fortune might be a great actor, perchance to an evil end, yet to a leſs evil end all theſe entangled devices were intended. But I beſeech your ladiſhip, my lady *Daiphantus*, tell me what excuſe can you find for the changing your lodging with the queen, that very inſtant ſhe was to finiſh her execrable practice? how can you cloak the lending your cloak unto her, was all that by chance too? had the ſtars ſent ſuch an influence unto you, as you ſhould be juſt weary of your lodging and garments, when your prince was deſtined to the ſlaughter? what ſay you to this, O ſhameful and ſhameleſs creature? fit indeed to be the diſhonour

of

of both ſexes. But alas, I ſpend too many words in ſo manifeſt and ſo miſerable a matter. They muſt be four wild horſes, which according to our laws are the executioners of men which murder our prince, which muſt decide this queſtion with you. Yet ſee ſo far had my zeal to my beloved prince tranſported me, that I had almoſt forgotten my ſecond part, and his ſecond abomination, I mean his violence offered to the lady *Philoclea*: wherewith as if it had well become his womanhood, he came braving to the judgment-ſeat: indeed our laws appoint not ſo cruel a death, although death too, for this fact as for the other. But whoſoever well weighs it, ſhall find it ſprung out of the ſame fountain of miſchievous naughtineſs, the killing of the father, diſhonouring the mother, and raviſhing the child. Alas, could not ſo many benefits received of my prince, the juſtice of nature, the ſign of hoſpitality, be a bridle to thy luſt, if not to thy cruelty? or if thou hadſt, as ſurely thou haſt, a heart recompenſing goodneſs with hatred, could not his death, which is the laſt of revenges, ſatisfy thy malice, but thou muſt heap upon it the ſhame of his daughter? were thy eyes ſo ſtony, thy breaſt ſo tygriſh, as the ſweet and beautiful ſhews of *Philoclea*'s virtue did not aſtoniſh thee? O woful *Arcadia*, to whom the name of this mankind courtiſan, ſhall ever be remembred as a procurer of thy greateſt loſs! but too far I find my paſſion, yet honeſt paſſion hath guided me; the caſe is every way too too much unanſwerable. It reſteth in you, O excellent protector, to pronounce judgment, which if there be hope that ſuch a young man may prove profitable to the world, who in the firſt exerciſe of his own determination, far paſſed the arranteſt ſtrumpet in luxurioufneſs, the cunningeſt forger in falſhood, a player in diſguiſing, a tyger in cruelty, a dragon in ingratefulneſs, let him be preſerved like a jewel, to do greater miſchief. If his youth be not more

defiled with treachery, than the eldeſt man's age, let I ſay his youth be ſome cauſe of compaſſion. If he have not every way ſought the overthrow of humanſociety, if he have done any thing like a prince, let his naming himſelf a prince breed a reverence of his baſe wickedneſs. If he have not broken all the laws of hoſpitality, and broken them in the moſt deteſtable degree that can be, let his being a gueſt, be a ſacred protection of his more than ſavage doings: or if his whoriſh beauty, have not been as the high way of his wickedneſs, let the picture drawn upon ſo poiſonous a wood, be reſerved to ſhew how greatly colours can pleaſe us. But if it is as it is, what ſhould I ſay more, a very ſpirit of helliſh naughtineſs; if his act be to be puniſhed, and his defiled perſon not to be pitied, then reſtore unto us our prince, by duly puniſhing his murderers; for then we ſhall think him and his name to live, when we ſhall ſee his killers to die. Reſtore to the excellent *Philoclea* her honour, by taking out of the world her diſhonour; and think that at this day, in this matter, e'er the eyes of the world upon you, whether any thing can ſway your minds from the true adminiſtration of juſtice. Alas, though I have much more to ſay, I can ſay no more, for my tears and ſighs interrupt my ſpeech, and force me to give my ſelf over to my private ſorrow. Thus when *Philanax* had uttered the uttermoſt of his malice, he made ſorrow the cauſe of his concluſion. But while *Philanax* was in the courſe of his ſpeech, and did with ſuch bitter reproaches defame the princely *Pyrocles*, it was well to be ſeen, his heart was unuſed to bear ſuch injuries, and his thoughts ſuch, as could arm themſelves better againſt any thing than ſhame. For ſometimes bluſhing, his blood with divers motions coming and going, ſometimes cloſing his eyes, and laying his hand over them, ſometimes giving ſuch a look to *Philanax*, as might ſhew he aſſured himſelf he durſt not ſo have

ſpoken,

ſpoken, if they had been in an indifferent place: with ſome impatiency he bare the length of his oration: which being ended, with as much modeſt humbleneſs to the judge, as deſpightful ſcorn to the accuſer, with words to this purpoſe he defended his honour.

My accuſer's tale, may well bear witneſs with me, moſt rightful judge, in how hard a caſe, and invironed with how many troubles, I may eſteem myſelf. For if he, who ſhews his tongue, is not unacquainted with railing, was in an agony in the beginning of his ſpeech, with the multitude of the matters he had to lay unto me, wherein notwithſtanding the moſt evil could fall unto him, was, that he ſhould not do ſo much evil as he would; how cumbred do you think may I acknowledge my ſelf, who, in things no leſs importing than my life, muſt be mine own advocate, without leiſure to anſwer, or foreknowledge what ſhould be objected? in things I ſay promoted with ſo cunning confuſion, as having mingled truths with falſhoods, ſurmiſes with certainties, cauſes of no moment with matters capital, ſcolding with complaining, I can abſolutely neither grant nor deny, neither can I tell whether I come hither to be judged, or before judgment to be puniſhed, being compelled to bear ſuch unworthy words, far more grievous than any death, unto me. But ſince the form of this government allows ſuch tongue-liberty to him, I will pick as well as I can out of his invective ſpeech thoſe few points, which may ſeem of ſome purpoſe in the touching of me, hoping that by your eaſy hearing of me, you will ſhew, that though you hate evil, yet you wiſh men may prove themſelves not evil; ſo in that he hath ſaid, you will not weigh ſo much what he hath ſaid, as what he hath proved, remembring that truth is ſimple and naked, and that if he had guided himſelf under that banner, he needed not out of the way have ſought ſo vile and falſe

diſgracings of me, enough to make the untrueſt accuſation believed. I will therefore, uſing truth as my beſt eloquence, repeat unto you as much as I know in this matter, and then, by the only clearneſs of the diſcourſe, your wiſdom I know will find the difference between cavilling ſuppoſition, and direct declaration. This prince *Palladius* and I being inflamed with love, a paſſion far more eaſily reprehended than refrained, to the two peerleſs daughters of *Baſilius*, and underſtanding how he had ſecluded himſelf from the world, that, like princes, there was no acceſs unto him, we diſguiſed our ſelves, in ſuch forms as might ſooneſt bring us to the revealing our affections. The prince *Palladius* had ſuch event of his doings, that, with *Pamela*'s conſent, he was to convey her out of the thraldom ſhe lived in, to receive the ſubjection of a greater people than her own, until her father's conſent might be obtained. My fortune was more hard, for I bare no more love to the chaſt *Philoclea*, than *Baſilius*, deceived in my ſex, ſhewed to me, inſomuch that by his importunacy, I could have no time to obtain the like favour of the pure *Philoclea*, till this policy I found, taking under colour of ſome devotions, my lodging, to draw *Baſilius* thither, with hope to enjoy me: which likewiſe I revealed to the queen, that ſhe might keep my place, and ſo make her husband ſee his error. While I in the mean time, being delivered of them both, and having lock'd ſo the doors as I hoped, if the immaculate *Philoclea* would condeſcend to go with me, there ſhould be none to hinder our going, I was made priſoner there, I know not by what means, when being repelled by her divine virtue, I would faineſt have eſcaped. Here you have the thread to guid you in the labyrinth, this man of his tongue, had made ſo monſtrous. Here you ſee the true diſcourſe, which he, mountebank-faſhion doth make ſo wide a mouth over. Here

may

may you conceive the reaſon, why the queen had my garment, becauſe in her going to the cave, in the moon ſhine night, ſhe might be taken for me, which he uſeth as the knot of all his wiſe aſſertions: ſo that as this double minded fellow's accuſation was double, double likewiſe my anſwer muſt perforce be, to the murther of *Baſilius*, and violence offered to the inviolate *Philoclea*. For the firſt, O heavenly gods, who would have thought any mouth could have been found ſo mercenary, as to have opened ſo ſlight proofs of ſo horrible matters! his firſt argument is a queſtion, who would imagine that *Gynecia* would accompliſh ſuch an act, without ſome acceſſories? and if any, who but I? truly I am ſo far from imagining any thing, that till I ſaw theſe mourning tokens, and heard *Gynecia's* confeſſion, I never imagined the king was dead. And for my part ſo vehemently, and more like the manner of paſſionate than guilty folks, I ſee the queen perſecute her ſelf, that I think condemnation may go too haſtily over her, conſidering the unlikelihood, if not impoſſibility, her wiſdom and virtue ſo long nouriſhed, ſhould in one moment throw down it ſelf to the uttermoſt end of wickedneſs. But whatſoever ſhe hath done, which as I ſay, I never believed, yet how unjuſtly ſhould that aggravate my fault? ſhe found abroad, I within doors, for as for the wearing my garment I have told you the cauſe, ſhe ſeeking, as you ſay, to eſcape, I locking my ſelf in a houſe: without perchance the conſpiracy of one poor ſtranger, might greatly enable her attempt, or the fortification of the lodge, as the trim man alledged, might make me hope to reſiſt all *Arcadia*. And ſee how treacherouſly he ſeeks to draw from me my chiefeſt clearing, by preventing the credit of her words; wherewith ſhe had wholly taken the fault upon her ſelf. An honeſt and impartial examiner: her words may condemn her, but may not abſolve me.

Thus, void of all probable allegation, the craven crows upon my affliction, not leaving out any evil that ever he hath felt in his own ſoul, to charge my youth withal. But who can look for a ſweet breath out of ſuch a ſtomach? or for honey from ſo filthy a ſpider? what ſhould I ſay more? if in ſo inhuman a matter, which he himſelf confeſſeth, ſincereſt judgments are lotheſt to believe, and in the ſevereſt laws proofs clearer than the ſun are required, his reaſons are only the ſcum of a baſe malice, my anſwers moſt manifeſt, ſhining in their own truth, there remain any doubt of it, becauſe it ſtands betwixt his affirming and my denial, I offer, nay I deſire, and humbly deſire I may be granted the trial by combate, wherein let him be armed, and me in my ſhirt, I doubt not juſtice will be my ſhield, and his heart will ſhew it ſelf as faint as it is falſe.

Now come I to the ſecond part of my offence towards the young lady, which, howſoever you term it, ſo far forth as I have told you, I confeſs, and for her ſake heartily lament. But if herein I offered force to her, love offered more force to me. Let her beauty be compared to my years, and ſuch effects will be found no miracles. But ſince it is thus as it is, and that juſtice teacheth us not to love puniſhment, but to fly to it for neceſſity: the ſalve of her honour, I mean as the world will take it, for elſe in truth it is moſt untouched, muſt be my marriage, and not my death, ſince the one ſtops all mouths, the other becomes a doubtful fable. This matter requires no more words, and your experience, I hope, in theſe caſes ſhall need no more; for my ſelf methinks I have ſhewed already too much love of my life to beſtow ſo many. But certainly it hath been love of truth, which could not bear ſo unworthy falſhood, and love of juſtice that would brook no wrong to my ſelf nor other, and makes me now, even in that reſpect to deſire you to be moved

moved rather with pitty at a juſt cauſe of tears, than with bloody tears this crocadile ſpends, who weeps to procure death, and not to lament death. It will be no honour to *Baſilius*'s tomb to have guiltleſs blood ſprinkled upon it, and much more may a judge over-weigh himſelf in cruelty than in clemency. It is hard, but it is excellent where it is found, a right knowledge when correction is neceſſary, when grace doth more avail. For mine own reſpect, if I thought in wiſdom I had deſerved death, I would not deſire life: for I know nature will condemn me to die though you do not; and longer I would not wiſh to draw this breath, than I may keep my ſelf unſpotted of any horrible crime; only I cannot, nor ever will deny the love of *Philoclea*, whoſe violence wrought violent effects in me. With that he finiſhed his ſpeech, caſting up his eyes to the judge, and croſſing his hands, which he held in their length before him, declaring a reſolute patience in whatſoever ſhould be done with him. *Philanax*, like a watchful adverſary, curiouſly marked all that he ſaid, ſaving that in the beginning he was interrupted by two letters were brought him from the princeſs *Pamela*, and the lady *Philoclea*: who having all that night conſidered and bewailed their eſtate, careful for their mother likewiſe, of whom they could never think ſo much evil, but conſidering with themſelves that ſhe aſſuredly ſhould have ſo due trial by the laws, as either ſhe ſhould not need their help, or ſhould be paſt their help; they looked to that which nearlieſt touched them, and each wrote in this ſort for him, in whom their live's joy conſiſted.

The humble hearted *Philoclea* wrote much after this manner.

MY *Lords, what you will determine of me, it is to me uncertain, but what I have, determined*

of my ſelf I am moſt certain, which is, no longer to enjoy my life, than I may enjoy him for my husband, whom the heavens for my higheſt glory have beſtowed upon me. Thoſe that judge him, let them execute me. Let my throat ſatisfy their hunger of murder. For alas what hath he done, that had not his original in me? look upon him I beſeech you with indifferency, and ſee whether in thoſe eyes all virtue ſhines not. See whether that face could hide a murder. Take leiſure to know him, and then your ſelves will ſay, it hath been too great an inhumanity to ſuſpect ſuch excellency. Are the gods think you deceived in their workmanſhip? artificers will not uſe marble but to noble uſes. Should thoſe powers be ſo overſhot, as to frame ſo precious an Image of their own, but to honourable purpoſes? O ſpeak with me, O hear me, O know him, and become not the putters out of the world's light. Hope you to joy my father's ſoul with hurting him he loved above all the world? ſhall a wrong ſuſpicion make you forget the certain knowledge of thoſe benefits this houſe hath received by him? Alas, alas, let not Arcadia *for his loſs be accurſed of the whole earth and of all poſterity. He is a great prince, I ſpeak unto you that which I know, for I have ſeen moſt evident teſtimonies. Why ſhould you hinder my advancement? who if I have paſt my childhood hurtleſs to any of you, if I have refuſed no body to do what good I could, if I have often mitigated my father's anger, ever ſought to maintain his favour towards you, nay, if I have held you all as fathers and brothers unto me, rob me not of more than my life comes unto. Tear not that which is inſeperably joined to my ſoul; but if he reſt miſliked of you, which, O god, how can it be, yet give him to me, let me have him, you know I pretend no right to your ſtate. Therefore it is but a private petition I make unto you. Or if you be hard-heartedly bent, to appoint otherwiſe, which Oh ſooner let me die than know: then to the end as I began, let me by you be ordered to the ſame end: without, for more cruelty, you mean to force* Philoclea *to uſe her own hands to kill one of your king's children.*

Pamela's

Pamela's letter, which ſhe meant to ſend to the general aſſembly of the *Arcadian* nobility, for ſo cloſely they were kept, as they were utterly ignorant of the new taken orders, was thus framed.

IN ſuch a ſtate, my Lord, you have placed me, as I can neither write nor be ſilent; for how can I be ſilent, ſince you have left me nothing but my ſolitary words to teſtify my miſery? and how ſhould I write, for as ſpeech I have none but my jailor, that can hear me, who neither can reſolve what to write, nor to whom to write? What to write is hard for me to ſay, as what I may not write, ſo little hope have I of any ſucceſs, and ſo much hath no injury been left undone to me-wards. To whom to write, where may I learn, ſince yet I wot not how to entitle you? ſhall I call you my ſovereigns? ſet down your laws that I may do you homage. Shall I fall lower, and name you my fellows? ſhew me I beſeech you the lord and maſter over us. But ſhall Baſilius's *heir name her ſelf your princeſs? alas I am your priſoner. But whatſoever I be, or whatſoever you be, O all you beholders of theſe doleful lines, this do I ſignify unto you, and ſignify it with a heart that ſhall ever remain in that opinion, the good or evil you do to the excellent prince was taken with me, and after by force from me, I will ever impute it as either way done to mine own perſon. He is a prince, and worthy to be my husband, and ſo is he my husband by me worthily choſen. Believe it, believe it, either you ſhall be traitors for murdering of me, or if you let me live, the murderers of him ſmart as traitors. For what do you think I can think? am I ſo childiſh, as not to ſee, wherein you touch him you condemn me? can his ſhame be without my reproach? no; nor ſhall be, ſince nothing he hath done, that I will not avow. Is this the comfort you bring me in my father's death, to make me fuller of ſhame, than ſorrow? would you do this, if it were not with full intention to prevent my power with ſlaughter? and ſo do I pray you; it is high time for me,*

to be weary of my life too long led, ſince you are weary of me, before you have me. I ſay again, I ſay it infinitely unto you, I will not live without him, if it be not to revenge him: either do juſtly in ſaving both, or wiſely in killing both. If I be your princeſs, I command his preſervation; if but a private perſon, then are we both to ſuffer. I take all truth to witneſs, he hath done no fault but in going with me. Therefore to conclude, in judging him you judge me, neither conceive with your ſelves, the matter you treat, is the life of a ſtranger, though even in that name he deſerved pity; nor of a ſhepherd, to which eſtate love of me made ſuch a prince deſcend: but determine moſt aſſuredly, the life that is in queſtion is of Pamela, Baſilius's *daughter.*

Many blots had the tears of theſe ſweet ladies made in their letters, which many times they had altered, many times torn, and written anew, ever thinking ſomething either wanted, or was too much, or would offend, or, which is worſt, would breed denial: but at laſt, the day warned them to diſpatch, which they accordingly did, and calling one of their guard, for no body elſe was ſuffered to come near them, with great entreaty, they requeſted him, that he would preſent them to the principal noblemen and gentlemen together. For they had more confidence in the numbers favour, than in any one, upon whom they would not lay the lives they held ſo precious. But the fellow truſted to *Philanax*, who had placed him there, delivered them both to him, what time *Pyrocles* began to ſpeak, which he ſuddenly opened, and ſeeing to what they tended, by the firſt words, was ſo far from publiſhing them, whereby he feared in *Euarchus*'s juſt mind, either the princeſſes might be endangered, or the priſoners preſerved, of which choice he knew not which to think the worſt, that he would not himſelf read them over, doubting his own heart might be mollified, ſo bent upon revenge. Therefore utterly ſuppreſſing them, he lent a ſpightful ear to

Pyrocles,

Pyrocles, and as ſoon as he had ended, with a very willing heart deſired *Euarchus* he might accept the combate: although it would have framed but evil with him: *Pyrocles* never having found any match near him, beſides *Muſidorus*. But *Euarchus* made anſwer, ſince bodily ſtrength is but a ſervant to the mind, it were very barbarous and prepoſterous, that force ſhould be made judge over reaſon. Then would he alſo have replied in words unto him, but *Euarchus*, who knew what they could ſay was already ſaid, taking their arguments into his mind, commanded him to proceed againſt the other priſoner, and that then he would ſentence them both together *Philanax* nothing milder for *Pyrocles's* purging himſelf, but rather, according to the nature of arguing, eſpecially when it is bitter, ſo much more vehement, entred thus into his ſpeech againſt *Muſidorus*, being ſo overgone with rage, that he forgat in this oration his preciſe method of oratory. Behold, moſt noble protector, to what a ſtate *Arcadia* is come, ſince ſuch manner of men, may challenge in combate the faithfulleſt of the nobility, and having merited the ſhamefulleſt of all deaths, dare name in marriage the princeſſes of this country. Certainly my maſters, I muſt ſay, you were much out of taſte, if you had not rather enjoy ſuch ladies, than be hanged. But the one you have as much deſerved, as you have diſhonoured the other. But now my ſpeech muſt be directed to you, good maſter *Dorus*; who, with *Pallas's* help pardy, are lately grown *Palladius*. Too much this ſacred ſeat of juſtice grants unto ſuch a fugitive bondſlave, who, inſtead of theſe examinations, ſhould be made confeſs with a whip, that which a halter ſhould puniſh. Are not you he, Sir, whoſe ſheep-hook was prepared to be our ſcepter; in whom lay the knot of all this tragedy? or elſe perchance, they that ſhould gain little by it were dealers in the murder, you only that had provided the fruits for your ſelf,

knew

knew nothing of it; knew nothing! hath thy companion here infected thee with ſuch impudency, as even in the face of the world to deny that which all the world perceiveth? the other pleads ignorance, and you, I doubt not, will alledge abſence. But he was ignorant, when he was hard by, and you had framed your abſence, juſt againſt the time the act ſhould be committed, ſo fit a lieutenant he knew he had left of his wickedneſs, that for himſelf his ſafeſt mean, was to convey away the lady of us all, who once out of the country, knew we ſhould come with olive-branches of interceſſion unto her, and fall at his feet to beſeech him to leave keeping of ſheep, and vouchſafe the tyrannizing over us: for to think they are princes, as they ſay, although in our laws it behoveth them nothing, I ſee at all no reaſon. Theſe jewels certainly with their diſguiſing ſlights, they have pilfered in their vagabonding race. And think you ſuch princes ſhould be ſo long without ſome followers after them? truly if they be princes, it manifeſtly ſhews their virtues ſuch, as all their ſubjects are glad to be rid of them. But be they as they are, for we are to conſider the matter and not the men, *Baſilius*'s murder hath been the cauſe of their coming, *Baſilius*'s murder they have moſt treacherouſly brought to paſs; yet that I doubt not, you will deny as well as your fellow. But how will you deny the ſtealing away the princeſs of this province, which is no leſs than treaſon? ſo notably hath the juſtice of the gods provided for the puniſhing of theſe maleſactors, as if it were poſſible, men would not believe the certain evidencies of their principal miſchief, yet have they diſcovered themſelves ſufficiently for their moſt juſt overthrow. I ſay therefore, to omit my chief matter of the king's death, this wolfiſh ſhepherd, this counterfeit prince, hath traiterouſly, contrary to his allegiance, having made himſelf a ſervant and ſubject, attempted the depriving

priving this country of our natural princeſs: and therefore by all right muſt receive the puniſhment of traitors. This matter is ſo aſſured as he himſelf will not deny it, being taken and brought back in the fact. This matter is ſo odious in nature, ſo ſhameful to the world, ſo contrary to all laws, ſo hurtful to us, ſo falſe in him, as if I would ſtand farther in declaring or defacing it, I ſhould either ſhew great doubts in your wiſdom, or in your juſtice. Therefore I will tranſfer my care upon you, and attend, to my learning and comfort, the eternal example you will leave to all mankind, of diſguiſers, falſifiers, adulterers, raviſhers, murderers and traitors. *Muſidorus*, while *Philanax* was ſpeaking againſt his couſin and him, had looked round about him, to ſee whether by any means he might have come to have caught him in his arms, and have killed him; ſo much had his diſgracing words filled his breaſt with rage. But perceiving himſelf ſo guarded as he ſhould rather ſhew a paſſionate act, than perform his revenge, his hand trembling with deſire to ſtrike, and all the veins in his face ſwelling, caſting his eyes over the judgment ſeat: O gods, ſaid he, and have you ſpared my life to bear theſe injuries of ſuch a drivel! is the juſtice of this place, to have ſuch men as we are, ſubmit not only to apparent falſhood, but moſt ſhameful reviling? but mark I pray you the ungratefulneſs of the wretch, how utterly he hath forgotten the benefits both he and all this country hath received of us. For, if ever men may remember their own noble deeds, it is then when their juſt defence, and others unjuſt unkindneſs doth require it. I omit our ſervices done to *Baſilius* in the late war with *Anphialus*, importing no leſs than his daughters lives, and his ſtates preſervation: were not we the men that killed the wild beaſts which otherwiſe had killed the princeſſes, if we had not ſuccoured them? conſider

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if it pleaſe you where had been *Daiphantus*'s rape, or my treaſon, if the ſweet beauties of the earth had then been devoured? either think them now dead, or remember they live by us. And yet full often this tell-tale can acknowledge the loſs they ſhould have by their taking away while maliciouſly he overpaſſeth who were their preſervers: neither let this be ſpoken of me, as if I meant to balance this evil with that good, for I muſt confeſs that ſaving of ſuch creatures was rewarded in the act it ſelf: but only to manifeſt the partial jangling of this vile pick-thank. But if we be traitors, where was your fidelity, O only tongue-valiant gentleman, when not only the young princeſs, but the king himſelf was defended from uttermoſt peril, partly by me, but principally by this excellent young man's both wiſdom and valour? were we that made our ſelves againſt hundreds of armed men, openly the ſhields of his life, like ſecretly to be his impoiſoners? Did we then ſhew his life to be dearer to us than our own, becauſe we might after rob him of his life to die ſhamefully? truly, truly, maſter orator, whoſoever hath hired you to be ſo buſy in their matters, who keep honeſter ſervants than your ſelf, he ſhould have bid you in ſo many railings, bring ſome excuſe for your ſelf, why in the greateſt need of your prince, to whom you pretend a miraculous good will, you were not then as forward to do like a man your ſelf, or at leaſt to accuſe them that were ſlack in that ſervice: but *commonly they uſe their feet for their defence, whoſe tongue is their weapon.* Certainly a very ſimple ſubtilty it had been in us, to repoſe our lives in the daughters, when we had killed the father. But as this gentleman thinks to win the reputation of a copious talker by leaving nothing unſaid which a filthy mind can imagine, ſo think I, or elſe all words are vain, that to wiſe mens judgment our clearneſs in the kings death

death is ſufficiently notorious. But at length when the merchant hath ſet out his guilded baggage, laſtly, he comes to ſome ſtuff of importance, and ſaith, I conveyed away the princeſs of this country. And is ſhe indeed your princeſs? I pray you then whom ſhould I wait on elſe but her that was my miſtreſs by my profeſſed vow, and princeſs over me while I lived in this ſoil? ask her why ſhe went; ask not me why I ſerved her. Since accounting me as a prince, you have not to do with me: taking me as her ſervant, then take withal that I muſt obey her. But you will ſay, I perſuaded her to fly away; certainly I will for no death deny it, knowing to what honour I ſhould bring her from the thraldrom by ſuch fellows counſel as you, ſhe was kept in. Shall perſuaſion to a prince grow treaſon to a prince? it might be error in me, but falſhood it could not be, ſince I made my ſelf partaker of whatſoever I wiſhed her unto. Who will ever counſel his king, if his counſel be judged by the event, and if it be not found wiſe, ſhall therefore be thought wicked? but if I be a traitor, I hope you will grant me a correlative, to whom I ſhall be the traitor. For the princeſs againſt whom the treaſons are conſidered, I am ſure will avow my fathfulneſs, without you will ſay that I am a traitor to her, becauſe I left the country? and a traitor to the country becauſe I went with her. Here do I leave out my juſt excuſes of love's force, which has thy narrow heart hath never had noble room enough in it to receive, ſo yet to thoſe manlike courages, that by experience know how ſubject virtuous minds are to love a moſt virtuous creature, witneſſed to be ſuch by the moſt excellent gifts of nature, will deem it a venial treſpaſs, to ſeek ehe ſatisfaction of honourable deſires, honourable even in the curiouſeſt points of honour, whereout there can no diſgrace nor diſparagement come unto her. Therefore, O judge,

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who I hope doſt know what it is to be a judge, that your end is to preſerve and not to deſtroy mankind, that laws are not made like lime-twigs or nets, to catch every thing that toucheth them, but rather like ſea-marks, to avoid the ſhipwrack of ignorant paſſengers, ſince that our doing in the extremeſt interpretation is but a human error, and that of it you may make a profitable event, we being of ſuch eſtate, as their parents would not have miſliked the affinity, you will not I truſt at the perſuaſion of this babler, burn your houſe to make it clean, but like a wiſe father turn even the fault of your children to any good that may come of it: ſince that is the fruit of wiſdom an end of all judgments. While this matter was thus handling, a ſilent and as it were aſtoniſhed attention, poſſeſt all the people. A kindly compaſſion moved the noble gentleman *Sympathus*, but as for *Kalander*, every thing that was ſpoken either by or for his own dear gueſts, moved an affect in him: ſometimes tears, ſometimes hopeful looks, ſometimes whiſpering perſuaſions in their ears, that ſtood by him, to ſeek the ſaving the two young princes. But the general multitude waited the judgment of *Euarchus*, who ſhewed in his face no motions, either at the ones or others ſpeech, letting paſs the flowers of rhetorick and only marking whether their reaſons tending; having made the queſtion to be asked of *Gynecia*, who continued to take the whole fault upon her ſelf, and having called *Dametas* with *Miſo* and *Mopſa*, who by *Philanax*'s order had been held in moſt cruel priſon, to make a full declaration, how much they knew of theſe paſſed matters, and then gathering as aſſured ſatisfaction to his own mind as in that caſe he could, not needing to take leiſure for that, whereof a long practice had bred a well grounded habit in him, with a voice and geſture di-

directed to the univerſal aſſembly, in this form pronounced ſentence. This weighty matter, whereof preſently we are to determine, doth at the firſt conſideration yield to important doubts. The firſt whether theſe men be to be judged: the ſecond, how they are to be judged. The firſt doubt ariſeth, becauſe they give themſelves out for princes abſolute: a ſacred name, and to which any violence ſeems to be an impiety. For how can any laws, which are the bonds of all human ſociety, be obſerved, if the law-givers, and law-rulers, be not held in an untouched admiration? but hereto, although already they have been ſufficiently anſwered, yet thus much again I will repeat unto you. That whatſoever they be or be not, here they be no princes, ſince betwixt prince and ſubject there is as neceſſary a relation, as between father and ſon; and as there is no man a father, but to his child, ſo is not a prince a prince, but to his own ſubjects. Therefore is not this place to acknowledge in them any principality, without it ſhould at the ſame time, by a ſecret conſent, confeſs ſubjection. Yet hereto may be objected, that the univerſal civility, the law of nations, all mankind being as it were co-inhabiters, or world-citizens together, hath ever required publick perſons ſhould be of all parties eſpecially regarded, ſince not only in peace but in war, not only princes, but heralds and trumpets, are with great reaſon exempted from injuries. This point is true, but yet ſo true, as they that will receive the benefit of a cuſtom, muſt not be the firſt to break it: for then can they not complain, if they be not helped by that which they themſelves hurt. If a prince do acts of hoſtility, without denouncing war, if he breaks his oath of amity, or innumerable ſuch other things contrary to the law of arms, he muſt take heed how he fall into their hands, whom he ſo wrongeth, for then is courteſy the beſt cuſtom

he can claim; much more theſe men, who have not only left to do like princes, but to be like princes, not only entred into *Arcadia*, and ſo into the *Arcadian* orders, but into domeſtical ſervices, and ſo, by making themſelves private, deprived themſelves of reſpect due to their publick calling. For no proportion it were of juſtice, that a man might make himſelf no prince when he would do evil, and might anew create himſelf a prince when he would not ſuffer evil. Thus therefore by all laws of nature and nations, and eſpecially by their own putting themſelves out of the ſanctuary of them, theſe young men cannot in juſtice avoid the judgment: but, like private men, muſt have their doings either cleared, excuſed, or condemned. There reſteth then the ſecond point, how to judge well. And that muſt undoubtedly be done, not by a free diſcourſe of reaſon and skill of philoſophy: but muſt be tied to the laws of *Greece*, and municipal ſtatutes of this kingdom. For although out of them theſe came, and to them muſt indeed refer their off-ſpring, yet becauſe philoſophical diſcourſes ſtand in the general conſideration of things, they leave to every man a ſcope of his own interpretation: where the laws, applying themſelves to the neceſſary uſe, fold us within aſſured bounds: which once broken, man's nature infinitely rangeth. Judged therefore they muſt be, and by your laws judged. Now the action offereth it ſelf to due balance, betwixt the accuſer's twofold accuſation, and their anſwer accordingly applied. The queſtions being, the one of a fact ſimply, the other of the quality of a fact. To the firſt they uſe direct denial; to the ſecond, qualification and excuſe. They deny the murther of the king; and mighty againſt preſumptions bring forth ſome probable anſwers, which they do principally fortify with the queen's acknowledging herſelf only culpable. Certainly as in equality of conjectures, we are not to take hold

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of the worſe, but rather to be glad we may find any hope that mankind is not grown monſtrous, being undoubtedly leſs evil a guilty man ſhould eſcape, than a guiltleſs periſh, ſo if in the reſt they be ſpotleſs, then is this no farther to be remembred. But if they have aggravated theſe ſuſpicions with new evils, then are thoſe ſuſpicions ſo far to ſhew themſelves, as to cauſe the other points to be thoroughly examined, and with leſs favour weighed, ſince this no man can deny, they have been accidental, if not principal cauſes of the king's death. Now then we are to determine of the other matters, which are laid to them, wherein they do not deny the fact, but deny, or at leaſt diminiſh the fault: but firſt I may remember, though it were not firſt alledged by them, the ſervices they had before done, truly honourable, and worthy of great reward, but not worthy to countervail with a following wickedneſs. Reward is proper to well doing, puniſhment to evil doing, which muſt not be confounded, no more than good and evil are to be mingled. Therefore hath been determined in all wiſdoms, that no man becauſe he hath done well before, ſhould have his preſent evil ſpared, but rather ſo much the more puniſhed, as having ſhewed he knew how to be good, yet would againſt his knowledge be naught. The fact is then nakedly without paſſion or partiality to be viewed: wherein without all queſtion they are equally culpable. For though he that terms himſelf *Daiphantus*, were ſooner diſappointed of his purpoſe of conveying away the lady *Philoclea*, than he that perſuaded the princeſs *Pamela* to fly her country, and accompanied her in it: yet ſeeing in cauſes of this nature, the will by the rules of juſtice ſtandeth for the deed, they are both alike to be found guilty, and guilty of heinous raviſhment. For though they raviſhed them not from themſelves, yet they raviſhed them from him that owned them,

which was their father. An act puniſhed by all the *Grecian* laws, by the loſs of the head, as a moſt execrable theft. For if they muſt die, who ſteal from us our goods, how much more they, who ſteal from us that, for which we gather our goods? and if our laws have it ſo in private perſons, much more forcibly are they to be in princes children; where one ſteals as it were the whole ſtate and well-being of that people, being tied by the ſecret of a long uſe, to be governed by none but the next of that blood. Neither let any man marvel, our anceſtors have been ſo ſevere in theſe caſes, ſince the example of the *Phœnician Europa*, but eſpecially of *Grecian Helene*, hath taught them, what deſtroying fires have grown of ſuch ſparkles. And although *Helene* was a wife, and this but a child, that booteth not, ſince the principal cauſe of marrying wives, is, that we may have children of our own. But now let us ſee how theſe young men, truly for their perſons worthy of pity, if they had rightly pitied themſelves, do go about to mitigate the vehemency of their errors. Some of their excuſes are common to both, ſome peculiar only to him that was the ſhepherd. Both remember the force of love, and as it were the mending up of the matter by their marriage: if that unbridled deſire, which is intitled love, might purge ſuch a ſickneſs as this, ſurely we ſhould have many loving excuſes of hateful miſchief. Nay rather, no miſchief ſhould be commited, that ſhould not be veiled under the name of love. For as well he that ſteals might alledge the love of money; he that murders, the love of revenge; he that rebels, the love of greatneſs, as the adulterer the love of a woman. Since they do in all ſpeeches affirm they love that, which an ill-governed paſſion maketh them to follow: but love may have no ſuch priviledge. That ſweet and heavenly uniting of the minds, which properly is called love, hath no other knot but virtue,

tue, and therefore if it be a right love, it can never ſlide into any action that is not virtuous. The other, and indeed more effectual reaſon is, that they may be married unto them, and ſo honourably redreſs the diſhonour of them, whom this matter ſeemeth moſt to touch. Surely if the queſtion were, what were convenient for the parties, and not what is juſt in the never changing juſtice, there might be much ſaid in it. But herein we muſt conſider, that the laws look how to prevent by due examples, that ſuch things be not done: and not how to ſalve ſuch things when they are done. For if the governours of juſtice ſhall take ſuch a ſcope, as to meaſure the foot of the law by the ſhew of conveniency, and meaſure that conveniency not by the publick ſociety, but by that which is fitteſt for them which offend: young men, ſtrong men, and rich men, ſhall ever find private conveniencies how to palliate ſuch committed diſorders, as to the publick ſhall not only be inconvenient, but peſtilent. The marriage perchance might be fit for them, but very unfit were it to the ſtate, to allow a pattern of ſuch procurations of marriage. And thus much do they both alledge. Further goes he that went with the princeſs *Pamela*, and requireth the benefit of a counſellor, who hath place of free perſuaſion: and the reaſonable excuſe of a ſervant, that did but wait of his miſtreſs. Without all queſtion, as counſellors have great cauſe to take heed how they adviſe any thing, directly oppoſite to the form of that preſent government, eſpecially when they do it ſingly without publick allowance: ſo yet is the caſe much more apparent: ſince neither ſhe was an effectual princeſs, her father being then alive, and though he had been dead, ſhe not come to the years of authority, nor he her ſervant in ſuch manner to obey her, but by his own preferment firſt belonging to *Dametas*, and then to the king; and therefore if not by *Arcadian* laws, yet by

houſhold orders, bound to have done nothing without his agreement. Thus therefore ſince the deeds accompliſhed by theſe two, are both abominable and inexcuſable, I do in the behalf of juſtice, and by the force of *Arcadian* laws pronounce, that *Daiphantus* ſhall be thrown out of a high tower to receive his death by his fall, *Palladius* ſhall be beheaded; the time before the ſun-ſet; the place, in *Mantinea*; the executioner, *Dametas:* which office he ſhall execute all the days of his life, for his beaſtly forgetting the careful duty he owed to his charge. This ſaid, he turned himſelf to *Philanax*, and two of the other noblemen, commanding them to ſee the judgment preſently performed. *Philanax*, more greedy than any hunter of his prey, went ſtreight to lay hold of the excellent priſoners, who, caſting a farewel look one upon the other, repreſented in their faces as much unappalled conſtancy, as the moſt excellent courage can deliver in outward graces. Yet if at all there were any ſhew of change in them, it was that *Pyrocles* was ſomewhat nearer to a baſhfulneſs, and *Muſidorus* to anger, both overruled by reaſon and reſolution. But as with great number of armed men, *Philanax* was deſcending unto them, and that *Muſidorus* was beginning to ſay ſomething in *Pyrocles*'s behalf, behold *Kalander*, that with arms caſt abroad, and open mouth, came crying to *Euarchus*, holding a ſtranger in his hand that cried much more than he, deſiring they might be heard ſpeak before the priſoners were removed, even the noble gentleman *Sympathus* aided them in it, and taking ſuch as he could command, ſtopped *Philanax*, betwixt entreaty and force, from carrying away the princes, until it were heard what new matters theſe men did bring. So again mounting to the tribunal, they hearkned to the ſtrangers vehement ſpeech, or rather a paſſionate exclaiming. It was indeed *Kalodulus*, the faithful ſervant of *Muſidorus*, to whom his maſter, when in deſpite of his beſt

beſt grounded determinations he firſt became a ſlave to affection, had ſent the ſhepherd *Menalcas* to be arreſted: by the help of whoſe raiment in the mean time he advanced himſelf to that eſtate, which he accounted moſt high, becauſe it might be ſerviceable to that fancy, which he had placed moſt high in his mind. For *Menalcas* having faithfully performed his errand, was as faithfully impriſoned by *Kalodulus*. But as *Kalodulus* performed the firſt part of his duty in doing the commandment of his prince: ſo was he with abundance of ſincere loyalty extremely perplexed, when he underſtood of *Menalcas* the ſtrange diſguiſing of his beloved maſter. For as the acts he and his couſin *Pyrocles* had done in *Aſia*, had filled all the ears of the *Theſſalians* and *Macedonians* with no leſs joy than admiration: ſo was the fear of their loſs no leſs grievous unto them, when by the noiſe of report they underſtood of their lonely committing themſelves to the ſea, the iſſue of which they had no way learned. But now that by *Menalcas* he perceived where he was, gueſſing the like of *Pyrocles*, comparing the unuſedneſs of this act with the unripeneſs of their age, ſeeing in general conjecture they could do it for nothing that might not fall out dangerous: he was ſomewhile troubled with himſelf, what to do, betwixt doubt of their hurt, and doubt of their diſpleaſure. Often he was minded, as his ſafeſt and honeſteſt way, to reveal it to the king *Euarchus*: that both his anthority might prevent any damage to them, and under his wings he himſelf might remain ſafe. But conſidering a journey to *Bazantium*, whereas yet he ſuppoſed *Euarchus* lay, would require more time, then he was willing to remain doubtful of his prince's eſtate, he reſolved at length to write the matter to *Euarchus*, and himſelf the while to go into *Arcadia*: uncertain what to do when he came thither, but determined to do his

beſt ſervice to his dear maſter, if by any good fortune he might find him. And ſo it happened, that being even this day come to *Mantinea*, and as warily and attentively as he could, giving ear to all reports, in hope to hear ſomething of them he ſought, he ſtreight received a ſtrange rumour of theſe things: but ſo uncertainly, as popular reports carry ſo rare accidents. But this by all men he was willed, to ſeek out *Kalander* a great gentleman of this country, who would ſooneſt ſatisfy him of all occurrents. Thus inſtructed he came even about the midſt of *Euarchus*'s judgment to the deſert: where ſeeing great multitudes, and hearing unknown names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, and not able to preſs the place where *Euarchus* ſat, he enquired for *Kalander*, and was ſoon brought unto him, partly becauſe he was generally known unto all men, and partly becauſe he had withdrawn himſelf from the preſs, when he perceived by *Euarchus*'s words whither they tended, being not able to endure his gueſts condemnation. He requireth forthwith of *Kalander* the cauſe of the aſſembly; and whether the ſame were true of *Euarchus*'s preſence: who with many tears made a doubtful recital unto him, both of the *Amazon* and ſhepherd, ſetting forth their natural graces, and lamenting their pitiful undoing. But this diſcription made *Kalodulus* immediately know the ſhepherd was his duke, and ſo judging the other to be *Pyrocles*, and ſpeedily communicating it to *Kalander*, who he ſaw did favour their caſe; they break the preſs with aſtoniſhing every man with their cries. And being come to *Euarchus*, *Kalodulus* fell at his feet, telling him thoſe he had judged, were his own ſon and nephew, the one the comfort of *Macedon*, the other the only ſtay of *Theſſalia*. With many ſuch like words; but as from a man that aſſured himſelf in that matter he ſhould need ſmall ſpeech,

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while *Kalander* made it known to all men, what the priſoners were to whom he cried they ſhould ſalute their father, and joy in the good hap the gods had ſent them; who were no leſs glad, than all the people amazed at the ſtrange event of theſe matters. Even *Philanax*'s own revengeful heart was mollified, when he ſaw from divers parts of the world ſo near kinſmen ſhould meet in ſuch a neceſſity. And withal the fame of *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, greatly drew him to a compaſſionate conceit, and had already uncloathed his face of all ſhew of malice. But *Euarchus* ſtaid a good while upon himſelf, like a valiant man that ſhould receive a noble encounter, being vehemently ſtricken with the fatherly love of ſo excellent children, and ſtudying with his beſt reaſon, what his office required: at length with ſuch a kind of gravity, as was near to ſorrow, he thus uttered his mind: I take witneſs of the immortal gods, ſaid he, O *Arcadians*, that what this day I have ſaid, hath been out of my aſſured perſuaſion, what juſtice it ſelf and your juſt laws require. Though ſtrangers then to me, I had no deſire to hurt them, but leaving aſide all conſiderations of the perſons, I weighed the matter which you committed into my hands, with my moſt unpartial and fartheſt reach of reaſon. And thereout have condemned them to loſe their lives, contaminated with ſo many foul breaches of hoſpitality, civility, and virtue. Now contrary to all expectations, I find them to be my only ſon and nephew, ſuch upon whom you ſee what gifts nature hath beſtowed: ſuch who have ſo to the wonder of the world heretofore behaved themſelves, as might give juſt cauſe to the greateſt hopes, that in an excellent youth may be conceived. Laſtly, in few words, ſuch in whom I placed all my mortal joys, and thought my ſelf now near my grave, to recover a new life. But alas, ſhall juſtice halt? or ſhall

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ſhe wink in one's cauſe, which had *Lynce's* eyes in another's; or rather ſhall all private reſpects give place to that holy name? be it ſo, be it ſo, let my gray hairs be laid in the duſt with ſorrow, let the ſmall remnant of my life be to me an inward and outward deſolation, and to the world a gazing ſtock of wretched miſery: but never, never let ſacred rightfulneſs fall: it is immortal, and immortally ought to be preſerved. If rightly I have judged, then rightly I have judged mine own children: unleſs the name of a child ſhould have force to change the never changing juſtice. No, no, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, I prefer you much before my life, but I prefer juſtice as far before you: while you did like your ſelves, my body ſhould willingly have been your ſhield, but I cannot keep you from the effects of your own doing: nay, I cannot in this caſe acknowledge you for mine: for never had I ſhepherd to my nephew, nor ever had woman to my ſon; your vices have degraded you from being princes, and have diſannul'd your birthright. Therefore if there be any thing left in you of princely virtue, ſhew it in conſtant ſuffering, that your unprincely dealing hath purchaſed unto you. For my part I muſt tell you, you have forced a father to rob himſelf of his children. Do you therefore, O *Philanax*, and you my other lords of this country, ſee the judgment be rightly performed in time, place, and manner, as before appointed. With that though he would have refrained them, a man might perceive the tears drop down his long white beard. Which moved not only *Kalodulus* and *Kalander* to roaring lamentations, but all the aſſembly dolefully to record that pitiful ſpectacle. *Philanax* himſelf could not abſtain from great ſhews of pittying ſorrow, and manifeſt withdrawing from performing the kings commandment. But *Muſidorus* having the hope of his ſafety, and recovering of the princeſs *Pamela*, which made him

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moſt deſirous to live, ſo ſuddenly daſhed; but eſpecially moved for his dear *Pyrocles*, for whom he was ever reſolved his laſt ſpeech ſhould be, and ſtirred up with rage of unkindneſs, he thus ſpake: Enjoy thy bloody conqueſt tyrannical *Euarchus*, ſaid he, for neither is convenient the title of a king to a murtherer, nor remembrance of kindred to a deſtroyer of his kindred. Go home and glory, that it hath been in thy power, ſhamefully to kill *Muſidorus*. Let thy flattering orators dedicate crowns of laurel unto thee, that the firſt of thy race thou haſt overthrown a prince of *Theſſalia*. But for me, I hope the *Theſſalians* are not ſo degenerate from their anceſtors, but that they will revenge my injury, and their loſs upon thee. I hope my death is no more unjuſt to me, than it ſhall be bitter to thee, howſoever it be, my death ſhall triumph over thy cruelty; neither as now would I live, to make my life beholden unto thee: but if thy cruelty hath not ſo blinded thine eyes, that thou canſt not ſee thine own hurt, if thy heart be not ſo deviliſh, as thou haſt no power but to torment thy ſelf, then look upon this young *Pyrocles* with a manlike eye, if not with a pitiful: give not occaſion to the whole earth to ſay, ſee how the gods have made the tyrant tear his own bowels! examine the eyes and voices of all this people; and what all men ſee, be not blind in thine own cauſe. Look, I ſay look upon him, in whom the moſt curious ſearcher is able to find no fault, but that he is thy ſon. Believe it, thy own ſubjects will deteſt thee, for robbing them of ſuch a prince, in whom they have right as well as thy ſelf. Some more words to that purpoſe he would have ſpoken: but *Pyrocles*, who often had called to him, did now fully interrupt him, deſiring him not to do him the wrong to give his father ill words, before him, willing him to conſider it was their own fault, and not his injuſtice; and withal,

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to remember their reſolution of well ſuffering all accidents, which this impatiency did ſeem to vary from: and then kneeling down with all humbleneſs, he took the ſpeech in this order to *Euarchus*: If my daily prayers to the almighty gods, had ſo far prevailed, as to have granted me the end whereto I have directed my actions; I ſhould rather have been now a comfort to your mind, than an example of your juſtice; rather a preſerver of your memory by life, than a monument of your judgment by my death. But ſince it hath pleaſed their unſearchable wiſdoms to overthrow all the deſires I had to ſerve you, and make me become a ſhame unto you; ſince the laſt obedience I can ſhew you is to die: vouchſafe yet, O father, if my fault have not made me altogether unworthy ſo to term you, vouchſafe I ſay to let the few and laſt words your ſon ſhall ever ſpeak, not be tedious unto you. And if the remembrance of my virtuous mother, who once was dear unto you, may bear any ſway with you, if the name of *Pyrocles* have at any time been pleaſant, let one requeſt of mine, which ſhall not be for my own life, be graciouſly accepted of you. What you owe to juſtice is performed in my death: a father to have executed his only ſon, will leave a ſufficient example for a greater crime than this. My blood will ſatisfy the higheſt point of equity, my blood will ſatisfy the hardeſt hearted in this country. O ſave the life of this prince: that is the only all I will with my laſt breath demand of you. With what face will you look upon your ſiſter, when in reward of nouriſhing me in your greateſt need, you take away, and in ſuch ſort take away that which is more dear to her than all the world, and is the only comfort, wherewith ſhe nouriſheth her old age? O give not ſuch occaſion to the noble *Theſſalians*, for ever to curſe the match that their prince did make with the *Macedonian* blood. By my loſs there follows

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no publick loſs, for you are to hold the ſeat, and to provide your ſelf perchance of a worthier ſucceſſor. But how can you or all the earth recompence that damage that poor *Theſſalia* ſhall ſuſtain? who ſending out, whom otherwiſe they would no more have ſpared than their own eyes, their prince to you, and your requeſting to have him, by you he ſhould thus diſhonourably be extinguiſhed. Set before you I beſeech you, the face of that miſerable people, when no ſooner ſhall the news come that you have met your nephew, but withal they ſhall hear that you have beheaded him. How many tears they ſhall ſpend, how many complaints they ſhall make, ſo many juſt execrations will light upon you. And take heed, O father, for ſince my death anſwers my fault, while I live I will call upon that dear name, leſt ſeeing too preciſe a courſe of juſtice, you be not thought moſt unjuſt in weakening your neighbours mighty eſtate, by taking away their only pillar. In me, in me this matter began, in me let it receive his ending. Aſſure your ſelf no man will doubt your ſevere obſerving the laws, when it ſhall be known *Euarchus* hath killed *Pyrocles*. But the time of my ever farewel approacheth: if you do think my death ſufficient for my fault, and do not deſire to make my death more miſerable than death: let theſe dying words of him, that was once your ſon, pierce your ears. Let *Muſidorus* live, and *Pyrocles* ſhall live in him, and you ſhall not want a child. A child, cried out *Muſidorus*, to him that kills *Pyrocles?* with that he fell again to entreat for *Pyrocles*, and *Pyrocles* as faſt for *Muſidorus*, each employing his wit how to ſhew himſelf moſt worthy to die, to ſuch an admiration of all the beholders, that moſt of them examining the matter by their own paſſions, thought *Euarchus*, as often extraordinary excellencies, not being rightly conceived, do rather offend than pleaſe, an obſtinated hearted man, and ſuch an one,

one, who being pitileſs, his dominion muſt needs be inſupportable. But *Euarchus* that felt his own miſery more than they, and yet loved goodneſs more than himſelf, with ſuch a ſad aſſured behaviour as *Cato* killed himſelf withal; when he had heard the uttermoſt of that their ſpeech tended unto, he commanded again they ſhould be carried away, riſing up from the ſeat, which he would much rather have wiſhed ſhould have been his grave, and looking who would take the charge, whereto every one was exceeding backward. But as this pitiful matter was entering into, thoſe that were next the *Duke*'s body, might hear from under the velvet, wherewith he was covered, a great voice of groaning. Whereat every man aſtoniſhed, and their ſpirits appalled with theſe former miſeries, apt to take any ſtrange conceit, when they might perfectly perceive the body ſtir, then ſome began to fear ſpirits, ſome to look for a miracle, moſt to imagine they knew not what. But *Philanax* and *Kalander*, whoſe eyes honeſt love, though to divers parties, held moſt attentive, leaped to the table, and putting off the velvet cover, might plainly diſcern, with as much wonder as gladneſs, that the duke lived. For ſo it was, that the drink he received was neither as *Gynecia* firſt imagined, a love-potion, nor, as it was after thought, a deadly poiſon, but a drink made by notable art, and as it was thought not without natural magick, to procure for thirty hours ſuch a deadly ſleep, as ſhould oppreſs all ſhew of life. The cauſe of the making of this drink had firſt been, that a princeſs of *Cyprus*, grandmother to *Gynecia*, being notably learned, and yet not able with all her learning to anſwer the objections of *Cupid*, did furouſly love a young nobleman of her father's court: who fearing the king's rage, and not once daring either to attempt or accept ſo high a place, ſhe made that ſleeping drink, and found means

means by a truſty ſervant of hers, who of purpoſe invited him to his chamber, to procure him, that ſuſpected no ſuch thing, to receive it. Which done, he, no way able to reſiſt, was ſecretly carried by him into a pleaſant chamber, in the midſt of a garden ſhe had of purpoſe provided for this enterprize, where that ſpace of time, pleaſed her ſelf with ſeeing and cheriſhing of him, when the time came of the drink's end of working, and he more aſtoniſhed, than if he had fallen from the clouds, ſhe bade him chuſe either then to marry her, and to promiſe to fly away with her in a bark ſhe had made ready, or elſe ſhe would preſently cry out, and ſhew in what place he was, with oath he was come thither to raviſh her. The nobleman in theſe ſtreights, her beauty prevailed, he married her, and eſcaped the realm with her. And after many ſtrange adventures, were reconciled to the king her father, after whoſe death they reigned. But ſhe gratefully remembring the ſervice that drink had done her, preſerved in a bottle, made by ſingular art long to keep it without periſhing, great quantity of it, with the foretold inſcription, which wrongly interpreted by her daughter in-law, the queen of *Cyprus*, was given by her to *Gynecia* at the time of her marriage; and the drink finding an old body of *Baſilius*, had kept him ſome hours longer in the trance than it would have done a younger. But a while it was before good *Baſilius* could come again to himſelf: in which time *Euarchus* more glad than of the whole world's monarchy, to be rid of his miſerable magiſtracy, which even in juſtice he was now to ſurrender to the lawful prince of that country, came from the throne unto him, and there with much ado made him underſtand how theſe intricate matters had fallen out. Many garboils paſſed through his fancy before he could be perſuaded *Zelmane* was other than a woman. At length remembring the oracle, which

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now indeed was accompliſhed, not as before he had imagined, conſidering all had fallen out by the higheſt providence, and withal weighing in all theſe matters his own fault had been the greateſt; the firſt thing he did was with all honourable pomp to ſend for *Gynecia:* who, poor lady, thought ſhe was leading forth to her lively burial: and, when ſhe came, to recount before all the people, the excellent virtue was in her, which ſhe had not only maintained all her life moſt unſpoted, but now was content ſo miſerably to die, to follow her husband. He told them how ſhe had warned him to take heed of that drink: and ſo with all the exaltings of her that might be, publickly deſired her pardon for thoſe errors he had committed. And ſo kiſſing her, left her to receive the moſt honourable fame of any princeſs throughout the world, all men thinking, ſaving only *Pyrocles* and *Philoclea*, who never betrayed her, that ſhe was the perfect mirror of all wifely love. Which though in that point undeſerved, ſhe did in the remnant of her life duly purchaſe, with obſerving all duty and faith to the example and glory of *Grrece:* ſo uncertain are mortal judgments, the ſame perſon moſt infamous, and moſt famous, and neither juſtly. Then with princely entertainment to *Euarchus*, and many kind words to *Pyrocles*, whom ſtill he dearly loved, though in a more virtuous kind, the marriage was concluded, to the ineſtimable joy of *Euarchus*, towards whom now *Muſidorus* acknowledged his fault, betwixt the peerleſs princes and princeſſes. *Philanax* for his ſingular faith ever held dear of *Baſilius* while he lived, and no leſs of *Muſidorus*, who was to inherit that kingdom, and therein confirmed to him and his the ſecond place of that province, with great encreaſe of his living to maintain it. Which like proportion he uſed to *Kalodulus* in *Theſſalia:* highly honouring *Kalander* while he lived: and after his death continuing in the ſame meaſure

meaſure to love and advance his ſon *Clitophon*. But as for *Sympathus*, *Pyrocles*, to whom his father in his own time gave the whole kingdom of *Thrace*, held him always about him, giving him in pure gift, the great city of *Abdera*. But the ſolemnities of theſe marriages with the *Arcadian* paſtorals, full of many comical adventures happening to thoſe rural lovers; the ſtrange ſtories of *Artaxia* and *Plexirtus*, *Erona* and *Plangus*, *Hellen* and *Amphialus*, with the wonderful chances that befel them: the ſhepherdiſh loves of *Menalcas* with *Kalodulus*'s daughter: the poor hopes of the poor *Philiſides* in the purſuit of his affections; the ſtrange continuance of *Claius* and *Strephon*'s deſire: laſtly, the ſon of *Pyrocles*, named *Pyrophilus*, and *Melidora*, the fair daughter of *Pamela* by *Muſidorus*, who even at their birth entered into admirable fortunes; may awake ſome other ſpirit to exerciſe his pen in that wherewith mine is already dulled.

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